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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

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☞ **Notice. Mr Arthur G. Snelgrove is now the Society's Hon. Sec.**

☞ *The Subscriptions for* 1874 *became due on Jan.* 1, *and should be paid forthwith (not to the Treasurer, but) to the Hon. Sec.,* **Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.,** *by Money Order on the Chief Office (crosst 'Union Bank'), or to the Society's account at the Head Office of the Union Bank of London, Princes St, London, E.C.*

☞ **No books will be sent to any Member until his Subscription for 1874, and his arrears, if any, are paid.**

3 *Texts for the Original Series, and* 1 *for the Extra, will be ready on Feb.* 10.

Early English Text Society.

Tenth Report of the Committee, January, 1874.

§ 1. *The Work of* 1873.
§ 2. *The Society's first Ten-Years' Work* (p. 4)
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b. Texts arranged, 1. *chronologically, from the* 10*th Century to the* 17*th* (p. 4); 2. *by Dialects* (p. 7)
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β. Urgent Need of more Money
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§ 11. *Work at English outside the Society* (p. 23)
§ 12. *New Societies started by some of our Members in* 1873:
1. *The Palæographical Society.*
2. *The English Dialect Society.*
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§ 1. THE New Year has come, and with it the Committee's duty of reporting to Members what the Old Year has done towards lessening the burden that is on them, of unprinted MSS

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to be edited; of saying what the New Year ought to accomplish towards the same end. The duty is a most pleasing one; for the Old Year saw the completion of the text of the first of the Society's great undertakings, the Three-Version edition of William's Vision of Piers Ploughman; the New Year has already seen the beginning of the second of the Society's main works, the Four-Text print of the Early English version of the *Cursor Mundi*. The close of the one scheme, the opening of the other, are alone sufficient to mark the years 1873 and 1874 as distinguisht ones in the Society's annals; but fortunately for the old year, other works nearly as note-worthy have been produced in it, which add in no common degree to its credit. These are, 1. Dr Richard Morris's second series of *Old English Homilies* from the unique thirteenth-century MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, with three Hymns from another unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, both of that specially Transition (or Semi-Saxon) stage of our language which is the most important for the history of our inflexions and forms;—2. the first Part of Mr W. Aldis Wright's edition of the unique MS.[1] of the Romance of *Generydes*, interesting not only for its story and treatment, but also for the facts that it was once in print in England,—though only a few pages of the edition are now known,—that it differs from the other unique version in Mr John Tollemache's MS. (edited by Mr Furnivall for Mr Gibbs, Roxburghe Club), and that, though these two English versions exist, testifying to the popularity of the Romance in England, their common French original has yet to be discovered in France; 3. the 2nd and completing Part of Mr J. A. H. Murray's edition of the far-famed *Complaynt of Scotlande*, with its funny pedantry, its curious hatred of the English, its living pictures of Scotch Society in the middle of the 16th century, its most interesting lists of the stories, the songs, the dances and tunes, that the common folk of that day best loved; 4. for those who take interest in the daily round of religious services in pre-Reformation times, there is Mr Blunt's edition of the minute record of the prayers and praises which weekly filled the House of the Nuns of Sion at Isleworth by Thames —on those fair meads that London oarsmen know so well,— with the mystical exposition of every clause, and often every word, of each exercise performed. But the book shows us, besides religious duties, worldly ones well performed: It gives us

[1] Through the accident of the cover of this Part not being sent to Mr Wright, the MS. was wrongly described, on that cover, as a paper one.

a glimpse of useful sisters at educational and household work, teaching girls, boarding ladies, buying materials, stitching and sewing, keeping cows, fattening oxen, weaning calves. Work, as well as pray, was the rule of the House.

But the chief Text of the Society's last year was Mr Skeat's edition of the third cast of William's[1] 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' produced with full collations of its MSS., with the added and altered passages distinguisht by easily recognized signs, with references to the first and second casts of the Poem, while the second cast had also references to the first, so that the rehandling of the work in both the later editions is clear in all its details. To this third version Mr Skeat added William's last work, his counsel to 'Richard the Redeles,' how to rule rightly on the throne which he lost while his adviser was writing. Though this Poem had been twice edited before, Mr Skeat was the first to interpret its meaning correctly, and to prove that William of the *Vision* was its author. The pictures the poem gives of the evils of England in Richard the Second's reign are full of life and vigour; the packt Parliament of September, 1397, where "some sat as a cipher in arithmetic, and some slumbered and slept, and said but a little," is first-rate, while the withering satire of calling the courtiers who threatened Wisdom's life, 'sleeves'—"the sleeves that slid upon the earth"—empty and dirty bags, can hardly be matcht in Early English verse. To his 'Piers Plowman, Text C' Mr Skeat also added the unique 'Crowned King,' to which Bp. Percy first called attention. It is an interesting alliterative Poem, most probably written in June 1415, and addresst to Henry V, shortly before the campaign of Agincourt in 1415, where "the little English army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed, and harassed by skirmishers, nevertheless went at its enemies, facing the terrible odds of more than six to one, and put to ignominious rout the vaunting knights of France." (*Percy Folio, Bal. and Rom.* ii. 158.) Surely Shakspere's hero there showed he needed not the *Crowned-King* writer's half-reproach:—

> Sir, they it come to þe of kynde · a kyng to be called,
> Yit must þou knowe of corage · what knyghthood befalleþ.

On that great day none did better than the King, who said, 'We will not lose.' He kept his word.

[1] The Vicar of Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, where William is supposed to have been born about 1332 A.D., is collecting money to restore his Church, which has "a fine fourteenth-century roof." He proposes to devote part of the money to filling the east window of the chancel with stained glass, and then to dedicate it to the poet William. Cheques are to be sent to the Vicar of Cleobury Mortimer, Kinlet, Bewdley.

§ 2. *The Society's first Ten Years' Work.* Last year closed the Society's first Decade; and it may therefore be well to look back over its work since, in February 1864, its Founder's first Circular went out, announcing that "A few of the members of the Philological Society, being anxious to continue the publication of Early English Texts, which that Society lately commenced, but has now for a time resolved to discontinue, have formed a committee for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and printing therewith Early English MSS." 1. To start with money. Our Early English Text Society has spent in its ten years £8700, in producing Texts. Here are the figures:—

		£	*s.*	*d.*
1864	Money spent in printing, &c.	134	5	7
1865	" " " "	333	15	10
1866	" " " "	649	10	1
1867	" " " "	818	11	6
1868	" " " "	1068	0	6
1869	" " " "	990	16	1
1870	" " " "	1475	0	0
1871	" " " "	1154	11	11
1872	" " " "	957	3	11
1873	" " " "	1117	4	9
		£8699	0	2

With this money the Society has produced 16,100 pages of Texts, including Introductions, Notes, Glossaries, &c., besides 1000 and more pages of Reprints, Reports, &c.

Secondly, as to Language,—the point from which the Society started, the illustration of which has been, and must be, the justification for the publication of many Texts of little literary or historic merit;—the Society has brought out, of the

10th century.[1] King Alfred's West-Saxon version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS. by Mr Henry Sweet.

11th century.[2] Homily *de Octo Viciis* (in First Series of O.E. Homilies). ed. Dr R. Morris. Homily on the Discovery of the Cross (in No. 46), ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.

12th century (special Transitional period). Prose and Verse from the unique Lambeth MS. 187, in Dr R. Morris's Old English Homilies (First Series).

12th century. Old English Homilies (from the unique Trinity MS.), Second Series, ed. Dr Richard Morris.

13th century, First half: St Marharete, the first Text (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.

[1] The Blickling Homilies of 971 A.D. are nearly all printed.

[2] For the 11th century, other Texts are preparing.

1230? Hali Meidenhad, West-Midland version, ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.
St Juliana, from 2 MSS., ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne and Mr E. Brock.
Poems, &c., in the latter part of the First Series of 'Old English Homilies,' ed. Rev. Dr Morris.
1246-50 The Moral Ode, later version, in 'Old English Miscellany,' ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.
3 Hymns in O. E. Hom. II. (from the unique MS.), ed. Dr R. Morris.
13th century, second half:
Genesis and Exodus (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. Dr Richard Morris.
Bestiary, Old Kentish Sermons (both from unique MSS.), Religious Poems from the Jesus MS., in Dr R. Morris's 'Old English Miscellany.'
Havelok the Dane (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
Alfred's Proverbs, in Dr R. Morris's 'Old English Miscellany.'
King Horn, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
14th century.[1] St Margarete, 2nd Text, ed. Rev. T. O. Cockayne.
1340 Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. Dr Richard Morris.
1340-90 Poems on the Cross (in 'Legends of the Holy Rood'), ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.
1340, ab. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
1350? The Alliterative Romance of William of Palerne, or William and the Werwolf (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1350? The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathie, or the Holy Grail; from the unique MS., ab. 1390, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1360? Early English Alliterative Poems, and Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.
,, The Alliterative Morte Arthure (from the unique (Thornton) MS., ab. 1440 A.D.), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry, re-ed. Mr E. Brock.
,, ? Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse from the Thornton MS., ab. 1440 A.D., ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
,, ? The Alliterative Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy (from unique MS.), ed. late Rev. G. A. Panton, and D. Donaldson, Esq.
1362 The Alliterative Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, first cast, or Text A, from the Vernon MS. ab. 1390-1400, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1375 Barbour's Bruce, Part I. (from the only 2 MSS. and oldest printed editions), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1377 William's Vision of Piers Plowman, Text B, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1380? Chaucer's Boethius, ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.
1389 English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, &c.; ed. Toulmin Smith, Esq., with Dr L. Brentano's History of Gilds, &c.
1390? The Stacions of Rome, ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1391 Chaucer's Astrolabe, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.

[1] The earliest English version of the *Cursor Mundi*, in the Edinburgh MS., is believed to be about 1300 A.D. The Cotton text is not much later.

1393 William's Vision of Piers Plowman, Text C, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1394 Pierce the Plowman's Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1399 Richard the Redeles (in Piers Plowman, *C*), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, from the unique MS.
1415 The Crowned King (in Piers Plowman, *C*), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat, from the unique MS.
1420? Mirk's Duties of a Parish Priest, ed. E. Peacock, Esq.
1420? Palladius on Husbondrie (from the unique MS.), ed. Rev. B. Lodge, Part I. (all the Text).
1430? The Alliterative Chevelere Assigne, from the unique MS., ed. H. H. Gibbs, Esq.
1430? Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1430? Lydgate's Order of Fools, &c. (in No. VIII.), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1430? Hymns to the Virgin and Christ, the Parliament of Devils, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1430-50 Poems on the Cross (in 'Legends of the Holy Rood'), ed. Rev. Dr R. Morris.
1440 The Knight de la Tour Landry, from the unique MS., ed. Thomas Wright, Esq.
1440? Arthur, from the unique MS., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1440? Merlin, from the unique MS., ed. H. B. Wheatley, Esq.
1440? Generydes, from the unique MS., ed. W. Aldis Wright, Esq., Part I.
1460? The Boke of Curtasye (from Sloane MS., 1986, in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1460? Ratis Raving, and other pieces, Bernardus de Cura Rei Familiaris, Scotch Prophecies, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
1460? Urbanitatis, &c. (in Babees Book), Stacions of Rome, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1460-70 John Russell's Boke of Nurture (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1460-70 For to Serve a Lord, from a copy of the unique MS. (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1460-70 The Good Wife, Stans Puer, &c. (in 'Queene Elizabethes Achademy'), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1460-70 The Book of Quinte Essence, ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1462? The Wright's Chaste Wife, ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1478? Caxton's Book of Curtesye, 3 versions (two from MSS)., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1500? Lancelot of the Laik, from the unique MS., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1500? Romance of Partenay or Lusignen, from the unique MS., ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1500? Scotch Poem on Heraldry (in No. VIII.), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1513 The Boke of Keruynge, from Wynkyn de Worde's text (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1520-6 Lives of Joseph of Arimathæa, from Wynkyn de Worde's and Pynson's copies (in No. 44), ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
1528-53 A Supplycacyon of the Beggers, the Poore Commons, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall and J. M. Cowper, Esqs.

1530 Oure Ladyes Myroure, ed. Rev. J. H. Blunt.
1542-7 Andrew Boorde's Introduction and Dyetary, with Barnes in the Defence of the Berde, ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1549 The Complaynt of Scotlande, with 4 contemporary English Tracts, 1542-48, ed. J. A. H. Murray, Esq.
1550? Starkey's England in Henry VIII's time, a Dialogue between Pole and Lupset, from the unique MS., ed. J. M. Cowper, Esq.
1550-1 Robert Crowley's 31 Epigrams, Way to Wealth, &c., ed. J. M. Cowper, Esq.
1550-77 Hewe Rodes's Book of Nurture (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1552 Sir David Lyndesay's Works, ed. F. Hall and J. A. H. Murray, Esqs., 5 Parts.
1556-68 William Lauder's Poems, ed. F. Hall and F. J. Furnivall, Esqs., 2 Parts.
1557 F. Seager's Schoole of Vertue (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1560? Sir Humfrey Gilbert's 'Queene Elizabethes Achademy,' &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.
1565-92 Awdelay's Fraternitye of Vacabonds, Harman's Caveat, &c., ed. E. Viles and F. J. Furnivall, Esqs.
1570 Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, ed. H. B. Wheatley, Esq.
1599 Thynne's Animaduersions on Speght's Chaucer, ed. Dr G. H. Kingsley.
1616 The Times' Whistle, and other Poems, by R. C. (from the unique MS.), ed. J. M. Cowper, Esq.
1617? Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue (from the unique MS.), ed. H. B. Wheatley, Esq.
1619 The Booke of Demeanor (in Babees Book), ed. F. J. Furnivall, Esq.

Of these works the specially dialectal ones are the following:—

I. NORTHERN DIALECT.

1340? Hampole's Prose Treatises.
,, Religious Pieces from the Thornton MS.
1375 Barbour's Bruce.
1460? Ratis Raving; Scotch Prophecies, &c. (Nos. 42, 43).
1500? Lancelot of the Laik.
1500? Scotch Poem on Heraldry (in No. VIII).
1530-50 Sir D. Lyndesay's Works.
1549 The Complaynt of Scotlande.
1556-68 Wm. Lauder's Works.

II. MIDLAND DIALECT.

A. *East-Midland* (*a* Northern; *b* Southern); B. *West Midland.*

A. East Midland; *b* Southern Division.

12th cent. Old English Homilies, Second Series (from the unique Trinity MS)., *b*.

13th cent. Bestiary (in 'Old English Miscellany'), *b*.
1250? Genesis and Exodus, *b*.
Fragment on p. 200 of Old English Miscellany, *b*.
1280? Havelok the Dane, *b*. but originally *a*, North East Midland.

B. *West Midland.*

1230? Hali Meidenhad.
Wooing of our Lord, in First Series of Old English Homilies.
1360? Early English Alliterative Poems (Lancashire).
„ Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight (Lancashire).
1400? 'Cross' extract from the Bodleian MS. of the Cursor Mundi, in 'Legends of the Holy Rood.'
1340? William and the Werwolf.
1360? Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy (Northern part of the West-Midland area).

III. SOUTHERN DIALECT.

12th-cent. Lambeth Homilies, in Old English Homilies, First Series.
1290? Old Kentish Sermons (in Old English Miscellany, No. 49).
1300? Moral Ode, and Poems from the Jesus MS. (in Old Eng. Misc.).
1340 Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt.

The rest of our Texts are either uncertain,[1] or may be said to be in that mixt dialect, mainly Midland, slightly Southern, which became, with Chaucer, the standard language.

Thirdly. Arranging the Society's books by Subjects, we find in

Romance (*for* Legend *see* Theology).
1250? King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour.
1280? Havelok the Dane.
1360? Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy (alliterative).
1360? Morte Arthure (MS. 1440), alliterative.
Chevelere Assigne (alliterative).
1360 Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight.
„ William of Palerne.
1375? Barbour's Bruce, Part I.
1390? Joseph of Arimathie, or the Holy Grail (alliterative).
1440 Arthur.
1440 Merlin.
1440 Generydes.
1500 Lancelot of the Laik.
1500 Partenay or Lusignen.

Manners and Customs.
1440 The Knight de la Tour Landry.
1440-1503 Babees Book, Bokes of Norture, Kervyng, Cortasye, and Demeanor, &c.
1460? Pilgrims' Sea Voyage (in 'Stacions of Rome').
1462 Wright's Chaste Wife.
1478 Caxton's Book of Curtesye.
1500? Bernardus de Cura Rei Familiaris.
Ratis Raving, and other Pieces.
1540? Queene Elizabethes Achademy, &c.
1265-1550 Accounts of Italian and German Books of Courtesy, by W. M. Rossetti, and E. Oswald, Esqs.

[1] Mr Skeat feels certain that the original of the Alliterative 'Joseph of Arimathea' was Northern or Midland, but which he cannot say, on account of the Southern scribe's alterations of its language and forms.

Social and Political History.

1389 English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, &c.
1399 Richard the Redeles.
1415 The Crowned King.
1420 Palladius on Husbondrie.
1440? Political, Religious, and Love Poems.
1500? Early Scotch Prophecies (in Bernardus).
1528-53 Supplycacyon of the Beggers, Poore Commons, &c.
1535-50 Lyndesay's Monarche.
1535-50 Lyndesay's Satirical Poems.
1540? Starkey's England in Henry VIII's time, II.
1542-7 Andrew Boorde's Introduction and Dyetary.
1549 The Complaynt of Scotlande.
1550-1 R. Crowley's 31 Epigrams, Way to Wealth, &c.
1556 Lauder on the Dewtie of Kings.
1565-92 Awdelay's Vacabondes, and Harman's Vagabondes.
1568 Lauder's Minor Poems.
1616 Times Whistle, &c., by R. C.

Philosophy and Science.

1380? Chaucer's Boethius.
1391 Chaucer on the Astrolabe.
1465? Book of Quinte Essence.

Morals, Theology and Legends.

10th cent. K. Alfred's 'Gregory's Pastoral Care'.
1200 Hali Meidenhad.
1200-1330 Seinte Marherete, &c.
1230 Life of St. Juliana (legendary).
1250-1300 Early English Homilies, 2 Series.
11-15 cent. Legends of the Holy Rood, &c.
13th cent. Old English Miscellany.
1340 Hampole's English Prose Treatises.
1340 Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt.
1350 Genesis and Exodus.
1360 Early English Alliterative Poems.
1362-1393 William's Vision of Piers Plowman, 3 versions.
1394 Pierce the Plowman's Crede.
1420 Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest.
1430 Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c. Stacions of Rome, &c.
1530 Oure Ladyes Myroure.

Grammar, Criticism, &c.

1570 Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum.
1599 Thynne's Animadversions on Speght's Chaucer.
1617 Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue.
A.-Saxon to 1874. Mr A. J. Ellis's Early English Pronunciation.

§ 3. *Summary and Effect of the Society's Ten-Years' Work.* For the History of our Language the Society has produced the most important 10th-century Text, in which Mr Sweet has for the first time pointed out the characteristics of Alfred's English. For the 11th century our Society has been prevented, for want of funds, from printing more than two Homilies. For the 12th century, in the latter half, it has produced the only Texts of the specially Transition Period of our Language, of unequalled value for the history of our inflexional formations, and for the first time brought to light by the skilled eye and hand of the Rev. Dr R. Morris. For the 13th and 14th centuries the Society has produced a series of most valuable dialectal Texts which, under Dr R. Morris's editing, have made far clearer than ever before, the three great divisions of our dialects, and the subdivisions of each, but specially of the Midland, the most important of the three. For the 14th, and also the later centuries, from the 15th to the early part of the 17th,

the Society has produced a very large number of excellent Texts in the standard language, at and after the period of its formation, together with the earliest English ryming dictionary, a Grammar of James I's time, and Mr Alexander J. Ellis's masterly treatise on the pronunciation of our language, from Anglo-Saxon to Victorian times, "Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Chaucer and Shakespere." It can be truly said that no other Society like ours has ever been able to do so much for the History of English, as our Early English Text Society has.

If we turn to the Lives of our Forefathers, the Books they read, the Societies they belonged to, the Ways they had, the Beliefs they cherisht, the Superstitions they clung to, the Evils that beset them, the same fact stares one in the face; the Early English Text Society have produced a set of Texts that can challenge comparison with those of any other Society; they know that their own cannot be beaten. For Story, take Havelok, Arthur, Merlin, Lancelot, Gawayne, King Horn, Troy-book, William of Palerne, Partenay; for Society, take our English Gilds, William's 'Vision of Piers Plowman' (in Mr Skeat's noble edition), Political Poems, Lyndesay's scathing satires, Lauder's Poems, Starkey's England, Andrew Boorde's picture of the England and Europe of his time, Awdelay, Harman, Crowley, &c.: for Ways of Women and Men, the curious pictures of the Babees Book, John Russell, Hugh Rhodes, Ratis Raving, Times' Whistle, &c.; for Faith and Superstition, the long series of theological Texts the Society has publisht; and let us all be glad that we have had time and power to do so much. Not only has our Society produced its own fine series of Texts; but it has also given birth to other Societies, whose publications are carrying out its purpose in other directions; to other books that bring its teaching within the reach of every student and boy in the British Empire, the United States, Germany, and Austria. From the Early English Text Society sprang, in 1867, its own Extra Series; in 1868, the printing of the Percy Folio MS.; the Chaucer Society, the Ballad Society, the Spenser Society, and the Roxburghe Library; in 1871 the Hunterian Club; in 1873 the Palæographical Society, the English Dialect Society, and the New Shakspere Society. From the Early English Text Society, by members of it, have also gone forth, in 1866, Dr Richard Morris's Aldine edition of 'Chaucer's Poetical Works'; in 1867 his Clarendon-Press 'Selections from Chaucer' (now in its 3rd edition); in 1867 his 'Specimens of Early English' (vol. 1 now in its

2nd edition; vol. 2 now in its 3rd); in 1869 his Globe edition of 'Spenser's Works'; in 1872 his 'Historical Accidence of the English Language'; in 1870 Mr Skeat's 'Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman' (for the Clarendon Press); in 1871 his 'Specimens of English Literature A.D. 1394-1597'; in 1872 his 4-Text edition of St Mark (two texts Anglo-Saxon, two Early English, for the Cambridge Press); in 1871 Mr Earle's 'Philology of the English Language'; in 1873 Mr Kington Oliphant's 'Sources of Standard English'; in 1871-3 Dr Stratmann's 'Old English Dictionary of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries'; in 1871 his edition of 'The Owl and Nightingale'; in 1871 Dr Mätzner's 'Altenglische Sprachproben'; and in 1873 his 'Wörterbuch,' Part 1; in 1873 Dr Mall's edition of 'The Harrowing of Hell'; Dr Zupitza's 'Altenglisches Uebungsbuch,' &c. Truly the effect of the Society's work *is* a thing for every Englishman to rejoice over. As a 'Leader' in the *Daily News*, of Nov. 20, 1873, on the Director's appeal for money-help to the Early English Text Society, says, our Society "has wiped away, as Mr FURNIVALL proudly boasts, the old well-deserved reproach of indifference to the sources of our own language; it has stirred up the study of English historically; it makes possible a knowledge of the language; it makes accessible the most valuable documents of that history; and it shows how, in the teeth of ignorance, civil war, and obstacles of all kinds, literature, that is, the power of expression, went on growing, now slowly, now quickly, putting forth in this direction and that, tiny tendrils which were destined to grow in time into great branches, laden with the fruits of labour and genius. No single form of literature springs suddenly into existence, and the old familiar phrases, such as that which used to describe CHAUCER as the Father of English Poetry, have to be abandoned altogether, or used in a modified sense.

"But the Society has yet other claims upon us, in addition to those which appeal chiefly to students of literature. It is to such works as are issued under its auspices that we must look, far more than to the State records, for the social history of the country. In the 'Babees Boke,' the 'Boke of Norture,' the 'Boke of Carving,' the statutes of the English Guilds, and the 'Supplycacyon of the Beggars,' we may read the very mind of our forefathers, the way in which they regarded the common duties and responsibilities which make up every-day life, their methods of making existence comfortable, gentle, easy, and cultured, their way of dress, their pro-

tection and advancement of the arts; how they ate, drank, talked, and slept. And if there linger among us any relics of that most ancient religion, the worship of ancestors, Mr FURNIVALL'S appeal for help should touch us there. But; indeed, his Society is doing so great a work for all the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic, that its claims reach higher than mere pride or patriotism."

§ 4. Why then has our Society, which has done so much, need to ask urgently for more money, for a continuous supply of fresh Members and Funds? Simply because it *has* done so much, and wants to do much more. The material it has supplied to scholars has been quickly condensed and arranged for the use of all readers, by Dr Richard Morris, Mr Skeat, Mr Murray, Mr A. J. Ellis, Mr Earle, and Mr Kington Oliphant, here; by Dr Stratmann, Dr Stürzen Becker, Drs Mätzner and Goldbeck, Dr Mall, Dr Horstmann, Dr Zupitza, on the Continent; by the late lamented Prof. Hadley, Prof. March, Prof. Whitney, Prof. Child, and others, in America. The Committee have always been eager to put in print the utmost amount of MS. every year. Sharing that eagerness, and relying on the payment of arrears which ought to have come in, but did not, the Director authorized the issue of more Texts to the subscribers to the Original Series than those subscribers had paid for. He was therefore obliged to strive to make up the deficiency by an Extra Fund, which the Duke of Manchester was kind enough, with his unfailing good-will towards the Society, to head, and which was meant to raise £200, but had only brought-in the sum of £90, 17*s.* by the 31st of December, 1873. Still the balance is needed. We want all the money that can possibly be got. And the Committee trust that every Member will try to give or get a donation to the 'Duke of Manchester's Commemoration Fund,' in aid of the Society. Many people who are not Members of the Society might be induced to subscribe to the Fund, if Members would but explain to their friends and acquaintances the purpose, nature, and extent of the Society's work. The following donations and promises have been received:—

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER'S COMMEMORATION FUND, TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1873.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
His Grace the Duke of Manchester	10	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire	10	0	0
The Most Noble the Marquis of Ripon . .	10	0	0
The Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge	10	0	0
Richard Johnson, Esq.	10	0	0
A Friend	10	0	0
J. S. B.	10	0	0
Trübner & Co., Messrs	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
C. Childs, Esq.	5	0	0
John Lister, Esq.	5	0	0
Cornelius Payne, Esq.	5	0	0
Professor Henry Morley	3	3	0
Thos. Hughes, Esq., M.P.	3	0	0
J. L. Trafford, Esq.	3	0	0
F. J. Furnivall, Esq.	2	0	0
The Rev. E. Thring	2	0	0
F. Harris, Esq.	2	0	0
A. Macmillan, Esq.	1	1	0
Prof. A. W. Ward	1	1	0
The Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D.	1	1	0
Dr Ernest Adams	1	1	0
Miss A. M. Richardson	1	1	0
Prof. Joseph Payne	1	1	0
Mr Bumpus	1	1	0
The Rev. Wm. Williamson	1	1	0
The Rev. Canon Toole	1	1	0
H. Candler, Esq.	1	0	0
	£115	17	0
SINCE PAID OR PROMIST.			
Prof. F. J. Child, Harvard	£10	0	0
William Euing, Esq., Glasgow	5	0	0
Other Subscriptions	15	8	0
	£146	5	0

§ 5. *Sketch of the Society's Second Ten-Years' Work.* We have, may be, done from a fourth to a third of our work. At any rate we give a sketch of that which lies at once before us, just to show what our Editors can and will produce if our Members will find them money enough, and what will, if printed, probably leave only a Third like Ten-Years' Work to finish the task the Society has set itself, the printing of the whole of the unprinted MSS. of Early English:[1]—

1874.

Alliterative Troy-Book, Part II.
Four-Text *Cursor Mundi*, Part I.
Blickling Homilies, Pt I now ready.
Palladius, Part II.
Merlin, Part IV.
Bede's Day of Doom, &c.
Thomas of Ercildoun's Rymes and Prophecies.
Generydes, Part II.

1875.

Four-Text *Cursor Mundi*, Part II.
Blickling Homilies, Part II.
Lay Folks' Mass-Book.
Piers Plowman Notes, Part I.
The Pystil of Swete Susanne.
Lyndesay, Part VI.
Gospel of Nichodemus.
Maydenston's Poems.

[1] It would be difficult to estimate the value of the work in which the Early English Text Society has been engaged for several years past. . . . We rejoice to see that they have resolved not to rest satisfied till Englishmen will be able to say of their early literature what the Germans can now say of theirs: 'Every work of it 's printed, and every word of it 's glossed.' It is a noble resolve, and one which it is the duty of every student of the language, and every one deriving pleasure from its literature, to lend a helping hand to encourage.—W. W. Tulloch in *Belgravia*, March, 1871, p. 118.

1876.

Four-Text *Cursor Mundi*, Part III.
Piers Plowman Notes, Part II.
Old English Homilies, III.
Cato's Morals.
Charlemagne Romances, I: Sir Ferumbras.
Ælfric's Metrical Homilies.

1877.

Four-Text *Cursor Mundi*, Part IV.
Charlemagne Romances, Part II.
The Legend of Ypotis.
The Rule of St Benet. (5 Texts).
Catholicon Anglicum.
Psalters, Anglo-Saxon and Early English.
Gawaine Poems.

1878.

Troy-Book (Bodleian Library), Part I.
Awdelay's Poems.
Shoreham's Psalms.
Meditacions on the Lord's Supper (perhaps by Robert of Brunne).
Barbour's Lives of Saints, I.
Anglo-Saxon Homilies, I.

1879.

Troy-Book (Bodleian), Part II.
Barbour's Lives of Saints, II.
Guy of Warwick, I (Caius Coll., Cambr., and Auchinleck MSS.).
Vernon MS. Poems, I.
The Siege of Jerusalem.
Anglo-Saxon Homilies, II.
Eleutherius (Mr Wynne's MS.).

1880.

Guy of Warwick, II.
Jon the Gardener, &c.
Northern Version of DeGuileville.
Vernon MS. Poems, II.
William of Nassington.
Anglo-Saxon Homilies, III.

1881.

Barbour's Troy-Book.
Hampole's Psalms.
Vernon MS. Treatises.
Lives of Saints, Southern, I.
Anglo-Saxon Orosius.
Early English Psalters.

1882.

Lives of Saints, II.
Adam Davie's Poems.
Siege of Jerusalem.
Peter Idle's Poems.
Anglo-Saxon Homilies, IV.
Anonymous Poems.

1883.

Lives of Saints, III.
George Ashby's Active Policy of a Prince.
Vegecius of Knyghthood and Chyualrie.
A Troy-Book.
Anglo-Saxon Miscellanies.
Bonaventure's Life of Christ englisht.
The Rule of the Moon, &c.

Then Hampole's other version of his Prick of Conscience, Mr Small's 'Metrical Homilies' MS., Trevisa's Glanville, Myrc's Liber Festivalis, E. E. Homilies, MSS. on Cookery, Medicine, Alchemy, Astrology, and Superstitions; Mandeville, Hoccleve, Lydgate, Verse DeGuileville, Lone-

lich's 'Merlin,' the unprinted Alexander Romances (in MS. in Scotland), Lord Bath's Early English unprinted MSS. (if he will give us leave). Then we have two or four texts of the *Ancren Riwle* to print, Wyclif's Testaments and unprinted works, so as to complete a uniform 8vo edition of the *whole* of Early English Literature to Caxton's time.

EXTRA SERIES.

1874.

Lonelich's History of the Holy Grail, Part I.
Barbour's Bruce, Part II.
Ellis's Early English Pronunciation, IV.
Brinklow's Tracts on London, &c.

1875.

Lonelich's History of the Holy Grail, Part II.
Alexander Romances, I.
Starkey's Description of England to Hen. VIII., Part II.

1876.

Lonelich's History of the Holy Grail, III.
Early English Pronunciation, V.
Alexander Romances, II.

1877.

Arthour and Merlin (from the Affleck MS.).
Alexander Romances, III.
Early Holy-Land tracts.

1878.

Le Morte Arthur, &c.
The Douce *Merlin*, &c.
The Duke of Orleans's Poems.

1879.

Auchinleck MS. Romances, I.: Sir Bevis of Hamtoun, &c.
Gesta Romanorum.

1880.

Auchinleck MS. Romances, II.: Sire 'Degarré,' &c.
Book of Noblesse.

1881.

Partenope of Blois; with 'Pertinope.'
Bokenam's Lyvys of Seyntys.
Northumberland Household Book.

1882.

Ritson's Romances.
Early Education and Grammar tracts.

1883.

Romances from the Lincoln's Inn MS. 150.
Caxton's Curial, and Book of Good Manners.

§ 6. *Difficulty of meeting Subscribers' opposing Wishes.* Complaints of two opposite kinds as to our Texts have reacht the Committee's ears. One comes from the workers, the students, who echo Mr Kington-Oliphant's words in his *Sources*

of Standard English, p. 320, note, "I wish they [the Committee] would print more works written before 1400, and fewer works written after that year." With this wish the Committee heartily sympathize, and would be only too glad if they dared gratify it. Nothing would have pleased them better than to have begun at the earliest Anglo-Saxon MS., and printed everything steadily in order. But the other complaint has warned them that such a course would have halved or thirded the number of our subscribers; and the late decrease in the Society's list of members since the earliest Texts have increast in number, has shown the necessity of restoring, if possible, the original proportion between later and easier Texts—often more attractive in subject—and the earlier and harder ones, which are, with rare exceptions, theological and dull, though of extreme interest in point of language. The Committee live in hope that the feeling of duty to the Society and to its purpose will more and more make members willing to help it, though they themselves happen to feel no special interest in any one year's Texts; meantime the Committee will try their best to meet the wishes and tastes of the bulk of the Society's Members, whose forbearance they crave in this difficult task, and whom they remind that interesting inedited MSS. of Romance and Adventure, of social Life, and Fun, are rare indeed, and grow rarer year by year. But the one great fact remains, that till all our early MSS. are printed, the History of the English Language cannot be fully known, the Society's work cannot come to an end.

§ 7. *Original-Series Texts for* 1874. In this year 1874 the Texts for the Original Series will probably be, as noted in § 5, the second Part of the 'Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy;' the first Part of the Four-Text of the Early-English version of the *Cursor Mundi;* 'the Blickling Homilies,' Part I (now ready); the second Part of 'Palladius on Husbondrie;' and the fourth and concluding part of the prose Romance of 'Merlin.' If either of these latter Texts cannot be ready in time, or if more money than will pay for the four Texts above-named comes in, one or more of 'the Lay-Folks' Mass-Book' (all the text in type), 'Generydes,' Part II, 'Thomas of Ercildoune, his Rymes and Prophecies' (at press), will be issued.

Part II. of the Alliterative Troy-Book was to have been issued last year, had our funds sufficed for it. The Book was commented on in our last Report, p. 5—7, and the important difference in opinion as to its dialect mentioned, between our

best authorities on the one hand, and the Editors of the Text on the other. This Troy-Book is a gain both to literature and linguistics. Its poetic value is considerable, its language-problems most interesting. The premature death of one of its Editors, Mr Panton, who was also editing the Bannatyne MS. for the Hunterian Club, will be regretted by all our members.

The first Part of the Four-Text Early-English Version of the *Cursor Mundi*, which is now ready for issue, marks an epoch in the Society's career. For more than a hundred years has the Poem been quoted, and its printing desired, by scholars; but no man or Club would take it up. Now, however, our Society is printing it, not only in one version, but in four; not only in one dialect, but in three (with a portion in a fourth dialect), thus quadrupling the value of the text, not only as a subject for linguistic study, but also as an instance of how scribes dealt with their early originals. For the general reader, the text sparkles with quaintnesses of phrase and thought, as it tells of the Creation, the Fall, the stories of Cain, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, &c.; to the student of language, the Four-Texts give an opportunity for comparison of form and word such as no other existing English book affords, except perhaps some editions of parts of the Bible, such as the Gospels issued by the Syndics of the Cambridge-Press. The Society is greatly indebted to the Prussian Minister of Public Worship, Dr Falck, for having (at the suggestion of Prof. Pauli) authorized the Göttingen University MS. of the *Cursor* to be lent to us for a year. We have also to express our thanks to the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the loan of their MS. of the Poem till its four Texts are printed. The oldest MS. of part of the *Cursor*, the early 14th-century one in the library of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, contains such small portions of the poem that it can only form an Appendix to the Society's edition. The second in age, the Cotton, of the 14th century, in the British Museum, is, luckily, complete, and stands first in Dr Morris's Four-Text edition for us. Second, stands the Fairfax copy in the Bodleian Library, the fourth in age, with large alterations in words, and, unluckily, a large gap in its leaves, which has to be filled up from the later Laud MS. of the other type. To this other type belong the Göttingen MS., the third in age, and the Trinity MS., the fifth in age (No. 4 in our edition); and of the same type is the MS. in the College of Arms, London, though it is rather later than the Trinity MS.

The third Text for 1874, and which is now ready, is the Blickling Homilies, Anglo-Saxon of the 10th century, Part I. The chief point of interest in these Homilies is, that the MS. is a dated one. The writer has been dwelling on the evils abroad in his time, 'lamentation and weeping on all sides; mourning everywhere, and breach of peace; everywhere evil and slaughter' (*Hom. X.*, p. 114-15); has been saying that the world's end on Doomsday must needs come soon, only the advent of 'the accursed stranger Antichrist' has yet to take place (*Hom. XI.*, p. 116-17); and then, he goes on, the world must come to an end in this present age, of which 'the greatest portion has already elapsed, even nine hundred and seventy-one years (*nigon hund wintra & lxxi*), in this [very] year' (p. 118-119, l. 2). Dates of this kind are but seldom found in MSS., and are proportionately valued when they do occur. To us the Blickling MS. is of special worth, for in it we have a man writing (that is, copying,) who might well have been born when King Alfred died in 901, and his text therefore admirably follows our 'King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral' which Mr Henry Sweet edited for the Society in 1871-2. As, too, the language of the Blickling writer was probably fixt by the middle of the 10th century, we are able to see what changes fifty (or seventy) years had wrought in that Alfredian English, whose characteristics Mr Henry Sweet was the first to sum up. That the change was but slight, and that the MS. also retains some older forms of the author of the Homilies, Dr Morris will show, in his Introduction to Part II. in 1875.

(While on this subject the Committee note that, as two cheap and handy editions of Gregory's original Latin *Regula Pastoralis* have been lately printed,—one with a modern English translation, by the Rev. H. R. Bramley (James Parker & Co., Oxford and London), the other at Leipsic, sumtibus Ernesti Bredti,—the Latin text promist on the titlepage to the Society's Anglo-Saxon text of Alfred's translation, will not be publisht.)

The fourth Text for this year will probably be a short collection of Anglo-Saxon poems edited by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, of which the first, *Be Domes Dæge*, is an Anglo-Saxon version of Bede's *De Die Judicii*,—a poem of great beauty, describing the misery of the damned and the happiness of the blesst—while the second is *Lár*, an Exhortation, teaching how this happiness may be won, and that misery kept out of.

The second Part of *Palladius on Husbondrie* will contain its Editor's Preface, Notes, Glossary, and Index of Subjects

and Rymes, all the text having been publisht last year. The long-delayed Fourth Part of *Merlin* will also contain the Editor's Preface, Notes, Glossary, and Indexes, thus completing the book whose marvels and adventures its readers have long enjoyed. The Committee rely on members to provide them with money enough for the issue of both a seventh Text and even an eighth, to be chosen from the above-named 'Thomas of Ercildoune,' 'The Lay-Folk's Mass-Book,' and 'Generydes,' Part II.

§ 8. *Extra-Series Texts for* 1874. First of these in time will come the first Part of the englishing of Sires Robiers de Borron's *Histoire del Saint Graal*, by a prosy poetaster and skinner of Henry VI's time, Herry Lonelich by name, a unique MS. of whose poem is preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, from which it was edited by Mr Furnivall for the Roxburghe Club in 1862-3. The glory of the Holy Grail renders radiant Arthur's court, spite of all its crimes. May its rays give brilliance to Lonelich's lines, and make them shine with an effulgence not their own! But, though poor, Lonelich's poem is the only full English History of the coming of the Grail to White Britain, which is England. It is part of that series of English Arthur-Romances which the Committee from the first promist to print entire; and its curious mixture of monkish superstitions, legends, and fights, will interest the student of Middle-Age romance and belief.

The second Text will be Part IV of Mr Alexander J. Ellis's great work on *Early English Pronunciation, with special reference to Chaucer and Shakspere*. This Part will contain, besides the matter previously announced, the summary of Mr Ellis's investigations into our modern English dialects, carried on at great sacrifice of time and labour, with a classification of them into their four great divisions, Northern, Eastern, Southern and Western, with a full account of the subdivisions of each, illustrated by many examples and lists of words, and upwards of 60 comparative versions of the same passage in the different existing dialects, especially written and collected for this work with the help of numerous competent contributors, for the purpose of illustrating the actual dialectal condition and pronunciation of Early English. The Part will also contain a full reprint of the earliest phonetic account of English dialects, the short sketch by Dr Gill in the sixth chapter of his Logonomia (A.D. 1621), p. 16—19. The Committee wish to express their thanks to Mr Ellis for the very great pains he has taken in the preparation of this most

troublesome collection of specimens, and in the classification of our dialects. They recognize the importance of both to the history of English Pronunciation, and the value of the light which Mr Ellis's researches into our modern dialects throw on the nature of Early English sounds.

The third Text will be Part II of Mr Skeat's edition of Barbour's *Bruce* from the only two existing (and late) MSS., and the first printed editions, of this great work of Chaucer's Scotch contemporary. The Committee hoped for the issue of this Text in 1873, and commented on it in their last Report, p. 9. They have only now to mention that an Index of the Rymes in this edition will be added to the book by a friend of Mr J. A. H. Murray's under the supervision of Mr Skeat.

If we have money for a fourth Text, it will probably be Henry Brinklow's two Tracts, 'The Complaynt of Roderyck Mors, sometyme a Gray Fryre, vnto the Parliament Howse of Ingland, his naturall Countrey, for the Redresse of certen wicked Lawes, euel Customs and cruel Decreys,' ab. 1536 A.D.; and 'The Lamentacion of a Christian against the Citie of London,' A.D. 1542. These tracts are part of that most interesting set of Books to illustrate the Condition of England in Reformation and Tudor times, which the Society began in its Extra Series in 1869, and followed up in 1870, 1871, 1872, and 1873. This set will probably close with Brinklow's Tracts—except for the completion of Starkey's 'England in Henry VIII's time, the Dialogue of Pole and Lupset'—as the *New Shakspere Society* will more appropriately print Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587; William Stafford's *Complaint*, &c., while Mr Arber prints Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*.

§ 9. *Reprints.* To the Committee's regret, Mr Brock's engagements at Cambridge, prevented the appearance last year of the revised edition of *The Story of Genesis and Exodus*, with its new Index of Rymes. But as the whole book has been long in type, except its last half-sheet, its appearance cannot be long delayed. The cost of this Text will swallow-up all the Reprint-Funds at the Society's disposal; but as the Chaucer Society will share with the Early English Text one, the expense of Mr Furnivall's revised edition of Francis Thynne's *Animadversions*, in 1599, on Speght's edition of *Chaucers Workes* in 1598, the Committee will issue this second Reprint in 1874. They trust that money enough will come-in for back-sales during the year to justify the issue of the Reprint of the first Part of *Merlin*, which is now partly printed. As

soon as the Commemoration Fund has reacht £150, the after subscriptions to it will be devoted to the Reprints.

§ 10. *Prizes.* On this point the Committee can only repeat their often expresst conviction that these slight book-rewards have the happiest effect. It is not for their money-value that they are sought, but just as a witness that their winners' study of the early stages of their mother-tongue has been faithful and accurate, as an earnest that the knowledge thus gained will remain with its possessors, for it must have become part of them, and will not be thrown aside as so many bits of information acquired at College or School, in after-life are.[1] The Committee are glad that more Professors abroad, more Head-masters at home, desire these Prizes for their pupils. The kindness of the Examiners for the Prizes, for all the trouble and interest they take in this matter, again calls forth the Committee's warm thanks. To prevent misunderstanding as to the books given, a clause from our last Report is repeated here. "The Committee have resolved to send as Prizes, till further notice, the eight Reprints already completed, with *Genesis and Exodus*, and the other Reprints of 1865, as soon as they are ready[2]. But if any Professors or Secretaries have any incomplete Parts in hand, and will tell the Honorary Secretary what they are, the completing Parts, when issued, shall be forwarded to them." The Winners of the Prizes last year, and the Examiners for them, were as follows:—

Winners.	*Examiners.*
James George Scott, Fifeshire	Prof. Masson, University, Edinburgh
1 James Morrison, Glasgow 2 John Patrick, Lochwinnoch 2 David Hunter, Ayr	Prof. Nichol, University, Glasgow
James G. Petrie, Dundee William Symon, Stirling	Prof. Baynes, University, St Andrew's
Harold Littledale[3]	Prof. Dowden, Trin. Coll., Dublin
A. A. Somerville	Prof. Armstrong, Queen's College, Cork
(*Examination put off*)	Prof. Moffatt, Queen's College, Galway
MacElwaine MacDermott Wilson	Prof. Yonge, Queen's College, Belfast

[1] "I entirely concur," says Prof. Moffatt, "in the remarks of your Committee as to the good effect of these Prizes. Every student of the English language is under large obligations to the Society's Editors for their untiring and disinterested labours."

[2] Any Examiner who wishes for more Texts may have them on applying to the Director.

[3] His answering was higher than that of any former candidate, and could hardly have been better.—E. D.

Thomas McKinnon Wood Charles Alfred Russell	Prof. Morley, University Coll., London
George Alfred Oakeshott	The Lecturer, King's Coll. Evening Classes
Sidney James Mark Low	The Masters, King's College School
Richard Francis Bell[1]	Prof. Ward, Owens Coll., Manchester
(*Not awarded*)[2]	Dr E. Adams, Evening Class, ditto
(*Examination put off*)	Rev. Dr Abbott, City of London School[4]
(1 Hamilton; 2 Marshall; 3 Wainwright[3]) 4 Stevenson	Rev. G. Perkins, Manchester Grammar School
Arnold Horne	J. A. H. Murray, Esq., B.A., Mill Hill School
(*No return*)	Rev. S. J. W. Sanders, Bedfordshire Middle-Class School
Arnold Edwards	Rev. A. Jessopp, D.D., Norwich School
John R. Williams (examined in *Caedmon*)	Prof. March and Prof. Bloombergh, Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania.

The Committee received with very great pleasure from Prof. March, the news that Mr "Barnes, last year's Prize-man, [9th Report, p. 13 last line,] has been called to a Professorship in Iowa College. The attention of the Trustees of that College was called to him by his winning your Prize." Mr J. A. H. Murray also writes that one of "our old Mill-Hill boys, H. M. Wood, who competed for your Prize two years ago, but did not reach the first place, yet came out at the very top of

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[1] Subjects: 1. Elements of the Grammar of the English Language before the Conquest.
2. Rules of English Versification before Chaucer.
3. The History of English Prepositions and Conjunctions.
4. (*a.*) King Alfred's Version of Gregory's *Pastoral Care;* Preface and chapter IX (Sweet's Edition, E. E. Text Soc., pp. 2—9; 54—61).
(*b.*) Joseph of Arimathea (Skeat's Edition, E. E. Text Soc.) Preface [Exclusive of §§ 9—11] and pp. 1—23.

[2] Subjects: 1. *The Liflade of St Juliana;* Cockayne's Text (E. E. Text Soc., No. 51).
2. *The Proclamation of Henry III.; The Cuckoo-Song;* and *The Prisoner's Prayer;* Ellis's Text (Trans. Philol. Soc., 1868).
3. Chaucer, *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*
Principal Greenwood says, "We determined to keep up the standard of the Examination, and, finding no man up to it, we did not award the Prize. This current year we have a very large Evening-Class of English, about 65, I think." In 1873 the subjects were very hard.—F.

[3] These three were elected to scholarships; so the Prize-books were given to Stevenson, whose Morris paper was second-best. The Class was examined in Skeat's 'Specimens of English Literature 1394-1579,' pp. 1-125, and Morris's 'English Accidence.'—G. P.

[4] The City of London School Examination will not be held till next Easter.

the English Honours list at the late First B. A. Examination at the University of London."

During 1873 the Committee decided to send Prize-books to the Reading Grammar School; the Richmond Grammar School, Yorkshire; St John's College, Anapolis, Maryland (Prof. J. M. Garnett); the Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, U.S.A. (Rev. L. S. Potwin, M.A., Professor of Latin and English); and to the class of Professor Julius Zupitza, Ph.D., at Vienna.

§ 11. *Work at Early English outside the Society.* In April, 1873, appeared Mr J. A. H. Murray's *Dialects of the South of Scotland,* in the Historical Introduction to which he gave the first real History of the Northern Dialect that has ever been written; for the visionary theories of Pinkerton, Jamieson, and the like, about Pictish, Suio-Gothic, &c., have no claim to the title of History. Mr Murray also first divided the Northern dialect into its three periods of *Early,* to the middle or last quarter of the 14th century; *Middle,* to the time of the Union with England, 1602; *Modern,* to the present time. He will fully illustrate these periods in his "Specimens of Lowland Scotch and Northern English" which he is now preparing as one of the Clarendon-Press series of Text-Books. Also in 1873 an edition, which was practically a 3rd edition of the 2nd volume of Dr Morris's[1] *Specimens of Early English* to 1400 A.D., was produced by Mr Skeat. In 1873 also, a most useful and interesting account of '*The Sources of Standard English*' by Mr T. L. Kington-Oliphant, M.A., Oxf., a Member of our Society who has workt our Texts well, was publisht. In a popular but yet scholarlike way, Mr Oliphant has traced the gradual change of our language from Anglo-Saxon into Modern English, noting the losses of inflexions and words, the changes of vowels and consonants, the incoming of Norse, Romance, and classical words, the descent of our standard speech from the Midland Dialect, &c.; and in his Chapter VI has given an amusing account of 'Good and bad English in 1873'. A former Editor for our Society, Mr Fitzedward Hall, has also publisht a book entitled "Modern English," which, notwithstanding its tone, contains some valuable collections of quotations giving historical accounts or illustrations of English words and phrases. The great prominence given by Dr Appleton, the editor of *The Academy* (43, Wellington St., W.C.) to the English Department

[1] Dr R. Morris has in the press a small Historical Grammar for junior classes.

in the new and enlarged form of his excellent journal is matter for congratulation to English students. From abroad we have had 1. the completion of Dr F. H. Stratmann's most carefully compiled "Old English Dictionary of the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th Centuries," containing every word (as he hopes) of Teutonic and Norse origin in the Texts of which the long list is given at the beginning of his book. Want of time prevented the inclusion of all the Romance words; but many more are in it than the first edition of the Dictionary contained, and Dr Stratmann has been for many months at work on a Supplement to his second edition. Dr Stratmann has also printed in *Notes and Queries* some valuable corrections of words and meanings given in certain of the Society's texts and glossaries. These we shall reprint. 2. The *Altenglisches Uebungsbuch* of Dr Julius Zupitza of Vienna, containing a set of short specimens of Old and Early English from the 9th century to the 15th, with an admirable Glossary, taking up nearly half the little book. 3. Dr Horstmann's prints, with critical notices, of *King Horn* from the Laud MS. 108, in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, and of the *Legend of St Michael* from the same Laud MS. 108, *in the Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Sprache und Literatur.* From abroad has also come to us during 1873 a pleasing offer of help from Dr Richard Wülcker of Leipzig, who has undertaken to edit for us in 1875 the Legend of Nicodemus, with a very full account of the forms and traces of that Legend in the different literatures of Europe.

§ 12. *New Societies started by some of our Members in* 1873. One of the happiest evidences of the Society's life is its power of giving birth to vigorous offspring. We have before referred to its children of 1867, 1868, and 1870. We now name its sons of 1873. Full-armed they sprang from the brain of their parent, and are all now fighting their way in the world, alone, yet allied.

1. *The Palæographical Society* will be of peculiar help to our Editors and working Members. It has just produced its first grand Part of twelve Plates containing 13 autotypes of parts of MSS. ranging from a Greek papyrus of 152 B.C., through the beautiful text and ornamentation of the Lindisfarne Gospels of about 700 A.D., to a Charter of Werfuth, Bishop of Worcester, A.D. 934; with prints of the MS. texts, comments, and description, by Mr E. A. Bond, the Keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum, and Mr E. M. Thompson, the Assistant-Keeper, both men specially trained for the work, and than whom no better judges in

England probably exist. The Committee heartily congratulate Mr Bond on the foundation and success of his new Society, and on its first issue. They trust that its effect will be to train up a school of English palæographers, worthy of our fine Collections and our nation, to introduce certainty into a study where guesses now too often prevail, and thus substitute science for empiricism.

2. Further, the Committee witnessed with true pleasure the foundation in the summer of 1873 of *The English Dialect Society* by their honoured fellow-worker Mr Skeat. His generous and unceasing labours for our Society since he joined it in the middle of 1864, and at once made his mark on it by his edition of *Lancelot of the Laik* early in 1865, had won him the affectionate regard of us all; but by the starting of his new Society he has establisht a fresh claim to our gratitude; for its purpose is, to gather up the fragments that remain in our land, of those old words and forms that our own Early English Text Society has made its special study, which it has made known in part, and seeks to make known in full; to show us how our three great Early Dialects have developt and divided, what they've lost and what they've gained, to follow Early English into its present peasant homes. The English Dialect Society has a special claim on all Members of the Early English Text Society, and the Committee trust that all our Members who can, will help Mr Skeat's brave attempt to do a much-needed part of our work.[1]

3. Yet another Society founded in the past year calls for notice at the Committee's hands. By its publication of texts stretching past the date of SHAKSPERE's death, the Committee has always proclaimed that Elizabethan English lay within its domain. The Societies to which our own formerly gave birth, the Spenser Society, The Roxburghe Library, the Hunterian Club, all concern themselves with late Tudor and early Stuart Literature. The Committee have therefore hailed with gladness the foundation of *The New Shakspere Society* by their Director, in honour of the great Dramatist in whom English Poetry culminated. To SHAKSPERE every student of Early English looks as to the mountain-top that he on the plain desires to climb. The mind and art of the men he deals with, often differ so much from Shakspere's in degree, that they seem to be of another kind. But nevertheless, from the same race as they sprang, sprang Shakspere; from the

[1] The Kentish Archæological Society have already in type the whole of Dr Pegge's Kentish Glossary, written in 1735-6. This will be reprinted, later on, for the English Dialect Society.

same English land and air as they drank in their small wit, drank he his wondrous humour, sweetness and might. All Early English students must rejoice in a fresh attempt to bring new honour to his name, to make him better understood of men, to show more clearly the growth of the mind and art that are the great glory of our English speech.

'All along the line' our volunteers are engaged, and on the advance. The attack is weakest at the farthest point, Anglo-Saxon. Who will enable us to strengthen it?

§ 13. *Miscellaneous.* The Committee regret that the rapidly increasing business-engagements of Mr George Joachim have compelled him to resign the post that he so kindly undertook the labours of on Mr Wheatley's retirement at the end of 1871, the Honorary Secretaryship of our Society. During his two-years' troublesome hard work for us, Mr Joachim has rendered the Society most efficient service, and improved its financial position. The Committee hoped for many years of his watchful care; but as necessity deprives them of it, they now desire, in the name of the Society, to return their warmest thanks to Mr Joachim for the zeal he has shown in promoting the Society's welfare, and the attention he has paid to its interests.

The Committee being at a loss to fill Mr Joachim's place, that gentleman suggested as the best possible successor to himself, the friend who had at first induced him to accept his post, namely, Mr Arthur G. Snelgrove, the well-known able Honorary Secretary to the Chaucer and the Ballad Societies, who had just taken on himself the additional duty of the Honorary Secretaryship to the New Shakspere Society. By these Societies each allowing a nominal annual payment to a clerk to help Mr Snelgrove occasionally, he was assured that he could do the business of four Societies as easily as that of one. With the greatest possible good humour and kindness he consented to try the plan; and consequently the Early English Text Society's Honorary Secretary is now Mr Arthur G. Snelgrove. The Committee need not say how grateful they feel to him for taking on himself the additional burden of the Society's work. They are sure that every member of the Society shares that feeling, and will resolve never to add to Mr Snelgrove's burden by making him write a letter for a subscription in arrear. If all Members would but send an order on their bankers for the annual payment of their subscriptions, they'd make their *Honorary Secretary's* duties happy and honorary indeed.

The Honorary Secretary asks

1. That all complaints as to non-delivery of Texts may be sent to Messrs Trübner, who, as the Society's publishers, dispatch all its parcels. Messrs Trübner have moved to their newly built house, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

2. That all payments of subscriptions may be made direct to the Hon. Sec., and not to provincial agents—except in the case of the customers of Messrs Trübner and the foreign agents.

The Director asks that any Members willing to help Editors in making Indexes, Glossaries, Ryme-lists, or looking-up subjects for them, will either write to him, or to the Editor they desire to help.

The usual table of the Society's members, income, and issues, follows:

ORIGINAL SERIES.

	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870	1871	1872	1873
Members	145	260	409	580	660	635	580	630	[1]461	424
Income	£152	£384	£681	£717	£761	£645	£796	£606	£596	£705[3]
Pages issued	481	950	[2]2034	1207	1363	1438	971	1036	803	1074

EXTRA SERIES.

Members	150	250	255	240	265	221	233
Income	£161	£300	£345	£504	£304	£312	£410
Pages issued	804	584	682	664	834	542	633

To end, the Society wants more money and Members. And these are only to be got by the present Members making it their business, as it should be their pleasure, to ask every friend and acquaintance they meet, to join the Society.

The Subscription to the Society is £1 1*s.* a year [and £1 1*s.* (Large Paper, £2 12*s.* 6*d.*) additional for the EXTRA SERIES], due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Head Office of the Union Bank, Princes St, London, E.C., or by Money Order (made payable at the Chief Office, London, and crosst 'Union Bank') to the Hon. Secretary, ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE, Esq., London Hospital, London, E. All Members who subscribe through other channels than the Hon. Sec. are askt to send their names to him, in order to insure an early insertion of them in the List of Members.

Those Members in the United States who want their Texts posted to them, must add to their prepaid subscriptions 5*s.* yearly for the Original Series, and 3*s.* for the Extra Series.

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[1] This was the first year under the new rule, of reckoning those men only as Members who paid their year's subscription within the year.

[2] This very large issue in 1866 was due to the many sales of back Texts in that year, and to the Philological Society's bearing part of the cost of the *Ayenbite*.

[3] £90 of this sum was from 'the Duke of Manchester's Commemoration Fund.'

The Honorary Secretary of the *Chaucer Society*, the *Ballad Society*, and the *New Shakspere Society*, is Arthur G. Snelgrove, Esq., London Hospital, London, E.

The Honorary Secretary of the *English Dialect Society* is the Rev. W. W. Skeat, 1, Cintra Terrace, Cambridge. Subscription half-a-guinea a year, in advance. *Hon. Treas.*, Rev. J. W. Cartmell, Christ's College, Cambridge.

Mr E. Arber's excellent *English Reprints*, which ought to be far more widely spread than they are in the United States and Great Britain, are now publisht by him, at 87, St Augustine Road, Camden Square, London, N.W. He will send a Catalogue to any applicant.

The Hunterian Club, Glasgow, which is reprinting in 4to the complete works of Samuel Rowlands the Satirist, and re-editing the great Bannatyne MS., besides reprinting Alexander Craige's Poetical works, wants more members. The Club is limited to 200. Subscription 2 guineas a year, in advance. *Hon. Treas.*, Mr John Alexander, 43, Campbell St. West, Glasgow.

The Spenser Society, Manchester, also limited to 200 Members at 2 guineas a year, also wants Members. It is reprinting in handsome quartos the complete works of John Taylor the Water-Poet, Withers, and other authors of our middle time. *Hon. Sec.*, care of Messrs Simms, printers, Manchester.

The Ballad Society

was establisht, on the completion of the print of the Percy Folio MS, to reprint the known collections of Ballads, like the Roxburghe, Bagford, Rawlinson, Douce, &c., and to print Ballads from MSS, and books illustrating Ballad-History. The Subscription is *One Guinea* a year; or for large royal ribbed papers *Three Guineas*. The Subscriptions date from January 1, 1868, and should be paid either to the account of *The Ballad Society* at the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., or (by Money Order, payable at the Chief Office, E.C.) to—

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No. 3. **Ballads from Manuscripts. Volume II, Part 1: The Poore Mans Pittance,** by Richard Williams. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 1868. (*The Introductions, by W. R. Morfill, Esq., M.A., of Oriel Coll., Oxford, and the Index, will be issued shortly.*)

Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8. **The Roxburghe Ballads, Parts I to V,** 1869-1873, with short Notes by W. Chappell, Esq., and copies of the original Woodcuts by Mr Rudolf Blind and Mr W. H. Hooper. [*Part I is in the Press for* 1874.

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RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To BALANCE from last year				34	15	9
To SUBSCRIPTIONS:	£	s.	d.			
Original Series	615	5	7			
Extra Series	410	5	5			
Reprints	22	1	0	1047	15	0
To DUKE OF MANCHESTER'S COMMEMORATION FUND.						
Donations received to date				90	17	0
To POSTAGE REPAID				2	15	9
				£1176	3	6

PAYMENTS.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
BY PRINTING ACCOUNT.										
	Original Series.									
No. 52.	Palladius on Husbondrie	105	13	0						
	Photo-lithographs ...	4	13	0	110	6	0			
,, 53.	Old Eng. Homilies, Ser. II	158	16	7						
	Photo-lithographs ...	2	5	0	161	1	7			
,, 54.	Piers Plowman, Text C.	297	14	0						
	Half-cost of Autotype	3	10	0	301	4	0			
,, 55.	Generydes				49	11	6			
	Reports, Circulars, &c. ...				28	10	6			
Photo-lithographs, *Cursor Mundi*, &c. ...					12	1	0	662	14	5
	Extra Series.									
XVII.	Complaynt of Scotlande, Part I ...				80	18	5			
XVIII.	,, II				82	1	0			
XIX.	Oure Ladyes Myroure	149	9	6						
	Photo-lithographs ...	9	2	6	158	12	0			
	Reports, Circulars, &c.				15	10	9	337	2	2
	Reprints.									
	Reprinting *Crede*, &c.				...	...		13	6	6
BY COPYING ACCOUNT.										
	Original Series				20	14	0			
	Extra Series				23	7	3	44	1	3
BY COMMISSION ACCOUNT.										
	Paid Messrs. Trübner & Co.				...	...		44	2	0
BY POSTAGE, Carriage, and petty expenses ...					...	...		15	18	5
BY BALANCE at Banker's					...	...		58	18	9
								£1176	3	6

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III. " " " " " " " Hengwrt " 154
IV. " " " " " " " Cambridge " Gg. 4. 27
V. " " " " " " " Corpus " Oxford
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XX. The Man of Law's Tale, from the Lansdowne MS.

(each with woodcuts of fourteen drawings of Tellers of Tales in the Ellesmere MS.)

XXI. A Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I:—'The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse,' from Thynne's ed. of 1532, the Fairfax MS 16, and Tanner MS 346; 'the Compleynt to Pite,' 'the Parlament of Foules,' and 'the Compleynt of Mars,' each from six MSS.

XXII. Supplementary Parallel-Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 'The Parlament of Foules,' from three MSS.

XXIII. Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, Part I, containing 1. two MS fragments of 'The Parlament of Foules;' 2. the two differing versions of 'The Prologue to the Legende of Good Women,' arranged so as to show their differences; 3. an Appendix of Poems attributed to Chaucer, I. 'The Balade of Pitee by Chauciers;' II. 'The Cronycle made by Chaucer,' both from MSS written by Shirley, Chaucer's contemporary.

XXIV. A One-Text Print of Chaucer's Minor Poems, being the best Text from the Parallel-Text Edition, Part I, containing, I. The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse, II. The Compleynt to Pite, III. The Parlament of Foules, IV. The Compleynt of Mars, V. The A B C, with its original from De DeGuileville's *Pèlerinage de la Vie humaine* (edited from the best Paris MSS by M. Paul Meyer).

The issue for **1872**, in the **First Series**, is,

XXV. Chaucer's Tale of Melibe, the Monk's, Nun's Priest's, Doctor's, Pardoner's, Wife of Bath's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, in 6 parallel Texts from the MSS above named, with the remaining 13 coloured drawings of Tellers of Tales, after the originals in the Ellesmere MS, and with Specimens of the Variations of 30 MSS in the Doctor-Pardoner Link. (6-Text, Pt IV.)

XXVI. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Ellesmere MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)

XXVII. The Wife's, Friar's, Summoner's, Monk's, and Nun's Priest's Tales, from the Hengwrt MS, with 23 woodcuts of the Tellers of the Tales. (Part III.)

XXVIII. The Wife's, Friar's, and Summoner's Tales, from the Cambridge MS, with 9 woodcuts of Tale-Tellers. (Part IV.)

XXIX. A Treatise on the Astrolabe, addressed to his son Lowys, in 1391 A.D., by Geoffrey Chaucer, edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A.

The issue for **1873**, in the **First Series**, is,

XXX. The Six-Text Canterbury Tales, Part V, containing the Clerk's and Merchant's Tales.

The issue for **1874**, in the **First Series** (ready in June 1873), is,

XXXI. The Six-Text, Part VI, containing the Squire's and Franklin's Tales.

XXXII to XXXVI. Large Parts of the separate issues of five MSS.

The issue for **1875**, in the **First Series** (ready in September 1873), is,

XXXVII. The Six-Text, Part VII, the Second Nun's, Canon's-Yeoman's, and Manciple's Tales, with the Blank-Parson Link.

XXXVIII to XLIII. Large Parts of the separate issues of the Six MSS, bringing all up to the Parson's Tale.

XLIV. A detailed Comparison of the *Troylus and Cryseyde* with Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, with a Translation of all Passages used by Chaucer, and an Abstract of the Parts not used, by W. Michael Rossetti, Esq., and with a print of the *Troylus* from the Harleian MS 3943. Part I.

XLV. An alphabetical list of Chaucer's rymes in the Canterbury Tales, as shown by the Ellesmere MS. (*This will not be ready till* 1874.)

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1868** is,

1. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. This work includes an amalgamation of Prof. F. J. Child's two excellent and exhaustive Papers on the use of the final *-e* by Chaucer (in T. Wright's ed. of *The Canterbury Tales*) and by Gower (in Dr Pauli's ed. of the *Confessio Amantis*).

2. Essays on Chaucer, his Words and Works, Part I.: 1. Prof. Ebert's Review of Sandras's *Etude sur Chaucer*, translated by J. W. van Rees Hoets, M.A.; 2. A 13th-century Latin Treatise on the *Chilindre* (of the *Shipman's Tale*), edited by Mr E. Brock.

3. A Temporary Preface to the Society's Six-Text edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Part I, attempting to show the right Order of the Tales, and the Days and Stages of the Pilgrimage, &c. &c., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1869** is,

4. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part II.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1870** is,

5. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part III.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1871** is,

6. Trial-Forewords to my Parallel-Text edition of Chaucer's *Minor Poems* for the Chaucer Society (with a try to set Chaucer's Works in their right order of Time), by Fredk. J. Furnivall. Part I. (This Part brings-out, for the first time, Chaucer's long early but hopeless love.)

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1872** is,

7. Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Part I. 1. The original of the *Man of Law's Tale* of Constance, from the French Chronicle of Nicholas Trivet, Arundel MS 56, ab. 1340 A.D., collated with the later copy, ab. 1400, in the National Library at Stockholm; copied and edited, with a translation, by Mr Edmund Brock. 2. The Tale of "Merelaus the Emperor," from the Early-English version of the *Gesta Romanorum* in Harl. MS 7333; and 3. Part of Matthew Paris's *Vita Offæ Primi*, both stories illustrating incidents in the *Man of Law's Tale*. 4. Two French Fabliaux like the *Reeve's Tale*. 5. Two Latin Stories like the *Friar's Tale*.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1873** is,

8. Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consilii et Consolationis*, A.D. 1246 (the Latin source of the French original of Chaucer's *Melibe*), edited from the MSS, by Dr Thor Sundby.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1874** is,

9. Essays on Chaucer, his Words and Works, Part II.: 3. John of Hoveden's *Practica Chilindri*, edited from the MS, with a translation, by Mr E. Brock. 4. Chaucer's use of the final *-e*, by Joseph Payne, Esq. 5. Mrs E. Barrett-Browning on Chaucer: being those parts of her review of the *Book of the Poets*, 1842, which relate to him; here reprinted by leave of Mr Robert Browning. 6. Professor Bernhard Ten-Brink's critical edition of Chaucer's *Compleynte to Pite*.

Of the **Second Series**, the issue for **1875** is,

10. Originals and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Part II. 6. Alphonsus of Lincoln, a Story like the *Prioress's Tale*. 7. How Reynard caught Chanticleer, the source of the *Nun's-Priest's Tale*. 8. Two Italian Stories, and a Latin one, like the *Pardoner's Tale*. 9. The Tale of the Priest's Bladder, a story like the *Summoner's Tale*, being 'Li dis de le Vescie a Prestre,' par Jakes de Basiw. 10. Petrarch's Latin Tale of Griseldis (with Boccaccio's Story from which it was re-told), the original of the *Clerk's Tale*. 11. Five Versions of a Pear-tree Story like that in the *Merchant's Tale*. 12. Four Versions of The Life of Saint Cecilia, the original of the *Second Nun's Tale*.

11. Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, by Alexander J. Ellis, Esq., F.R.S. Part IV (*to be ready by May*, 1874).

Among the Texts and Essays preparing are:—

Supplementary Canterbury Tales: 1. The Tale of *Beryn*, with a Prologue of the merry Adventure of the Pardoner with a Tapster at Canterbury, re-edited from the Duke of Northumberland's unique MS, by Fredk. J. Furnivall. (The text is all printed.) [*In the Press.*

Prof. Bernhard Ten-Brink's "CHAUCER: Studies on the History of his Development, and the Chronology of his Writings," Part I, translated by Miss Ottilie Blind, and revised by the Author.

Life-Records of Chaucer, Part I, The Household book of Isabella, wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III, in which the name of GEOFFREY CHAUCER first occurs; edited from the unique MS in the British Museum, by Edward A. Bond, Esq., Keeper of the MSS.

Life-Records of Chaucer, Part II, Enrolments and Documents from the Public Record Office, the City of London Town-Clerk's Office, &c., edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.

Essays on Chaucer, Part III, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., Dr. Alfons Kissner, &c.

Originals and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Part III.

For 1876, Part VIII of the Six-Text edition, containing the Parson's Tale, and completing the *Canterbury Tales*, is copied for the First Series; and for 1877, Part 2 of Chaucer's Minor Poems. For the Second Series, 'A detailed Comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* with the *Teseide* of Boccaccio,' by HENRY WARD, Esq., of the MS Department of the British Museum, is preparing.

The fifth and concluding Part of Mr A. J. Ellis's great work on *Early English Pronunciation* may be expected in 1876.

The third French work will be either Guillaume de Machault's *Remède de Fortune* and *Dit de la Fontaine Amoureuse* (to compare with Chaucer's *Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*), or Jean de Meun's *Livre de Melibée et de Prudence* (from Albertano of Brescia's *Liber Consolationis*, A.D. 1246), or Guillaume de Machault's *Dit du Lyon*, the possible original of Chaucer's lost *Book of the Leo*, edited from the MSS, for the first time, by Monsieur PAUL MEYER. This will be followed by such originals of Chaucer's other works as are known, but are not of easy access to subscribers.

Messrs Trübner & Co., of 57 & 59, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., are the Society's publishers, Messrs Childs of Bungay its printers, and the Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., its bankers. The yearly subscription is two guineas, due on every 1st January, beginning with Jan. 1, 1868. *More Members are wanted. All the Society's Publications can still be had.*

Prof. Child, of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the Society's Honorary Secretary for America. Members' names and subscriptions may be sent to the Publishers, or to the Honorary Secretary,

A. G. SNELGROVE, ESQ.,
London Hospital, London, E.

[JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.]

Early English Text Society.

DUKE OF MANCHESTER'S COMMEMORATION FUND.

From the "Daily News," Nov. 20, 1873.

THE issue of an appeal for funds by the Director of the Early English Text Society, Mr F. J. FURNIVALL, serves to remind us of the valuable and important work which this association of a few scholars has achieved during its short existence of ten years. Working with the slenderest support in the way of annual subscribers, and dependent for its literary labours on the gratuitous work of its editors, the Society has given to the world no fewer than seventy-four volumes, many of which contain the publication of more than one old manuscript. This average of seven volumes and a half a year represents the rescue from oblivion of a whole mass of mediæval literature. There are poems, romances, legends, scientific treatises, satires political and religious, hymns, sermons, and books of behaviour. These, together with a few, like "Piers Plowman," known and published before, have been edited, annotated, and prepared for the press with all that jealous care, comparison of originals, and accurate scholarship which we are accustomed to expect in the production of Latin and Greek classics. Indeed, the names of the editors, among whom are those of Messrs FURNIVALL, SKEAT, and MORRIS, are by themselves a sufficient guarantee, not only for thorough and conscientious work, but for the enthusiasm which belongs to the preachers of a new creed and the pioneers of a new branch of learning.

The Early English Text Society, which does not in any way clash with the Camden and the Hakluyt Societies, spreads its labours, roughly speaking, over the five centuries between the Norman conquest and the later years of Queen ELIZABETH. There does not seem to be any rigid rule laid down as to the limitation of the term Early English, for we find among the publications a translation by King ALFRED in the West Saxon dialect on the one hand, and a poem of the seventeenth century on the other. But its work may fairly be considered to lie between the twelfth and the sixteenth century, a long period, which our old school-books taught us to picture as a great sterile Sahara over which the thirsty traveller would toil, finding but one oasis, that marked with the name of CHAUCER.

That misconception is now finally put away and done with, and though there is small chance that the ordinary Englishman will voluntarily take up the study of Early English any more than that of Hebrew, the mass of fresh knowledge which students of mediæval language and literature will acquire from these publications will gradually get diluted in articles and essays, popularized by lively writers, reduced to formulæ in school manuals, and so at last will be brought in some form or other into that ever-increasing stock of facts without which no education is complete, and which are supposed by every writer to be as much in the possession of their readers as the Multiplication Table. To accumulate these facts, and help to their assimilation

ultimate end of all students' labour, their very *raison d'être*. Perhaps the most important fact which the Early English Text Society establishes and illustrates is the continuity of the English mind. There is no great gulf, such as we used to believe, between CÆDMON and CHAUCER, or between CHAUCER and SHAKESPEARE; all our authors and poets are united as by some great high road where the scenery varies from place to place, but yet we are always under an English sky. The great lesson, that the history of literature is not a series of brilliant light effects, but a development according to natural laws, as yet perhaps imperfectly understood, can nowhere, except perhaps in France, be so well illustrated as by the English writers, and especially those smaller links in a great chain whom the Early English Society has restored to life. But the uses of the Society extend far beyond the enforcement of this lesson. It has wiped away, as Mr FURNIVALL proudly boasts, the old well-deserved reproach of indifference to the sources of our own language; it has stirred up the study of English historically; it makes possible a knowledge of the language; it makes accessible the most valuable documents of that history; and it shows how, in the teeth of ignorance, civil war, and obstacles of all kinds, literature, that is, the power of expression, went on growing, now slowly, now quickly, putting forth in this direction and that tiny tendrils which were destined to grow in time into great branches, laden with the fruits of labour and genius. No single form of literature springs suddenly into existence, and the old familiar phrases, such as that which used to describe CHAUCER as the Father of English Poetry, have to be abandoned altogether, or used in a modified sense.

But the Society has yet other claims upon us, in addition to those which appeal chiefly to students of literature. It is to such works as are issued under its auspices that we must look, far more than to the State records, for the social history of the country. In the "Babees Boke," the "Boke of Norture," the "Boke of Carving," the statutes of the English Guilds, and the "Supplycacyon of the Beggars," we may read the very mind of our forefathers, the way in which they regarded the common duties and responsibilities which make up every-day life, their methods of making existence comfortable, gentle, easy, and cultured, their way of dress, their protection and advancement of the arts; how they ate, drank, talked, and slept. And if there linger among us any relics of that most ancient religion, the worship of ancestors, Mr FURNIVALL's appeal for help should touch us there. But, indeed, his Society is doing so great a work for all the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic, that its claims reach higher than mere pride or patriotism. With a modesty which seems to us excessive, he proposes to raise a Commemoration Fund of 200*l*. We should have preferred a larger request, first, because we are anxious to see the work which Mr FURNIVALL now subdivides into a Chaucer Society, a Lydgate Society, and so on, all forming part of the Early English Text Society; and secondly, because it is always well to ask, if you ask at all, for a large amount. We fear that Mr FURNIVALL has not yet learned the great truth, well known to all charitable and benevolent associations, not only that much is given to those that have much, but also that much is given to those who ask for much. Whatever be the sum that this Society asks and gets, be it much or little, we may be very sure that it will be well spent.

Early English Text Society.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER'S COMMEMORATION FUND.

WITH the last day of 1873, the Early English Text Society closed the tenth year of its existence. During its short life it has done more and better work than any other Society of like kind. It has made possible, for the first time, a knowledge of the history of the English language; it has made accessible to all, the most valuable documents of that history; it has stirred-up the study of English historically in schools and colleges, and by students generally; it has wiped away from England the old well-deserved reproach of indifference to, of ignorance of, the sources of its noble tongue, which for beauty and power stands level with, if it does not excel, the choicest languages of the world.

The change that the Society's ten-years' life has wrought in the scientific study of English, is gladly acknowledged by the scholars of the Continent and the United States, but has not yet met with due recognition in England, where the Society is insufficiently supported. Its work is continually hampered by lack of funds. It has now liabilities that it cannot discharge.

The Duke of Manchester[1] has therefore come forward to head a *Commemoration Fund* in help of the Early English Text Society, at this, the close of its first ten-years' work, and has proposed that—in the first instance at least—£200 should be raised by twenty donations of £10 each, and that any number of smaller donations should be received. The Duke has himself given a donation of £10 to the Fund. The Marquis of Ripon, the late head of the Educational Department of the country, has also contributed the sum of £10 expressly on account of the service done by the Society to the cause of the historical study of English. Mr Richard Johnson of Langton Oaks, near Manchester, has given his donation of £10 mainly because the Society's publications have so remarkably illustrated the social condition and habits of our ancestors. A London "Friend" has added his £10 because he thinks it the duty of Englishmen to show their appreciation of the generous sacrifice of time and brain made by the Society's editors to promote the study of Alfred's and Chaucer's tongue.

[1] The Duke's £200 Fund (ten donations of £20 each), in aid of the Chaucer Society, has been already raised this year, and applied to the purposes of the Chaucer Society.

The Commemoration Fund is thus well started. I have only to appeal to you to contribute to it, either by giving or collecting a donation of Ten Pounds, or any smaller amount. All money should be paid either to the Society's Honorary Secretary, ARTHUR G. SNELGROVE, Esq., London Hospital, London, E., or the Early English Text Society's account with the Union Bank, Prince's Street, London, E.C., or to me,

FREDK. J. FURNIVALL,
3, ST GEORGE'S SQUARE,
PRIMROSE HILL, LONDON, N.W.

Feb. 1, 1874. (*1st date, Nov. 3, 1873.*)

Donors of £10.

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List of the Early English Text Society's Books.

ORIGINAL SERIES (*One guinea a year*).

The Publications for 1864 (21*s.*) *are:—*

1. Early Egglish Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. R. Morris. 16*s.*
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 4*s.*
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1556, ed. F. Hall. 4*s.*
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris. 10*s.*

The Publications for 1865 (21*s.*) *are:—*

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4*s.*
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 8*s.*
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris. (*Reprinting.*)
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7*s.*
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1*s.*

The Publications for 1866, *out of print, are:—*

13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, &c., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., Part II., ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 (*one guinea, less No.* 24, 25, 26, *out of print*) *are:—*

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ; the Parliament of Devils, &c., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3*s.*
25. The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1*s.*
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, from R. Thornton's MS. (ab. 1440), ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2*s.*
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12*s.*
28. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, 1362 A.D. Part I. The earliest or Vernon Text; Text A. Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat. 6*s.*
29. Early English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part I. Edited by R. Morris. 7*s.*
30. Pierce the Plowman's Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1868 (*one guinea*) *are:—*

31. Myre's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4*s.*
32. The Babees Boke, Urbanitatis, the Bokes of Norture of John Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtasye, and Demeanour, &c., with some French and Latin Poems on like subjects, ed. from Harleian and other MSS. by F. J. Furnivall. 15*s.*
33. The Knight De La Tour Landry (from French of A.D. 1372), ab. 1440 A.D. A Father's Book for his Daughters, ed. from Harl. MS. 1764 and Caxton's version, by Thomas Wright. 8*s.*
34. Early English Homilies (before 1300 A.D.) from unique MSS. in the Lambeth and other Libraries. Part II. Edited by R. Morris. 8*s.*
35. Lyndesay's Works, Part III.: The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2*s.*

The Publications for 1869 (*one guinea*) *are:—*

36. Merlin, Part III. Edited by H. B. Wheatley, Esq.; with an Essay on Arthurian Localities, by J. S. Stuart Glennie, Esq. 12*s.*
37. Lyndesay's Works, Part IV., containing Ane Satyre of the Three Estaits. Edited by F. Hall, Esq. 4*s.*
38. William's Vision of Piers the Plowman, Part II. Text B. Edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 10*s.* 6*d.*
39. The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. Edited by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the Rev. G. A. Panton. Part I. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Publications for 1870 (*one guinea*) *are:—*

40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Edited by the late Toulmin Smith, Esq., and Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, with a Preliminary Essay, in 5 parts, on 'The History and Development of Gilds, and the Origin of Trades-Unions,' by Dr Lujo Brentano. 21*s.*
41. William Lauder's Minor Poems. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq. 3*s.*
42. Bernardus De Cura Rei Famuliaris, with some Early Scottish Prophecies, &c. From a MS. KK. 1. 5, in the Cambridge University Library. Edited by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 2*s.*
43. Ratis Raving, and other Moral and Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse. Edited from the Camb. Univ. MS. KK. 1. 5, by J. R. Lumby, M.A. 3*s.*

The Publications for 1871 *are* (*for one guinea*) *:—*

44. The Alliterative Romance of Joseph of Arimathie, or The Holy Grail: a fragment from the Vernon MS.; with Wynkyn de Worde's and Pynson's (A.D. 1526 and 1520) Lives of Joseph; edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 5*s.*
45. King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care, edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., of Balliol College, Oxford. Part I. 10*s.*

46. **Legends of the Holy Rood, Symbols of the Passion and Cross.** Poems in Old English of the 11th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Edited from MSS. by Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10*s.*
47. **Lyndesay's Works, Part V.,** containing his Minor Poems, edited by James A. H. Murray, Esq., with a critical Essay by Professor Nichol of Glasgow. 3*s.*
48. **The Times' Whistle, and other Poems,** by R. C., 1616; edited by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6*s.*

The Publications for 1872 *are* (*for one guinea*) :—

49. **An Old English Miscellany,** containing a Bestiary, Kentish Sermons, Proverbs of Alfred, Religious Poems of the 13th century, edited from the MSS. by the Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 10*s.*
50. **King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care,** edited from 2 MSS., with an English translation, by Henry Sweet, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford. Part II. 10*s.*
51. **The Life of St Juliana,** 2 versions, with translations; edited from the MSS. by the Rev. T. O. Cockayne and Mr. Brock. 2*s.*
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And tua to make vr ransuraing for vs him self he sald
a yn blisced man of all of ye quat man i say
Of yn sonn mari milde yu hade in hert pat day
pat dau it was yn pillin ne man naue pat bid sau ney
Quen yu yn suete sun sua saulbe leid bid true and tray
bot comen it es ye nu ye sword pat thom pine herte strang
pat symeon bid when had sight ye forbid lang
Bot of ioy aue hundreth fald he dubbid ye yn sang
Auen he ras fra dede to lyf bidhis godde hed sua strang
ech ye birth and ye passion of him pat vs boght
Ef ye ne had relin fra ye dede had bene vs all for noght
Nu man vse sc all opnith ye sight till end es broght
ye werld sumuind ye fend es feld pat man bid sonn soght
u ye pan leuedi hang all vr trouth and fan
All men was in dute and vere for pi leue hah man
Till yn suete sun up ras yn trouth was trabil an
Au men agh w lauerd leue yu lered vs par ye wai
an meke yn moder es ful of reuth and pete
gnrthful maden sald of all fulfild of all bunte
[illegible] ye sword pert ye blisced nes of ye
vr trouth vr hope all bar yu pan vr leild leuedi mi le
And mis vs bid yn suete sun pat hang for vs on [illegible]

[illegible] him thane ye pillin ne sald efter in night
Fra be egnin yn wither bine vr latale wike to sight
pogh his it vsed ye pines all was it was ye plight
He gine vs grace haue sure of his pat he till his has sight
and pat we mai vnderin end be bid him in his sight
par ioy and blis es lasting ay pat es in heuenes light
And speciali for mere pity par pis book gain digit
Pdhu of trindbergh i sir in pat es in name sil night
Ef it be wat or dine it hes writi in trouth i plight
Qua bunges it me bid vten delay i sal him zeild yē night
And qua it helis and hidis fra me trewli i zu tell
Cursed in kirc and cal pai be bid candil wike and bell

Ihc of man born
for sinful man pat was for lorn
I forfok in sadie blis
And come in til ende i wis
Her me take and hard bind
for luue i had to manes kind
I thold pouert pine and schame
all for sinful manes ane

GÖTTINGEN LIBRARY

"Cursor Mundi,"

or

[redacted]e Werlde.

PROLOGUE.

[*Cotton Vesp. A iii., British Museum, leaf* 2.]

[1]The Cursur o the world.[1]

[1—1 *in a later hand.*]

Man yhernes rimes for to here,
And romans red on maneres sere,

Of Alisaundur þe conquerour;
Of Iuly Cesar þe emparour;
O grece and troy the strang strijf,
þere many thosand lesis þer lijf;
O brut þat bern bald of hand,
þe first conquerour of Ingland;
O kyng arthour þat was so rike,
Quam non in hys tim was like,
O ferlys þat hys knythes fell,
þat aunters sere I here of tell,
Als wawan, [illegible]
For to [illegible]
How [illegible]
Wit sa[illegible]

[illegible] tristrom and hys leif ysote,
[illegible] for here be-com a sote,
[illegible] and of ysambrase,
[illegible] and of amadase
[illegible] o ferekin thinges
[illegible], prelates and o kynges;

CURSOR

[*Fairfax MS.* 14, *Bodleian Library.*]

þis is þe best boke of alle [leaf 4]
þe cours of þe werlde men dos hit calle.

MEn couettes rimes for to here
And romance rede of mony maner
of Alisander þe conquerour
of Iuly cesar þe emperour
Of grece *and* troy þe grete strife
þer mony þousande lost þaire life
of [illegible]ate þat was bolde of hande
[illegible] conquerour of Ingelande.
of kyng arþorow þat was rike
In his tyme was nane hym like
of ferles at þer kynges felle
of mony aunters I. here of telle
of wawen cay *and* oþer stabil.
for til kepe þe rounde tabil.
how charles þe kyng *and* roland fazt
wit sarasynes walde þai noȝt sazt

of tristram *and* his lefe Isot
how he for hir bicome a sot
of Ionek *and* of isombrase
of ydoine *and* of amadase
storis als of mony þinges.
of [prin]ces prelates *and* of kynges.

FAIRFAX

PROLOGUE.

[*Göttingen MS. theol.* 107.]

[þe tret]is þat men cals cursor mundi.
[leaf 1, back, col. 1]

[Me]n ȝernis iestis for to here,
And romance rede on maner ser,

Of alexander þe conquerour,
Of Iuli cesar þe emperour
[Of grece & Tr]oye þe strong strijf,
[þere many thosand lesis] hir lijf,
[O brut þ]at berne bolde of hand
[First Conqu]erour of meri ingland ;
[Of] king arthour, þat was so riche,
[W]as non in his time funden suiche ;
Of ferlijs þat his knigh[t]es fell,
[Of] auntris did i. here of tell,
[Of] wawain, kay, and other stabil,
[For] to were þe runde tabil.
Hou king charlis and rouland faght—
Wid sarazins ne wald þai neuer be saght ;—
O tristrem, and ysoude þe suete,
Hu þai wid luffe first gan mete ;
Of king ionet and ysumbras,
Of ydoyne, and of amadas ;
Storijs of diuers thinges,
Of princes, prelates, and of kinges,

[*MS. R.* 3. 8. *Trinity College, Cambridge.*]

Here bigynneþ þe boke of storyes þat men callen cursor mundi

Men ȝernen iestes for to here
And romaunce rede in dyuerse manere

Of Alisaunder þe conqueroure
Of Iulius cesar þe emperoure
Of greke & troye þe longe strif
þere mony mon lost his lif
Of bruyt þat baroñ bolde of honde
Furste conqueroure of engelonde
Of kyng Arthour þat was so riche
Was noon in his tyme him liche
Of wondris þat his knyȝtes felle
And auntres duden men herde telle
As wawayn kay & oþere ful abul
For to kepe þe rounde tabul
How kyng charles & rouland fauȝt
Wiþ Sarazines nolde þei [neuer be] sauȝt
Of tristram & of Isoude þe swete
How þei wiþ loue firste gan mete
Of kyng Ion and of Isombras
Of Idoyne & of amadas
Storyes of dyuerse þinges
Of princes prelatis & of kynges

Sanges sere of selcuth rime,	sa[nge]s sere of selcouþe rime
Inglis, frankys, and latine,	Ingeles frenche and latine.
to rede and here Ilkon is *prest*,	to [re]de *and* here ilkan ys prest
þe thynges þ*at* þam likes best.	þe þinges þat ham likes best.
þe wisman wil o wisdom here,	¶ þe wyse mon wil of wisdome here
þe foul hym draghus to foly nere,	þe fole hi*m* drawes to foly nere.
þe wra*ng* to here o right is lath,	þe wrang to here of ri3t ys [lath]e
And p*ri*de wyt buxsu*m*nes is wrath;	þe proude wit buxomnes Is wrath
O chastite has lichur leth	bot by þe frute men may see 33
On charite ai werrais wreth;	of wat [ver]tue ys ilka tre 34
Bot be the fruit may scilwis se,	of chastite ys licchour loþ 31
O quat v*er*tu is ilka tre	wit charite ys werrour wroþ. 32
Of alkyn fruit þ*at* ma*n* schal fynd	of iche frute þat men may finde.
He fettes fro þe rote his kynd.	*fra* þe rote he fecches his kynde.
O gode pertre coms god peres,	of gode p*er*tre gode peres.
Wers tre, vers fruit it beres;	of wers tre wers frute beres.
þat I speke o þis ilke tre,	¶ *And* þat I speke of þis ilk tre
Bytakens, man, both me and þe:	hit takenes mon baþ me *and* þe.
þis fruit bitakens alle oure dedis,	þis frute b[e]takenes al our dedis
Both gode and ille qua rightly redis;	baþ gode *and* il wha ri3tly redis
Vr dedis fro vr hert tas rote,	our dedis f*ra* our hert takis rote
[Que]dur þai be worthi or bale or bote;	que*per* þai be worþ bale or bote.
For be þe thyng man draw*es* till [col. 2]	for bi þe þing man drawes hi*m* til
Men schal him k[n]aw for god or ill.	men sal h[i*m*] knaw for gode or il.
A saumpul her be þaem I say,	ensaumple now by ham I. say.
þ*at* rages in þ*are* riot ay;	þat ledes þaire life in riot ay.
In riot and in rigolage,	In riot *and* in ricolage. [col. 2]
Of all þ*er*e liif spend þai þe stage;	of al þaire life spende þai þe stage.
For now is halden non in curs,	¶ for now ys nane halden in cours.
Bot qua þ*at* luue can p*ar*amurs;	bot qua con loue p*ar*amours.
þ*at* foly luue þ*at* uanite,	þat foly loue þat vanite.
þam likes now nan o þ*er* gle;	ham likes now na o þer gle.
Hit neys bot fantu*m* for to say,	hit ys bot fantu*m* soþ to say
To day it is, to moru away,	to day hit ys to morne a-way.
Wyt chaunce of ded, or chaunce of hert,	þorow chaunce of dede or ellis of hert
þ*at* soft began has endyng smart;	þat soft bigan has endyng smert.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Sangys sere of diuers rime,
Engliss, franss, and latine,
To rede and here, ilkon is prest,
Of thinges þat þaim liked best.
þe wisman wil of wisdam here,
þe fole him drauis to foli nere,
þe wrong to here right es loth,
And pride wid buxumnes es wroght;
Of chastite has lecchour lite;
Charite again wreth wil smite;
Bot bi þe f[r]uyt may ilk man se
Of quat uertu es ilk a tre.
Of ilk a frouit þat men mai finde
He takes fra þe rote his kinde;
Of gode perętre gode peris,
Wers tre wer frouit it beris. [col. 2]
þat i say of þis ilke tre
Bitakins man bath me and þe.
þis fruit bitakins all oure dedis
Bath gode and ill qua right redis;
vr dedes fra vr hert tas rote
Queþer þai turne to bale or bote,
For be þat thing men draus till
Men may þaim knaue for gode and ill,
A sample herebi til þaim i say
þat ragis in to þair riott alway,
In riott and in rekelage
Of all þair lijf spend þai þer stage;
For nu es holdyn non in cours
Bot he þat can loue paramours;—
þat foli l[u]ue þat vanyte
Him likes nou non oþer gle.
It es bot fanton for to say
To day it es, to moru away,
Wid chance of dede or change of hert
þat soft bigan endis ful smert.

GÖTTINGEN

Mony songes of dyuerse ryme
As englisshe frensshe & latyne
To rede & here mony are prest
Of þinges þat hem likeþ best
þe wise mon wol of wisdome here
þe fool him draweþ to foly nere
þe wronge to here riȝt is looþ
And pride wiþ buxomnes is wrooþ
Of chastite þe lecchoure haþ lite
Charite aȝeyn wraþþe wol flite
But bi þe fruyte may men ofte se
Of what vertu is vche a tre
And vche fruyt þat men may fynde
He haþ from þe rote his kynde
Of good pire com gode perus
Werse tre wers fruyt berus
þat I saye þus of þis tre
Bitokeneþ mon boþe þe & me
þis fruyt bitokeneþ alle oure dedes
Boþe gode & euel who so riȝte redes
Oure dedes fro oure herte take rote
Wheþer þei turne to bale or bote
For bi þat þing mon draweþ tille
Men may him knowe for good or ille
Ensaumpel herby to hem I sey
þat rage in her riot al wey
In ryot & in rigolage
Spende mony her ȝouþe & her age
For now is he holden nouȝt in shouris
But he con loue paramouris
þat foles lif þat vanite
Him likeþ now noon oþere gle
Hit is but fantom for to say
To day hit is to morwe away
Wiþ chaunce of deþ or chaunge of hert
þat softe bigan endeþ ful smert

TRINITY

For wen þow tra*i*stes[t] wenis at be,
Fro hir schalt þou, or schó fro þe.
He þat [s]titthest[1] wenis at stand,
Warre hym his fall is nexst his hand,
Ar he sua brathly don be broght,
Wydur to wende ne wat he noght;
Bytuix a*nd* his luf haf hym ledd,
To sli mede als he hy*m* forwit [bedd;]
For þan sal mede witou*t*en mere,
be mette for dede or bett*ur* or were.
For-þi blisce *and* þat p*a*ramo*ur*,
Que*n* i haue nede me dos socur*e*,
þat saues me first in herth fra syn,
And heue*n* blys me helps to wyu.
For þof i quilu*m* haf ben untrew,
Hyr luue is ay ilik[e] new;
Hir luue sco haldes lele ilike,
þat suett*er* es þan hony ó bike;
Suilk in herth es fundu*n* nan,
For scho es mod*ur* and maidan;
Mod*er* and maiden neu*er* þe lesse,
For-þi of hir tok *cr*ist his flesse.
Qua truly loues þis le*mman*,
þis es þe loue bes neu*er* gan;
For in þis loue scho failes neu*er*,
And in þat to*þer* scho lastes ever.
Off suilk an suld ȝe [mater] take,
Crafty þat can rimes make;
Of hir to mak bath rim and sang,
And luue hir suette sun amang.
Quat bote is to sette t*r*aueil
On thyng þat may not auail,
þat es bot fantu*m* o þis warld,
Als ȝe haue sene inogh and herd.
Mat*er* fynd ȝe large and brade?
þof rimes fele of hir be made,

for quen þou sicurest wenes to be
fra hir sal þou or ho fra þe.
he þat stiþest wenes to stande.
war hi*m* his fal ys next at hande.
or he sa braþely doune be broȝt.
ȝet quidder to wende wate he noȝt
bi-twix þat his loue hi*m* lede.
to suche mede as he be-fore dede.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ for þi blesse I. þat p*a*ramour.
quen I. haue nede me dose socour
þat saues me in erþe fra synne.
and holpes me heyuen to wynne.
for if I. sumtyme haue bene vn-trew
hir loue ys ay I-like new.
hir loue ho haldes lele in like.
þat squetter ys þen hony of bike.
suche in erþe ys funden nane.
for ho ys moder *and* maydane.
moder *and* mayden neyu*er*-þe-lesse
for-þi of hir toke criste his flesse.
qua truly louys ay þis le*mman*.
þis ys þe loue sal neu*er* began.
for in þis life ho falis neuer.
and in þe toþer ho lastes euer.
¶ of suche an sulde men mat*er* take
ȝe crafty þat con rimes make.
of hir to make baþ rime *and* sange
and lôue hir squete sone amange.
quat bote ys to sette t*r*auayle.
a-boute þinge wil noȝt auayle.
þat ys bot fantu*m* of þis werde
als ȝe haf oft sene *and* herde.
mat*er* finde ȝe large *and* brade
and rimes lyte of hir ar made.

COTTON [leaf 3] FAIRFAX

[1] Looks like *tiechest* at first sight.

For quen þu wenis traistiest to be,
þu sal fra hir or scho fra þe,
He þat wenis stiffest to stand,
War him hijs fal is neist at hand.
Ar he sua sone dune be broght,
Quiþer to wend ne wat he noght
Bituix and his luue haue him ledd
To suilk mede as he him forbedd.
For þair sal mede widuten lett
Be sett til him for duel dett.
Forþi i blise þat paramoure
þat in mi [nede me dos socure],
þat sauis me in erdē fra sinne,
And heuen bliss me helpis to winne,
For þou i sumtime be untrewe
Hir luue es euerelike neue;
Hir luue scho haldes treu and lele,
Ful suete it es to manes hele, [lf 2, col. 1]
Suilk in erd es funden non
For scho es moþer and maiden alon,
Moþer and mayden neuer þe less,
For þi of hir toke iesu his fless.
Qua þat loues treuli þis lemman
Scho es þe lone þat bes neuer wan,
For in þis lijf scho fayles neuer
And in þe toþer lastes euer.
Of suilk an suld we mater take,
3e craftti[1] þat can rimes make,
Of hir to make bath ieste and sang
And loue hir suete sun emang;
Wat bot es to set trauail
On thing þat noght may auail,
þat es bot fantom of þis werld
As 3e haue sene i-now and herd.
Mater find 3e large and brade;
Rimes mani of hir be made.

For whenne þou wenest hit trewest to be
þou shalt from hit or hit from þe
He þat weneþ stiffest to stonde
War him his fal is nexte at honde
Whenne he so soone doun is brou3t
Whider to wende woot he nou3t
But to whom his loue haþ him led
To take suche mede shal he be sted
For þere shal mede wiþouten let
Be sett to him for dew dett
þerfore blesse we þat paramoure
þat in oure nede doþ vs socoure
þat saueþ vs in erþe fro synne
And heuen blisse helpeþ to wynne
For þou3e I sumtyme be vntrewe
Hir loue is euer I liche newe
Hir loue is euer trewe and lele [lf 1, bk]
Ful swete hit is to monnes hele
Suche opere in erþe is founden none
For she is modir & mayden alone
Modir & mayden neuer þe les
þerfore of hir toke iesu flesshe
Who þat loueþ trewely þis lemmon
He shal haue loue þat neuer is woor.
For in þis lif she faileþ neuer
And in þat oþer lasteþ euer
Of suchon shulde 3e matere take
3e crafty þat con rymes make
Of hir to make boþe geest & songe
And preise hir swete son amonge
What bote is hit to sett trauaile
On þing þat no þing may availe
þat is but fantom of þis Werd
As we ynow3e han seen & herd
Materes fynde we may in dede
Rymes of hir to make & rede

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

[1] The top of second *t* is made higher than the other, and looks like *l*.

Qua-sa will of hy[r] fa[y]rnes spell,
Find he sal inogh to tell;
Of hir godnes and hir treuthede,
Men may fynd euermar to rede;
O reut[h] o loue and charite,
Was neuer hir mak, ne neuer sal be.
Lauedi scho es o leuedis all,
Mild and mek witouten gall,
to nedi neghest on to call,
And raises synful quen þai fall;
Til all oure bale ai for to bete,
Oure lauerd has made þat maiden
þar-bi man mai hir helping kenn,
Scho prais ai for sinful menn;
Qua menskes hir, þai may be bald,
Scho sal þam ȝeld a hundreth fald.
In hir wirschip wald i bigyn
A lastand ware apon to myn,
For to do man knaw hir kyn,
þat hus scli wirschip cum to wyn:
Sumkins iestes for to scaw,
þat done were in þe hald[e] law,
Bituix þe ald law and þe new,
How crist brith bigan to brew,
I sal yow schew wit myn entent,
Bre[ll]i of aiþere testament;
Al þis werld, or þis bok blin,
Wit cristes help I sal ouer-rin,
And tell sum gestes principale;
For all may na man haue in talle,
Bot for-þi þat na werc may stand
Wit-outen grundwall to be lastand,
þar-for þis werc sal i fund
Apon a selcuth stedfast grund,
þat es, þe haly trinite,
þat all has wroght wit his beute;

COTTON

¶ qua sa wil of hir fairnes spel.
fynde he may I-nogh̄ to tel.
of hir godenes *and* hir trew hede.
men may fynde euer mare at rede.
of petey *and* loue *and* charite
was neuer hir make ne neuer sal be
¶ Lauedy ho ys of lauedis alle [leaf 4, bk]
mylde *and* meke wit-outen galle
to nedeful next on to calle.
to rayse þe sinful quen þai doun falle.
and al our bale for to bete.
our lorde has made þat lady squete.
þar-by man may hir helpynge ken.
for ho prayes ay for sinfulmen.
qua menskes hir þai may be balde.
ho wil ham ȝilde an hundre falde.
IN hir worshepe walde I be-gyn
a lastande werk a-pon to Myn.
for mychе worshepe ho con vs wyn.
fayne I walde men knew hir kyn.
þer-fore sum gestes wil I. shawe.
þat done ware in þe alde lawe.
by-twix þe alde lagh̄ *and* þe newe.
how cristes birþ be-gan to brewe.
¶ I. sal shew ȝou verrament.
shortly of aithur testament.
al þis werlde or þat I. blyn.
wit cristes help .I. sal ouer-ryn.
and tel sum gestes principale
for al may na mon haue in tale.
bot for-þi þat na werk may stande.
wit-out grounde wal to be lastande.
þar-fore þis werk sal I. founde.
a-pon a secure stedefast grounde.
þat ys to say þe trinite.
þat al has wroȝt wit his bounte.

FAIRFAX

Qua will of hir fayrnes spell
Find he may inogh to tell;
Of hir godnes of hir trouth-hedd,
Men may find euermar to rede
Of reuth of luue and of charite;
Was neuer hir make ne neuer sal be.
Lady scho is of ledes all,
Meke and mild widuten gall,
To nedefull neist on to call,
And rayses þe sinful quen þai fall,
Til all vr balis for to bete,
Iesu made þat mayden suete;
þarbi men may hir helping ken
Scho prais ay for sinful men.
Qua þat worschipis hir he mai be bald,
Scho wil him ȝeilde an hundreth fald,
[I]N hir worschip wald i biginne
A lastand werk apon to minne.
For to do men knaue hir kin [col. 2]
þat us suilk worschip gan to win,
Sumkin ieste nu forto knau
þat don was in þe alde lau;
Bituix þe ald lau and þe new
Hu cristes bote bigan to brew,
I sal ȝou scheu wid min entent,
Sothli of hir testament.
All þis werld, ar þis boke bline,
Wid cristes help i sal our-rine,
And telle sum ieste principale.
For all may no man haue in tale,
Bot forþer may na werk stand
Widvten grund-wal to be lastand,
þarfor þis werke i wil found
On a selcuth stedfast grund,
þat es þe hali trinite,
þat all has made wid his bounte.

GÖTTINGEN

Who so wol of hir fairnes spelle
Fynde he may ynouȝe to telle
Of hir goodnesse of hir trouþhede
Fynde men may aboute to sprede
Of treuþe of loue of charite
Was neuer hir make ne neuer shal be
Lady she is of peples alle
Meke & mylde wiþouten galle
Next to nedeful to calle on
And reiseþ euer þe synful mon
Iesu made þat mayden swete
Alle oure bales for to bete
Herby men may her helpe wel knowe
She preyeþ for synful heȝe & lowe
Who so doþ hir worshepe may be bolde
She wol him ȝelde an hundride folde
¶ In hir worshepe bigynne wolde .I.
A werke þat shulde be lastyngely
For to do men knowe hir kyn
þat muche worshepe dud vs wyn
¶ Sum maner þing is good to knawe
þat done was in þe olde lawe
Bitwixe þe olde lawe & þe newe
¶ How crist vs bote bigan to brewe
I shal ȝou shewe bi myn entent
Soþely of hir testament
Al þis world ar þis book blynne
Wiþ cristis helpe I shal ouer rynne
And telle sum geste principale
For al may no man haue in tale
But no werk wel laste may
Wiþoute good grounde to laste ay
þerfore þis werke I wol founde
On a selcouþ studfaste grounde
þat is þe holy trinite
þat al is made of his bounte

TRINITY

At him self first i sette mi merc,
And sithen to tell his hand werc ;
O þe angels first þat fell,
And siþen i will of adam tell,
Of hys oxspring, and of noe,
And sumquat of his sunns thre,
Of abraham and of ysaac
þat haly ware wit-outen make ;
Sythen sal i tell yow
Of iacob and of esau,
þar neist sal be sythen tald
How þat ioseph was boght and sald ;
O þe Iuus and moyses
þat goddis folk to lede him ches,
how god bigan þe law hym gyfe
þe quilk the Iuus in suld life ;
O saul þe kyng and o daui
How þat he faght a-gain goli ;
Siþen o salamon þe wis
How craftilik he did iustis ;
How crist com thoro propheci,
How he com his folk to bij ;
And hit sal be reddynn þanne
O Ioachim and of sant tanne ;
O mare als hir doghter mild,
How sco was born and bare a child,
How he was born and quen and ware,
How sco him to þe temple bar ;
O þe kynges þat him soght
þat thre presandes til him broght ;
How þat herode kyng wit wogh
For crist sak þe childer slogh ;
How þe child to egypte fled
And how þat he was theþen ledd ;
þar sal ȝe find sumkyn dedis
þat iesus did in hys barn-hedis ;

COTTON

¶ at him-self I. sette my merke.
and sithen to telle his handewerke.
of þe angels first at felle.
and siþen of adam wil I. telle.
[. . . . . :
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
of abraham *and* of Isaac.
þat haly weren wit-oute lake.
siþen sal I. tel ȝaw
of Isaac *and* of esaw.
þar next sal be talde
how Ioseph was boȝt *and* salde.
of þe Iewes *and* of moyses
þat goddes folk to lede him chese.
how god be-gan þe lagh him gyue
þe quylk þe Iewes in sulde lyue.
of saule þe kynge. *and* of dauy.
how þat he faȝt a-gayne goly.
siþen of salamon þe wyse
how craftely he gaf Iustise.
of cristes come þorow prophesy
how he come his folk to by.
þer next sal be red þan.
of Ioachim *and* of seynt anne
of marie *and* hir sone mylde [childe
and how ho was borne *and* bred hir
how he was borne *and* how *and* quare
how ho him til þe temple bare.
of þe kynges þat him soȝt.
þat presandes til him þai broȝt.
how þat erode kyng wit woghe.
for cristes sake þe childer sloghe.
how þe childe til egipte fled
and how þat he was þeyþen led.
and þar sal ȝe fynde sum gode dedis
þat crist dede in his childe-hedis.

FAIRFAX

First at himself i sett mi marke,
And siþen to tell of his handwarke,—
Of þe angelis first þat fell,
And siþen i wil of adam tell,
Of his hospring and of noe,
And sumquat of his sunes thre.
Of abraham and of ysaac,
þat hali men war widuten lac;
Siþen sal i tell to 3ou
Of iacob and of ysau,
Here neist sal be siþen teld
Hu Ioseph was bath bogh[t] and seld,
Of þe iuus and of moyses
þat goddes folk to lede him ches;
Hou godd bigan þe lau him giue,
þe quilk þe iuus suld in liue.
Of saul þe king and of daui
How þat he faught again goli,
And sy3e of salamon þe wise
Hou craftili he did iustifie.
Hou crist cam thoru prophesi [lf 2, col. 1]
His aune folk forto bi;
Siþen it sal be rede 3ou þane
Of ioachim and of saint ane;
Of mari als hir douther milde
Hou scho was born and bar hir child;
Hu he was born, quen and quare,
How scho him to þe temple bare;
Of þe kinges þat him soght
þat thre presantes til him broght;
Hou þat herodes king wid wogh[1];
For cristes sake he childer slogh[1];
Hou þat iesu til egipt fledd [1 MS. woght, sloght.]
And hu þat he was þennis ledd.
And þer suld 3e here mani a dede
þat iesu did in his barnhede;

¶ Furst at him self I sett my merk
And aftir to telle of his hond werk
¶ Of þe aungels þat firste felle
And siþ I wol of adam telle
¶ Of his ospringe and of Noe
And sumwhat of his sones þre
¶ Of Abraham & als of ysaac
þat holy weren wiþouten lac
¶ Siþen shal I telle [3o]u newe
Of Iacob & of Es[au]e
¶ Siþen shul 3e here hit tolde
How Ioseph was bou3te & solde
¶ Of þe iewes & of Moises
þat god his folke to lede him chees
¶ How god bigan þe lawe him 3yue
Whiche þe iewes shulde in lyue
¶ Of saul þe kyng & of dauy
How he fau3te a3eyn goly
¶ And siþþe of salomon þe wise
How he was crafti iustise
¶ How crist cam þour3e propheoie
His owne folk for to bye
¶ Siþ hit shal be rad 3ou þanne
Of Ioachim & of Seynt Anne
¶ Of Mary also hir dou3ter mylde [leaf 2]
How she was born & bare hir childe
¶ How she was born whenne & whare
How she him to þe temple bare
¶ Of þo kynges þat him sou3t
þat þre presentes to him brou3t
¶ How þat heroude kyng with wronge
For cristis sake slow3e childer 3onge
¶ How þat iesu to egipte fledde
And how he was þennes ledde
¶ And þere shul 3e here many a dede
þat iesu dude in his childehede

Sithen o þe baptist Iohan
þat Iesu baptist in flum Iordan;
How iesus quen he lang had fast
Was fondid wit þe wik gast;
Siþen o Ions baptisyng
And how him hefdid herod kyng;
How þat iesu crist him selue
ches til him apostels tuelue,
And openlik bigan to preche,
And alle þat sek ware to leche
And did þe meracles sua rijf
þat þe Iuus him hild in strijf;
Syþen how þat haly drightin
Turned watur in to vyn;
O fiue thossand men þat he
Fedd wyt fiue laues and fisses thre;
Of a man sal ȝe sithen find [leaf 2, back]
þat he gaue sight and born was blind;
O spouse-brek womman
þat þe Iuus dempt to stan;
How he heled on al vnfere
þat seke was thritte and aht yeir;
How þe magdalen wit grete
Com for to was our lorde fete;
Of hir and martha þat was fus
Abote the nedes of þare hus;
O laȝar ded laid under lam
How iesus raised his licam;
How Iuus iesu oft vmsette
And for his sermon thrali thrette,
How þai sched his blisced blode
And pined him opon þe rode;
Wit crist will þan sal I telle
How he siþen hared helle;
How Iuus wit þer gret vnschill
Wend his vprisyng to dill;

COTTON

siþen of baptist seynt Ioan.
þat ihesus hoef in flume Iordan.
how ihesus quen he lange had fast
was fondet wit þe wikket gast.
siþen of Iones baptisynge
and how him heued herode þe kynge.
how þat ihesus crist him-self
chese his appostoles twelue.
and opynly by-gan to preyche.
and al þat syke ware for to leche.
and dede þe miracles so rife.
at þe Iewes helde him in strife.
sithen how þat haly driȝtyne.
turned water in-to wyne.
of .v. þousande men þat he.
fed wit .v. lauys *and* fisshes thre.
of a man sal ȝe sythen fynde
þat he gaf siȝt þat borne was blynde.
of þe spousebreke of a womman
þat þe Iewes walde deme to stan.
and how he heled an laser.
þat seke was viij. *and* xxx. ȝere.
how þe Maudalan sore con grete.
and come to wesshe cristes fete.
of hir *and* martha þat bysy was ho
a-boute þe hous nedes to do.
of laser dede layde vnder lame.
how ihesus raised his licame.
how þe Iewes ihesus sore bet
and for his sarmone þrali þret.
how þai shed his blesset blode
and siþen pynet him a-pon þe rode
wit cristes wil þan sal I. telle.
how he siþen heried helle.
how þe Iewes wit þair vnskille.
wend his vprisinge for to dille.

FAIRFAX

Siþen of baptist saint iohn,
þat *ie*su baptist in þe flom iordan.
Hou *ie*su wan he longe hade fast
Was temped wid þe wicked gast;
Siþ*en* of ionis baptising
And hou him hefded heroud king.
Hu þai *ie*su crist him seluen
Ches to him apostilis tuelue,
And opinli bigain to preche,
And all þat seke war to leche,
And did miraclis sua rif,
Quarfor þe iuus him held *in* strijf;
Siþen hu godd all-mightin
Turnd wat*er* into win;
Of fijf thousand me*n* þ*at* he
Fedd wid fijf louis a*n*d fisses thre;
Of a man sal ȝe siþ*en* find
þat godd gaf sight þ*at* born was blind,
And of þe spousebreche, þat wo*m*man
þat þe iuus demed to stan;
How he heled a man vnfere
þ*at* seke was eght a*n*d tuenti ȝere;
Hou mari magdalain wid grete [col. 2]
Com to wasse vr laue*r*des fete,
Of hir and martha þ*at* wild noght blin
Aboute þe nedis of hir inne;
Of lazar þ*at* ded lay vnd*er* stan,
Hou *ie*su him raysed *in* fless a*n*d ban;
Hu iuus *ie*su oft vmsett,
And for his preching þai hi*m* threttt,
Hou þai sched his blissed blode,
And pined him apon þe rode.
Wid cristes will þan sal i tell
Hou he siþ*en* harud hell,
Hu iuus wid þair grete vnskill
Wend his vprising to dill;

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Siþen of þe baptiste Ion
þ*at* baptized *ie*su in flu*m* iordon
¶ How *ie*su aftir his fastynge longe
Was temptide *with* þe spirit of wronge
¶ Siþen of Iones baptizyng
And how hi*m* heueded heroude þe kyng
¶ How þ*at* *ie*su *cri*st him selue
Chees to him apostles twelue
And openly bigan to preche
And alle þ*at* seke were to leche
And dud miraclis mony & ryf
Wherfore þe iewes bigonne to strif
¶ Siþ how god of his myȝt
Turnede watir in to wyn riȝt
¶ Of fyue þousande men þ*at* he
Wiþ fyue loues fedde & fisshes þre
¶ Of a mon shul we þenne fynde
þ*at* god ȝaf siȝte & borū was blynde
¶ And of þe spousebriche of o wo*m*mon
þ*at* þe iewes demed to ston
¶ How he heled a mon vnfere
þ*at* seke was eiȝte & twenty ȝere
¶ How mary maudeleyn wiþ grete
Coom to wasshe oure lordis fete
¶ Of hir & of Martha also
þ*at* bisy was aboute crist þo
¶ Of lazar þ*at* deed lay vndir stoon
How he was reised in flesshe & boon
¶ How iewes *ie*su ofte bi-sette
And for his p*re*chyng also hi*m* þrette
¶ How þei pyned hi*m* on þe rode
And how þei shedde his blessed blode
¶ And if god wol þenne shal I telle
How he siþþen harewed helle
¶ How iewes wiþ her greet vnskille
Wende his vprisynge to stille

TRINITY

How he vprais, how he upstey,
Many man on stad and sey;
How he þat o myght es mast
Send in till erth his haly gast;
O tuelue apostlis sum-kyn gest
Bot how þai endid at þe lest,
How our leuedi endid and yald
Hir sely saul hit sal be tald;
O þe hali croice how it was kyd
lang efterward þat it was hid;
Of antecrist com þat sal be kene,
And o þe dreri days fiueten
þat sal cum for-wit domes day;
Sythen of þe dome yow sal i say,
þan of oure leuedi murnand mode.
For hir sune scho sagh on rode;
þe last resun of alle þis ron
Sal be of hir concepcion.
þis are the maters redde on raw
þat i thynk in þis bok to draw,
Schortly rimand on þe dede,
For mani er þai her-of to spede.
Notful me thinc it ware to man
to knaw him self how he began,
How [he] began in werld to brede
How his oxspring began to sprede,
Bath o þe first and o þe last.
In quatking curs þis world es past.
Efter haly kyrc state
þis ilk bok is es translate
In to Inglis tong to rede
For the loue of Inglis lede,
Inglis lede of Ingland,
For the commun at understand.
Frankis rimes here I redd,
Comunlik in ilk[a] sted,

COTTON

how he vprase how he vpsteghe. [leaf 5]
mony a mon wit eghe hit seghe.
how he þat of miȝt ys mast.
sende in til erthe his haly gast.
of þe xij appostoles sumkyn geste.
and how þai endet atte þe leste.
and how our lady endet *and* ȝalde
hir blesset saule hit sal be talde
of þe haly croys how hit was kid.
lange efter þat hit was hidde.
of antecrist come þat sal be kene.
and of þe driry dayes fiftene.
þat sal come be-fore domesday.
and siþen of þe dome sal we say.
and þen of our lady mournande mode
for hir sone ho saghe hange on rode.
þe last speche of þis resoun.
sal be of hir concepcioun.
¶ þes ar þe maters red on raw.
þat I. þink in þis boke to draw.
now I. wil be-gynne in dede.
Ihesu leue me wele to spede.
noteful me þink hit were to man
to wyte how he first be-gan.
how he be-gan in werlde to brede
and how his ospringe be-gan to sprede
baþ of þe first *and* of the last.
in quatkyn cours þis werld ys past
¶ ofter haly kirkis state.
þis ilke boke ys translate.
vn-til Ingeles tonge to rede.
for þe loue of englis lede.
englis lede of engelande
þe commune for til vnderstande.
frenche rimes here I. rede.
communely in iche a stede.

FAIRFAX

Hu he vp ras and hu he vp stey
Mani a man it herd and sey;
Hou he þat [is] of mightes mast
Sent intill erde þe hali gast.
Of þe tuelue apostlis sumkins ieste,
Hou þat þai ended mast and leste;
Hou vr leuedi endid and ȝalde
Hir semeli saule it sal be talde.
Of þe hali crois hou it was kidd
Lang efter þat it was hidd;
Of antecrist come þat sal be kene,
And of þe dreri dais fiftene
þat sal cum bifor domesday;
And syden of þe dome sal i say,
þan of vr leudis murnand mode
For hir sune quen he hing on rode;
þe last resune of all þis roune
Sal be of hir concepcion.
þise er þe materis i redde on rawe,
þat i thinck in þis boke to schawe,
Schortli renand on þis dede,
For mani ar þar for to spede.
Nedeful me think it were to man
To knau him self, hou he bigan,
Hou he bigan in werld to brede, [lf 3, col. 1]
Hou his ospring bigan to sprede,
Bath of þe first and of þe last,
In quatkin cours þis werld is past.
Efter hali kirkes state
þis ilke boke es translate,
vnto engliss tung to rede
For þe luue of englijs lede,
Englis lede of meri ingeland
For þe comen to vnþerstand.
Frenkis rimes here i rede
Comunli in ilka stede;

GÖTTINGEN

¶ How he vp roos & siþen vp stay
Mony a mon hit herde & say
¶ How þat he of myȝtes moost
Sende to erþe þe holy goost
¶ Touchynge þe apostlis of her feest
How þei endede meest & leest
¶ How oure lady endede & ȝolde
Hir semely soule hit shal be tolde
¶ How þe holy cros was kidde
Longe aftir þat hit was hidde
¶ Of antecristis coome þat shal be kene
And of þe dredeful dayes fiftene
þat shul com tofore þe domes day
Siþen of þe doom wol I say
¶ þene of oure ladyes mournynge mode
Whenne hir son heng on þe rode
þe laste resoun þat I shal spelle
¶ Of hir concepcioun wol I telle
þese are þe materes red on rowe
þat in þis book wol I showe
Shortly rennyng on þis dede
For mony per aren for to spede
¶ Nedeful me þinke hit were to man
To knowe himself how he bigan
How he bigan in worlde to brede
How his osprynge bigan to spredo
Boþe of þe furste & of þe last
In what cours þis world is past
Aftir holy chirches astate
þis ilke boke is translate
In to englisshe tonge to rede
For þe loue of englisshe lede
For comune folk of engelonde [lf 2, bk]
Shulde þe bettur hit vndirstonde
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

TRINITY

Mast es it wroght for *fr*ankis man :
Quat is for him na *fr*ankis can?
Of Ingland the nacion,
Es Inglis man þar in *com*mun.;
þe speche *þat* man wit mast may spede,
Mast þar-wit to speke war nede;
Selden was for ani chance
Praised Inglis tong in france;
Giue we ilkan þare langage,
Me think we do þam non outrage.
To laud and Inglis man i spell
þat under*st*andes *þat* i tell,
And to þoo speke i al*þer*-mast
þát won in vnuarc es to wast
þair liif in trofel and truandis,
To be ware wit *þat* self and wis,
Sum*quat* vnto *þat* thing to tent,
þat al þar mode might wit amend.
Ful il ha[yl] þai *þat* spending spend
þat findes na fro[te] þar-of at end.
Sli word and werc sum we til heild
Traistli armites[1] sal we yeild.
þar-for do draw þam hid*er*-ward,
þat o þe *par*don will ha part
To here and hald sal ha pardon,
O plight wit crist benisun.
Now o þis *prol*oug wil we b[lin],
In crist nam our bok be-gin,
Cursur o werld man aght it call,
For almast it ou*er*-rennes all.
Tak we our biginning þan
Of him *þat* al þis werld bigan.

þat mast ys worþ for frenche man.
quat ys worþ for *him* nane can.
of engelande nacioun
ys englis man þar in commoun.
þe speche þat man *with* sone may spede.
mast þar wit. to speke ware nede.
selden was for any chaunce.
englis tong praysed in fraunce
¶ gif we ilkane þaire langage.
me þink þen we do nane out*rage*.
to lewet *and* englis men I. tel.
þat vnderstandes quat I. spel.
and to þa speke I. maste.
þat wont ar to wirke in waste.
þat leden þaire life in trowandise
to teyche ham to be war *and* wyse.
¶ Ihesu suche grace me sende
at I. miȝt þaire life amende.
ful ilhayle þai þar spendyng spende
þat fyndes na frute at þe ende.
suche worde *and* werkis as we *in* lyue.
redy acountes mone we gyue.
þar-fore draw yow hidder-wart.
þat of þe *par*doun wil haue part.
and quo-so heres þis *par*doun.
he sal haue cristes benysoun.
¶ Now of þis *prol*oug wel I. blyn.
in cristes name my boke be-gynne.
Cursor of þe werlde I. wil hit cal.
for almast hit ou*er*rynnys al.
take we our be-gynnyng þan.
of him þat al þis werlde be-gan.

Luna Monenday — **Mars** Tisday — **Mercurius** Wednesday — **Iouis** Thorsday

uen*us* Friday — **sat*ur*nus** setturday — **sol** sounday

[1] So in MS., but read *acountes*

þat es most made for frankis men,	[. . . . .
Quat helpis him þat *non* can cen.	. . . . .
Of ingland þe nacione	. . . . .
Er englijs men *in* comune,	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]*
þe speche þat *men* may mast wid spede	þat speche þat moost vs may spede
Mast to speke þar-wid war nede;	Moost to speke hit were greet nede
Seldom was for ani chance	Selden hit is for any chaunce
Englis tong preched *in* france,	Englisshe tunge preched in fraunce
Gif we þaim ilkan þair language,	3yue we vche lond his langage
And þan do we na vtetrage.	þenne do we noon outrage
To leuid and englis *men* i spell	To lewed men englisshe I spelle
þat under*s*tandis quat i can tell,	þat vndirstondeþ what I con telle
And till þaim speke i al*þer*mast	And to hem speke I alþer moost
þat ledis þair liues *in* mekil wast,	þat ledeþ her lyues in *pride* & boost
And spendis his loue in trowandis	And spenden her lyues *in* trewandise
If þai might mend þaim *in* sum wis;	And my3te amenden in mony wise
Sum quat to þat thing to tende	[. . . . .
þat þai þair mede may wid amende,	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Ful wa til þaim hir loue to spende	Wo shal hem be her lif so spende
þat findes þir of no fruit at end.	þat fynde þerof no fruyt at þe ende
Sumkin word or werk as we to held,	[. . . . .
Suilk a font[1] suld we 3eilde.	. . . . .
þarfor drau 3u hi*þer*ward	. . . . .
þat of þis pardon wil haue part,	. . . . .
To here a[*n*]d hald sal haue pardon	. . . . .
And part of cristes benison.	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Nou of þis *pro*louge wil we bline, [col. 2]	Now of þis *pro*louge wol we blynne
In cristes name vr boke bigine,	In cristis nome oure book bigynne
Coursur of þe werld men au it call,	Cours of þis world *men* shul hit calle
For all mast it ou*er*-rines all.	For almest hit reherseþ alle
Take we vr biginyng þan	Take we oure bigynnyng þan
Of him þat all þis werld bigan.	At him þat al þis world bi-gan

Here endis the *pro*louge of þis boke þat es cald ou*er*rener of þe werld.

[1] So in MS., but read *akont*

Incipit de *tri*ñitate & creacione mu*n*di [leaf 3, bk, col. 1]

Of all men agh *þat* drightin dride
þat mirthes mettes man to mede
þat eue*r* was and ai sal be,
wit-outen change in trinite,
He *þat* loue*r*d bath god and man
Alkyn god of him be gan.
*þ*of he began al o*þer* thing
Him self had neue*r* bigining;
Of him com all, in him is all,
He haldes up all fra don-fall;
He haldes heuen and erth stedfast,
Wit-outen him may nothing last.
þis laue*r*d *þat* is so mikul o might
He pu*r*uaid al in his for-sight,
And *þat* he ordaind wit his witte
He multiplis and gouerns itte,
þerfor is he cald *tri*ñite . . .
For he es anfald godd in thre.
And if *þou* wynus it mai not be . . .
Behald *þe* sune and *þou* mai se; . . .
In *þe* sune *þat* schines clere . . .
Es a thing a[nd] thre thinges sere;
A bodi rond, and hete and light,
þir thre we find al at a sight;
þis thinges thre wit nankins art
Mai man nan fra o*þer* part,
For if *þou* ta *þe* light awai,
þe erth it has na sun *þarfai*;
And if *þe* erth[1] awai be tan, [1 *sic*]
sun for soth *þen* has *þou* nan.
Bot ilk wisman it watte
It es *þe* kind of *þe* sun be hatte;

COTTON.

Of *þe* trinite *and* makinge of *þe* werlde.

Of al[l] mon a3t *þat* god drede
for mir*þ* he merkis mon to mede
þat eue*r* was *and* ay sal be.
wit-outen charge in trinite.
þat ilk lorde god *and* man.
al gode of hi*m* be-gan.
if he be-gan al o*þer* *þinge*.
hi*m*-self had neue*r* be-gynnynge.
of him come al. in him ys alle.
al haldes he vp. *þat* walde dou*n* fal.
he haldes heyuen *and* er*þ* stedefast
wit-out him may na *þinge*. last.
¶ *þis* lorde *þat* ys so mykil of mi3t.
he purueyt al in his for-si3t:
and *þat* he ordenet wit his witte.
and multiplis *and* gouernes hit.
þar-fore he ys calde trinite.
for he ys anfalde. god in *þre*:
and if *þou* wenys *þis* may no3t be.
be-halde *þe* sunne *and* *þou* may se.
¶ In *þe* sunne *þat* shinis clere. [f 5, bk]
ys a. *þinge* *and* *þre* *þingys* sere.
a body rouned and het and li3t.
þer *þre* we finde al at a si3t.
þer *þinges* *þre* wit nankyn art.
ne may man nane fra o*þer* part.
¶ for if *þou* take *þe* li3t a-way.
þe erthe ne has na sunne *per*fay.
¶ *and* if *þe* hete a-way be tane
sunne for-so*þ* ne has *þou* nane.
for eue*r*iche wyse mon wate.
hit ys *þe* kynde *þe* sunne be hate

FAIRFAX

Here bigines of þe trinite and of þe making of all þe worlde

Alle men aue þat lauerd drede,
þat mirthes settis maⁿ to mede,
þat euer was and ay sal be,
Widuten ende in trinite.
He þat lauerd, bath godd and man,
Anekines thing of him bigan,
þou he bigan all oþer thing,
Himself had neuer biginyng;
Of him can all, in him Is al,
All haldis he vp fra dunefall;
He haldis heuen and erde stedfast;
Widuten him may na thing last.
þis lauerd þat es sua mekil of might
Puruaid all in his aun sight,
And þat he ordained wid his witt
He multeplijs and gouernis itt,
þar for es he cald þe trinite,
For he es an-fold god in thre;
And if þu wenis it may noght be,
Bihald þe sune, þan may þu se,
In þe sune þat schines clere
Es a thing and thre thinges sere,
A bodi round, hote, and light,
þir thre we find all at a sight;
þir thinges thre wid nankin arte
Ne may noght be fra oþer part,
For if þu take þe light away
þe erd it has na sune parfay;
And if þe hete away be tan [lf3, bk, col. 1]
Sune forsoth ne has þu nan,
On ilk a maner ilk man wate,
It es þe kind of sune be hate.

GÖTTINGEN

Hereþ now of þe trinite dere And of þe makyng of þis world here

Alle men owe þat lord to drede
þat made mon to haue mede
þat euer was & euer shal be
Wiþouten ende in trinite
He þat lorde boþe god and mon
Al maner þing of him bigan
þouȝe he bigan al oþere þing
him self hadde neuer bigynnyng
Of him coom al in him is al
Al holdeþ he vp fro doun fal
He holdeþ heuen & erþe studfaste
Wiþouten ende may no þing laste
þis lord þat is so mychel of myȝte
Purueide al in to his siȝt
And þat he ordeyned wiþ his witt
he multeplied & gouerneþ hit
þerfore he is þe trinite
þat is o god & persones þre
And if þou wenest hit may not be
Biholde þe sonne þenne maistou se
In þe sonne þat shyneþ clere
Is o þing & þre sere
A body rounde hoot & liȝt
þese þre we fynde at a siȝt
þese þingis þre wiþ noon art
Mow not fro oþere be depart
For if þou take þe liȝt awey
þe erþe haþ no sunne perfey
And if þe heete awey be goon
Sonne for soþe hastou noon
But vche maner man wel wote
þe kynde of sonne is to be hote

TRINITY

COTTON		FAIRFAX
þe sun bodi þat i neuen		þe sunne body þat I. neyuen.
Be-takens þe fader self o heuen;	304	be-takenes þe fader self of heyuen
And be þe light þat is lastand		¶ *and* bi þe liȝt þat ys lastande.
þe sune þou agh at understand;		þe sune. ȝou aghe to vnderstande.
And be þe hette þou vnderta		*and* by þe hete þou vnder-ta.
þe hali gost comms of hem tua.	308	þe haly gaste come of ham twa.
Fader is he cald for-þi		fader ys he calde for-þi.
þat he is welle þat neuer sal dri,		for he ys welle þat neyuer ys dry.
Or for-þi þat he self wroght	311	*and* for he him-seluen wroȝt.
All thinges quen þai ware notght;		alle þinges quen þai were noȝt.
His sun his wisdom es, þat wat		h[is] sone ys wisdome wele I. wate
All thinges þat haldes stat,		for al þinges he haldes in state.
And halds þam up fro misfare	315	[1]In þe maner he wroȝt ham are.
þat þai ne worth to noght als þai war ar;		[. . . . . *no gap*]
þe hali gast es tat goddhede [lfs, bk, col. 2]		¶ þe haly gaste ys þat godhede.
þat giues lijf and mas an-hede.		þat gaf þe life *and* makis anhede
Minning es to fader cald,		certanly as I. ȝou talde.
þe sune es vnderstanding tald,	320	þe sone ys vnderstandynge calde
þe haligast es ai þat will,		quat-euer þe haly gaste wille.
þat fader and sun will bath fulfill.		þe fader *and* sone wil tyte fulfil.
þis drithin þat i forwit said		þis lord þat I. be-fore haue sayde
First in his witte he all purueid	324	first in his witte he al puruayde.
His werc, als dos þe sotill wright,		his werk as dose þe sotel wriȝt.
and sithen he reises it in sight;		*and* siþen rayses hit vp in siȝt.
For-þi es godd, als sais scripture,		¶ for-þi ys god as says scripture
Nan elder þan his creature,	328	nane elder þen his creature
Elder o time ne es noght he,		elder of tyme ne ys noȝt he
Bot elles wel mare in dignite.		bot ellis wele mare in dignite.
þis wright þat i spek of here,		þis wriȝt þat I. spak of here.
Fra al oþer, sundri and sere,	332	fra al oþer ys sundre *and* sere.
For þai most oþer timber take,		for þai most oþer timber take.
Bot he þis self can timber make;		¶ *and* þis wriȝt con timber make.
For of him self he toke his euen	335	for of him-self he toke his eyuen
þat he of wroght bath erth and heuen.		þat wroȝt of baþ erþ *and* heyuen.
Bot þou sal noght þou vndirstand		bot now þou sal vnder-stande
þat he wroght al his werc wit hand,		he wroȝt noȝt anly wit his hande

[1] In þe *is crossed and the line is underlined.*

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
þe sunes bodi þat i neuen		þe sonnes body þat I neuene
Bi-takins þe fader self of heuen,	304	Bitokeneþ þe fadir god of heuen
And bi þe light þat es lastand		And bi þe liȝt þat lastyng is
It es þe sone þu vnderstand,		Hit is þe son kyng of blis
And bi þe hete þu vnderstand so,		And bi þe hete vndirstonde hit so
þe hali gast comes of þaim to.	308	þe holy goost comeþ of hem two
And fader es he calde forþi,		And fadir is he calde for þi
For he es welle þat neuer is drey;		For he is welle þat neuer is dry
And ouyr þat him seluen wroght	311	And ouer þis him self wrouȝt
All thinges quen þat þai war noght.		Alle þingis whenne þei were nouȝt
His sun is wisdam þat all thing wate,		His son is Wisdom þat alle þinge wate
For all þe werld he haldis in state;		For al þe world he halt in state
He haldis all thinges fra misfare,		Alle þinges he halt fro mysfare
þat þai noght turne to soru and care.		þat þei not turne to sorwe & care
þe hali gast es þat goddhed,	317	þe holy goost is þe godhede
He giues þe lijf and mas onede.		þat ȝyueþ lyf to alle we rede
Minning es þe fadir cald,		[. . . . .
þe sune es vnderstanden tald,	320	. . . . .
þe hali gast es þat wille,		. . . . .
þe fadir and sune bath fulfille.		. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þis lauerd þat i bi-fore of said,		þis lord þat I bifore of seide
First in his wit he all puruaid,	324	Firste in his witt he al purueide
His werk vs dos a sotil wright,		His werkes he doþ as sotil wriȝt
And siþen he raises it in sight.		And siþen he reiseþ hit in siȝt
For-þi is gode as seis scripture		For-þi is god as seiþ scripture
Non elder þan his creature,	328	Noon elder þen is creature
Eldir of time ne is noght he,		Elder of tyme is not he
Bot ellis more in dignite. [1 *read* prinse]		But elles more in dignite
þis writh þat i speke of here,	331	þis wriȝte þat I speke of here [leaf 3]
Ouer alloþer he is prines[1] widuten pere,		Is prince ouer alle wiþouten pere
For oþer writhes bos oþer tymber take,		For oþere wriȝtes mot tymber take
Bot þis him self can tymber make;		But he him self con tymber make
For of him self he toke his euen,	335	For of him self he toke þe euene
þat he made bath of erde and heuen.		þat he made wiþ boþe erþe & heuene
Bot þu sal noght vnþerstand [col. 2]		But we shul vndirstonde [honde
þat he wrog[t] al his werke wid hand,		þat he wrouȝt not al werke wiþ his

Bot said wit word, and als son
All his comament was don,
Suiftliker þen hee may wink,
Or ani mans hert mai thynk.
Als clerkes sais þat are wis
He wroght noght first wit partis;
Bot he þat mad al thing o noght
to-geder he al þis werld wroght
Seit for to be on lang and brad.
þe mater first þer of he mad,
þat es þe elementes to sai,
þat first scapless al samen lay;
He delt it sythen in sex dais
In partis als þe scripture sais,
þe elementz first in dais thrin;
thre thinges þam es wit-jn;
þis elementz þat al thinges bindes
Four er þai, als clerkes findes.
þe neþermast es watur and erth,
þe thrid es air, and fir þe ferth.
Or sai we þus þat he bigan
Als austin sais, þe hali man,
Als we in his bok writen find.
First þan wroght he angel kind
þe werld and time, þir things thre [If 4, col. 1]
Byfor al oþer thyng wroght he;
þe werld i call wit min entens
þe mater of þe four elements,
þat yeit was tan o forme mischapen,
Quar of was serenes siþen scapen;
Al scaples was it noght for-þi
þat it o scap ne had parti,
Bot þarfor scaples was it a[1] tru [1 ? 1]
þat it had nan þan suilk als nu.
He wroght a-pon þe to-þer day
þe firmament, þat is to say,

bot sayde wit worde and als sone
al his comandement was done.
squyfter þan any eye may wynke
or any monnys hert may þinke.
and als clerkis sayne þat ar wyse.
he wroȝt nȫȝt al wit partyse.
bot he þat maket al of noȝt.
to-geder al þis werlde he wroȝt.
¶ Siþen for to be in lange *and* brade.
þe mater first þar-of he made.
þat is elementes soþ to say.
þat first scaples al sammyn lay.
he delt ham siþen in sex dayes
In partis als þe scripture sayse.
þe elementes first in days þrin.
þre þinges ar ham wit-In.
þes elementes þat al þinge bindes.
four þai ar as clerkis findes.
þe neþermast ys water *and* erþe.
þe þrid ayre ys. *and* fyre þe ferþe.
¶ or say we þus þat he be-gan.
als austyn says þe haly man.
for als we in his bokis finde
first þan wroȝt he angel kynde.
þe werlde *and* tyme þes þinges þre
be-for al oþer þing[2] wroȝt he. [2 MS þins (?)]
þe werlde I cal wit myne ententes
þe mater of þe foure elementes.
þat ȝet was of fourme mishapyn.
quar-of was sternes siþen makyn.
al shaples was hit noȝt for-þi.
þat hit of shap had party.
bot þar-fore shaples hit was I. traw.
for hit was nane squylk as now.
¶ he wroȝt apon þe toþer day. ij.
þe firmament þat ys to say.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Bot said wid word, and als sone
All his comandment was done,
Smartlier þan eie may winck,
Or ani manes hert may thinck.
And als clerkes seis þat er wise,
He wroght noght first with partis,
Bot he þat made all of noght,
All þis werld to-gider he wroght,
To be sett in lenth and brede.
þe mater first þar-of i rede,
þat es þe elementis to say,
þat first schaples all samen lay;
He delt þaim fin[1] in sex dais [[1] read siþen]
In partis als þe scripture sais;
þe elementis first in dais thrin,
Thre thinges þaim es widin;
þir elementis þat all thing bindes,
Foure þar er as clerkes findes,
þe lauest þan es water and erde;
þe thrid es ayr, and fyre þe ferde.
Ayder say we þat he þus bigan,
As austin sais, þat hali man,
Als we in his bokis find.
First þan wroght he angel kind,
þe world, and tyme, þis thinges thre
Bifore all oþer thing wroght he.
þe world i calle wid min ententis
þe mater of foure elementis, [[2] read 3ett]
þat 3eit[2] was þan of forme vnschapin,
Quare-of was siþen serenes schapin;
All schaples was it noght for-þi,
For it of schap had sum parti,
Bot þar-for schaples was it hou,
For it had nogh[t] as it has nou.
He wroght apon þe toþer day
þe firmament, þat es to say,

GÖTTINGEN

But seide wiþ worde & also soone
Al his biddyng hit was done
Smartliere þan 3e may wynke
Or any mannes herte may þinke
And as clerkes say þat are wise
He wrou3te hit not bi partise
But he þat made alle þing of nou3t
Al þe world to gider he wrou3t
To be set in lengþe & brede
þe matere furst þerof I rede
þat is þe elamentis to say
þat firste shaples to gidur lay
He dalt hem ful in sex dayes
In parties as þe scripture sayes
þe elementes firste in dayes þre
þre þinges wiþynne hem þer be
þe elementis þat al þing byndes
Foure þer ben as clerkes fyndes
þe lowest hit is watir and erþe
þe þridde is eyr & fuyr þe ferþe
And we seye þat he þus bigan
As austyn seiþ þat holy man
As we in his bokis fynde
Furste he wrou3te aungel kynde
þe world & tyme þese þingis þre
Bifore al oþere þing made he
þe world I calle in myne ententis
þe matere of foure elementis
þat 3itt was þenne of forme vnshapen
Wherof siþ was parties taken
Al shaples was hit not for-þy
For hit of shap had sum party
But þerfore shaples hit was how
For hit had not as hit haþ now
He wrou3te vpon þe oþere day
þe firmament þat is to say

TRINITY

þe light wit sterns, gret and smale,	þe lift wit sternes grete *and* smale.
wit wat*er* sonded als cristale,	wit wat*er* clere als cristale.
þat es þar ou*er* fra þat þar vnd*er*;	þat ys aboue vs *and* al-so vnder
In þ[e]se he sou[n]did al wit wond*er*.	craftely wroȝt wit mychе wonder
þe thrid day þat drightin did	¶ þe þrid day þat driȝtyn dide iij
þe watters draw unto a stid,	þe wat*er*es draw vn-til a stide.
And bad a dri sted suld be;	*and* bad a dry stede sulde be.
þe watters al he cald þe see,	þe wat*er*es al he calde þe see.
þe dri cald erth þat laue*r*d kyng,	þe dry. þe erþe calde þat kynge
and bad it gress and frut forth bring,	*and* bad hit grow *and* frute forþ bringe.
Alkin things grouand sere	al þinges to grow mony *and* sere.
þat in þam self þaire seding bere.	þat in h[am]self þaire sedynge bere
þe ferth he baad, and it was don,	[1]¶ þe iiij he bad *and* hit was done. iiij.
Bath ware made sun and mon,	baþ was made sunne *and* mone.
Aiþer wit *þer* ouen light	ayþer wit þaire awen liȝt. [1 leaf 6]
For to tuin dai fra night,	for til tyne þe day fra niȝt.
In takening o tides to stand,	In takenynge of tides to stande.
dais and yeirs bath duelland;	days *and* ȝeris baþ dwellande.
And þe sterns, gret and smale,	*and* þe sternys grete *and* smale.
þat we may se wit-outen tale,	þat we may se wit-outen tale.
In þe ou*er*mast element of all;	In þe ouermast element of alle.
þer þe fir he has his stall.	þer has þe fire set hit stalle.
þe fifte dai þat faillđ noght	¶ þe v day þat falis noȝt.
On wat*ur* fuxol and fiss he wroght;	fowel *and* fisshe of wat*er* he broȝt.
þe fiss to wat*ur*, als we find,	þe fisshe to wat*er* als we finde.
þe fuxol be-taght he to þe wynd;	þe fowel be taȝt he to þe wynde
Al gangand best þe sext day,	¶ al gaande bestes. þe sext day.
And adam bath he wroght on clai,	*and* adam baþ he made of clay.
He was last wroght als laue*r*ding,	he was wroȝt last als a lordynge.
Vte-ouer al oþerkin thing.	ouer alkyn oþer þinge.
In a dale he wroght adam	In a dale he wroȝt adam.
þat ebron hatte, in hebru nam;	þat ebron hat in ebru name.
þe sex dais he wroght þat was his will,	þe sext day wroȝt he his wille
þe seuend o werk he hild him still.	þe vij. day he held him stille.
Hy*m*self þan gaf us sample þar*e*, [col. 2]	*and* he gaf vs ensaumple þare
þat we suld hald it euer mare.	þat we sulde halghe hit eue*r*-mare

COTTON FAIRFAX

þe sky wid sterris gret and small, [f. 4, col. 1]
wid watir schinand als cristall,
þat es on hey, þat es vnd*er*,
In þis he soundid al to wond*er*.
þe thrid day godd did thoru his g*r*ace
þe watris draue intill a place,
And bad a dri place suld be:
þe watris all he calid þe se.
þe drey he calid erd, þ*a*t laue*r*d king,
And bad it griss and fruit forth bring.
All thinges waxand þare
þat in þaim selff þair sedis bare.
þe feird he bad and was done,
Bath war mad sune and mone,
Aiþ*er* wid [his] sere light,
To part þe dai fra þe night,
In takinyng of tydis to stand,
Dais and ȝeris bath duelland;
And þe sternis grett & smale,
þat we may se widut*e*n tale.
In þe heiest element of all,
þar in þe fire has his stall.
þe fijfte day þat faylis noght,
Of wat*e*r foul and fiss he wroght,
þe fiss to wat*e*r als we finde,
þe foul he bitok to þe wind.
All gangand bestis þe sexte day,
And adam als he made of clay,
He was last made als laue*r*þ*i*ng,
To be maistir oue*r*all thing.
In a dale he wroght adam,
þat ebron hate *i*n ebreu nam.
þir sex dais he wroght his will,
þe seuend of werk he held h*i*m still;
Him self vs gaf ensample þare
þat we suld hald it eue*r*mare.

The sky wiþ sterres grete & smale
Wiþ watir shynynge as cristale
þ*a*t is on heȝe & þat is vndir
In þis he souned al to wondir
þe þridde day god dud bi grace
þe wattres drawe in to a place
And bad a drye place shulde be
þe wattres alle he calde þe see
þe drye he calde erþe þat kyng
And bad hit g*r*ifyns[1] fruyt forþ bryng
Al þing to be waxinge þere [1 So in MS.; *read* griss and]
And in hem self her seed to bere
þe ferþe he bad & was done
Boþe were made sonne & mone
Eiþer wiþ his dyuerse liȝt
To parte þe day fro þe nyȝt
In to kenynge of tides to stonde
Dayes & ȝeres boþe dwellonde
And þe sterres grete & smale
þ*a*t we may se wiþouten tale
In þe heȝest element of alle
þer ynne fuyr haþ his stalle
þe fyueþe day he failed nouȝt
Of watir foule & fisshe he wrouȝt
þe fisshe to watir as we fynde
þe foules he toke to þe wynde
Alle goynge beestis þe sixte day
And adam als he made of clay
He was last made as lordyng
To be maistir ouer al þing
In a dale he wrouȝte Adame
þ*a*t Ebron hett in ebrew name
þese sixe dayes he wrouȝt his wille
þe seuenþe of werke he helde h*i*m stille
He vs ȝaf ensaum*p*le þore
þ*a*t we shulde holde hit eue*r*more

His first werc als yee herd me neuen,
He wroght þe angels all of heuen,
And sette þam in haly palais,
þar neuer mai be of pride unpais;
For to þis palais at was sua rike,
Als mighti king in his kingrike,
he fordestend tuin creature
to serue him in þat hali ture,
þat suld be of a numbre hale,
and mani thusand haue in tale;
þe quilk tale nangat suld be mare
And nede be-houed it fulfild ware;
þis numbre þat he ordend þan
Suld be bath of angel and man,
For mensked wit tuin maner o scaft,
wald he be þat king o craft,
þat es wit angel þat es gastli,
And with man þat es bodili;
Of angels wald he serued be
þat suld of ordres haf thris thre;
He ches til him, þat lauerd hend,
þe men suld mak þe ordre tend.[1]
Bot þe angel he wroght formast
Of all he gaf an pouste mast;
for þof þai all war fair and wis,
And sum of less and sum mare pris,
He gaf an mast of all sele
If he cuth hafe born it wele,
And sette him heist in his hall,
Als prince and sire ouer oþer all;
And for þat he was fair and bright
lucifer to nam he hight.
wen he parceued him he þis
þat he was ouer all oþer in blis,

[1 De casu luciferi *in margin*]

COTTON

Of þe angelis *and* þe fallinge of[2] lucifer *and* his felawes.

[2 MS of of]

His first werk 3e herd me neyuen
how he wro3t þe angels of heyuen
and sett ham in his hey pales.
þat neuer of ioy sal hit sese
and in þat palas þat ys so rike
als mi3ty lorde [3]nane him like.[3]
he ordenet twyn creatours
to serue him wit grete honours
þat sulde be of an vmbre hale
and mony a þousande to haue in tale.
þe quilk tale nanegate sulde be mare
and nede fulfilled bi-houed hit þare
¶ þis noumbre þat he ordent þan.
of angels sulde hit be *and* man.
to honour þat lorde of grete bounte
of twyn maner seruet walde he be.
baþ wit angels þat ys gastely.
and wit mon þat ys bodely.
of angels walde he seruet be.
þat sulde of ordoures haue þries þre
he chese til him þat lorde hende
þat mon sulde make þe order tende.
¶ bot þe angels he wro3t formaste.
of alle he gaf ham pausty maste.
for if þai alle ware fayre *and* wyse
and sum of lesse *and* sum mare prise.
he gaf an mast of al þat wele
hif he coude a keppet hit weel.
and sett him heyest in his halle.
als prince *and* sire of oþer alle.
and for þat he was maste bri3t.
lucifer to name he hi3t.
¶ quen he persayued him þus I. wisse.
þat he was ouer al oþer in blisse.

[3-3 in his kyngriko *originally*]

FAIRFAX

Of angelis and lucifer hou he fell.
For his pride fra heuen to hell.

[col. 2]

Þe First werk as ȝe herd me neuen,
Godd wroght þe angelis of heuen,
And sett þaim in his hey palais,
Widuten pride to be in pais;
For þis palays was sua riche
As mighti king in his kingriche.
He ordaned him tuine creature,
To serue him in þat hali ture,
þat suld be a numbre hale,
And mani thousand to haue in tale.
þe quilk tale nagat suld be mare,
And nedeful bihoued it ware,
þis humbrari he ordained þan,
Suld be bath of angel and man.
Worschipd wil to maner of schaft
wald he be, þat king of craft,
þat es wid angel þat es gostli,
And wid man þat is bodili;
[1]If angelis wald he serued be [1 sic]
þat ordris suld haue thrijs thre.
He ches till him þat lauerd hend
þat man suld be mad þe ordir tend,
Bot þe angelis he wroght formast,
Of all he gaf þaim pouste mast;
Bot þou þai were bath fair and wise,
Summe of less and sum of more prise,
An gaf he mast to knaue and fele,
If þat he couth haue born him wele,
And sett him best in his halle,
Of prince and sire of oþer all.
And for he was sua wonþer light,
Lucifer to name he hight.
Quen he perceyued þus he þis
þat he was ouerall oþer in bliss,

[leaf 3, back]

Þe firste werke as ȝe herde neuen
God wrouȝte þe aungels of heuen
And set hem in his heȝe pales
Wiþouten pride to ben in pees
For þis paleis was so riche
As myȝty kyng noon oþere liche
He ordeyned hym two creatures
To serue him þere wiþ honures
þat shulde a hool noumbre be
Mony a þousonde to telle & se
þe whiche tale no weye shulde be more
And nedeful bihoued hit wore
þis noumbrary he ordeyned þon
Shulde be boþe of aungel & mon
For he wolde be þat kyng of craft
Worsheped wiþ two maner shaft
The ton wiþ aungel þat is goostly
And als wiþ mannes body
Of aungels wolde he serued be
þat ordres shulde haue þries þre
He chees to him þat lorde hende
þat man þe ordre shulde be tende
But þe aungels he wrouȝt formast
Ouer alle he made her pouste past[2]
þei were boþe faire & wyse [2 read mast]
Somme of lasse summe of more prise
He ȝaf oon moost to knowe & fele
If þat he couþe haue born him wele
And sett him beste in his halle
As prynce & sire of oþere alle
And for he was so wondir liȝt
Lucifer to name he hiȝt
And whenne he hadde perceyued þis
þat he was ouer alle oþere in blis

Allas! caitif he kneu him noght,
þat hee drightin þat had him wroght;
For ilhail sagh he þat tide
Agains him he tok a pride;
Hetlik he lette of ilk fere
To godd self wald he be pere;
Noght pere allan, bot mikul mare,
For vndur him he wald all ware,
And be him self þair comandur;
Qua herd euer a warr auntur, [1 lf 4, bk, col. 1]
[1] þat he þat noght hadd bot of him,
A-gayn him suld becum sua grim?
"sette," he said, "mi sete i sal
Gain him þat heist es of all;
In þe north side it sal be sette
O me seruis sal he non gette;
Qui suld I him seruis yeild?
Al sal be at myn auen weild."
Bot he was merred of hys mint,
Fulson he fand vnstern[e] stint,
ffor langer þan he thoght þis pride
In heuen moght he na langer abide;
For in þat curt, þat es sa clene,
May na filth in dwell wituten wene.
Sent micheal, for þare aller right,
Rais a-gain him for to fight,
Again him gaf a þatell grim,
Out of þat hei curt kest him;
Lucifer first dune he broght,
And sithen þat till him helded oght,
And schurd þat curt o þam sa clene,
þat sithen þar sted was neuer sene.
þis is þe feind þat formast fell,
thoru his ouergart[2] in to hell; [2 MS ouengart]
Fra þan his nam changed was,
For now es he cald sathanas;

allas caytef he knew him noȝt.
þat hey lorde þat him had wroȝt.
for il hayle sawe he þat tide
agayne his lorde to maynten pride
heþeli he lete of ilka fere.
to god him selfe he held him pere.
noȝt pere allane bot mykil mare.
for vnder him he walde al ware.
and be þaire aller comaundour.
qua herde euer suche an auntour.
þat he þat noȝt had bot of him.
a-gayne his lorde sulde be sa grim.
¶ sette he sayde my sete I. salle.
agayne him þat ys lorde of alle.
In þe norþ side I. sette my sete.
of my serues sal he noȝt gete.
quy sulde I. him seruys ȝelde
I. wille be at myne awen welde.
bot he was merret of his minte.
ful sone he fande sturne stint.
for lang*er* þan he þoȝt þis pride.
in heyuen miȝt he na lang*er* bide.
for in þat court þat ys so clene.
dwelles nane enuy wit-out wene.
¶ seynt Michel for þaire aller riȝt.
rase agayne him to fiȝt.
and toke agayne him batayle grim
and out of þat court kest him.
lucifer first doun he broȝt
and siþen alle þat wit h*im* helde oȝt.
and clanset þat court of ham so clene
þat siþen þaire stede was neu*er* sene
þis ys þe fynde þat formast fel.
þorou his awgart vn-to hel.
and þen his name turnet was
for now men callis him satanas.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Allas caytif he kneu him noght,
þat god him seluen had him wroght;
Ful soruful sau he þat tide
Agaynes godd he takes a pride,
Lightli he lete of ilka fere, [lf 4, bk, col. 1]
To god him seluen wald he be pere:
Noght pere alon bot mekil mare,
For vnder him he wald all were,
And he himself þair comandour.
Qua herd euer of a werr anttour,[1]
þat he þat noght had bot of him,
Again him suld becom sua grim.
He said, "sett mi sete i sall [1 It may be for auttour, but cannot be for auctour]
Gaynis him þat es best of all,
In þe north side sal it be sett,
Seruise of me sal he non gett.
Qui suld i him seruise ȝeilde?
All sal be at mine aun weilde."
Bot he was marrid of his mint,
Ful sone he fand vnsterne stint,
For langer þen he thoght þat pride,
In heuen might he no langer abide,
For in þat curte þat es so sclene[2] [2 sic]
May na filth duell widvten wene:
Saint mychal for þair alder right
Ras egaynes him forto fight,
Gaynes him gaf he a batayl grim,
vte of þat court he cast him.
Lucifer first doune he broght,
And siþen all þas to him held oght,
And skourd þat court of þaim so clene
þat siþen þair stede was neuer sene.
þis was þe feind þat formast fell
For his pride fra heuen to hell,
Fra þan his name schangid was,
Now es he cald foule sathanas;

GÖTTINGEN

Allas caitif he knew nouȝt
þat god him seluen had him wrouȝt
Ful sorweful sawe he þat tyde
Aȝeynes god he toke a pride
Liȝtly he lette of al his fere
To god hym self wolde he be pere
Not pere alone but mychel more
For vndir him he wolde alle wore
And he him self her commaundour
Who herde euer of suche traitour
þat he þat not hadde but of him
Aȝeyn his lord shulde wexe so grym
He seide sett my sete I shal
Aȝeynes him þat is best of al
In þe norþ syde shal sitte my sete
Seruise of me shal he noon gete
Why shulde I him seruyse ȝelde
I shal be at myn owne welde
But he was marred of his wille
Ful soone he fonde hit ful grille
For lenger þen he þouȝte þat pride
In heuen myȝte he not abide
For in þat court þat is so clene
No fulþe may dwelle ne be sene
Seynt Michael for her aller riȝt
Ros aȝeyn him to fiȝt
Aȝeyn him ȝaf he batail grym
Out of þat court cast he him
Lucifer furste doun he brouȝt
And siþ þat wiþ him helde ouȝt
And scoured þat court of hem so clene
þat siþ her stude was þere not sene
þis was þe fend þat formest felle
For his pride from heuen to helle
For þenne his name chaunged was
Fro lucifer to Sathanas

TRINITY

Fra ful hei he fell fullaw
þat of his lauerd wald stand nanaw,
wit-outen couering of his care
þar he ne has merci neuermare;
For godd aght noght gif þam mercy
þat þar efter wil not cri.
and þus he leses his gret honur,
þar he badd noght fullik an vre,
For alsuiþe als he was made
he fell, was þar na langer bade.
þas oþer gastes þat fell him wiht
þe quilk for-sok godds grith,
Efter þe will þai till him bare
þan fell þai depe, or lesse or mare;
Sum in þe air, sum in the lift,
þar þai drei ful hard[e] schrift;
þar pin þai bere opon þam ai,
and sua sal do to domes dai;
Bot þai þat left witoten wite
þai ware confermed þar als tite,
þat þai mai neuermar held til il, [col. 2]
Namar þan þe wick mai to god will.
þe numbre þat out of heuen fell
þo can na tung in erth [noght] tell;
Ne fra þe trone quar he can sitte,
How farr es in to hell pitte;
Bot bede sais fra erth to heuen
es seuen thusand yeir and hundret
Bi iornes qua þat gang it may, [seuen,
Fourti mile on ilk [a] day.

¶ Als i tald ar þat kyng of craft
wald mensked be wyth tuinkyn scaft,
Bath of aungel and of man.
Adam þer-for was wroght þan

COTTON

fra fulhey he fel fullawe. [leaf 6, back]
þat of his lord walde stande nan awe.
wit-outen confort of his care.
þar he has mercy neuer mare.
for god awe noȝt to gif mercy.
at þar ofter wil noȝt cry.
¶ *and* þus he lost his grete honour.
þar he bade noȝt fully an our.
for als squyþe sa he was made
he fel was-þer na langer bade.
þa oþer gastes þat fel him wiþ.
þe quylk for-soke goddis griþ.
ofter þe wille þai ware in þare.
þan fel þai depe or lasse or mare.
sum in þe ayre sum in þe lift.
þer þai dry ful harde shrift.
¶ þaire pyne þai bere apon ham ay.
and sa þai sal tille domesday.
bot þa þat lefte wit-oute wite.
þai ware confermed als tite.
þat þai sal neuer mare turne til il.
na mare þan wikket may til gode wil.
þe noumbre þat out of heyuen fel
con na tonge in erþ tel.
ne fra þe trone quare satte þat sotte.
how fer ys in-til helle potte.
bot bede says fra erþ to heyuen
[1]ys vij. þousande ȝer *and* hundres
be iournays qua ga hit may. [seȳuen
fourty myle a-pon a day.

[1 how far from heauen to earth after Beda *in margin, in a late hand*]

Of mannis body.

Als I. talde are þat kynge of hap.
walde mensket be *with* twyn shap.
baþ of angel *and* of man.
adam þar-fore was wroȝt þan.

FAIRFAX

Fra ful hey he fell ful lawe,
þat of his lauerd wild stand non awe,
Widuten coueryng of his care,
For merci getis he neuer mare;
For god au noght giue him mercy,
þat þar eftir wild noght cri.
And þus he tint þat grete honour, [col. 2]
þar badd he noght fulli on our,
For alsua suith as he was made,
He fel, was þar no langer bade.
þe toþer angelis þat fell him wid,
þe quilk forsok goddes grid,
Efter þe will þai to him bare,
Fell þai to hell, lesse and mare,
Sum in þe aire & sum in þe lift,
þar þai drey ful hard drift.
þair þine þai bere apon þaim ay,
And sua þai sal to domesday.
Bot þos þat left[1] widuten wite, [1 MS. lest]
þai were confermed þare als tite,
þai may neuermar hald to ill,
Na mare þan wic may to gode will.
þe numbre þat vte of heuen fell
No tunge in erd noght can tell,
Ne fra þat throne of þat bliss,
Hou fer in to hell pitt es,
Bot bede sais fra erd to heuen
Is .vij. thousand 3ere and hundredis .vij.;
Bi iornayis qua þat gang it may,
Fourti mile euerilk a day.

Fro ful/he3e he fel lawe
þat of his lorde wolde stonde noon awe
Wiþouten coueryng of his sore
For mercy geteþ he neuer more
For god oweþ not 3if him mercy
þat þer aftir wolde not cry
And þus he lost þat he3e tour
þere was he not fully an hour
For soone aftir þat he was made
He fel wiþouten lenger abade
þe oþere aungels þat fel him wiþ [leaf 4]
Whiche forsoke goddes griþ
Aftir þe wille þei to him b[o]re
Felle þei to helle lasse & more
Somme in þe erþe somme in þe lift
þere þei dre3e ful harde drift
her peyne þei bere on hem ay
And so shul til domes day
But þo þat lefte wiþouten wite
Were confermed þere als tite
þei may neuer assente to ille
No more þen euel may do good wille
þe noumbre þat out of heuen felle
No tonge in erþe hit con telle
Ny fro þe trone of þat blis
How fer in to helle hit is
But bede seiþ fro erþe to heuen
Is seuen þousande 3eer & hundrides
Bi iornees who so go hit may [seuen
Fourty myle eueryche day

Of bodili substance if þu wil witt,
Manis saule þat es it.

Als i told or þat king of craft
wald mensked be wid tuin schaft,
Bath wid angel and wid man,
Adam þer fore wroght was þan.

Of bodily substaunce for to witt
Monnes soule þat is hitt

As I 3ou tolde þe kyng of craft
Wolde be worsheped wiþ two
Boþe wiþ aungel & wiþ mon [shaft
Adam þerfore made was þon

þe tent ordir for to fullfill,
þat lucifer did for to spill.
Of erth allan ne was he noght,
Bot of four element[e]s worght;—
O wat*ur* his blod, his flesse o lair,
His hete o fir, hijs and[1] of air;
[. . . . . [1 MS wynd, *in a later hand.*]
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
His heued with in has eien tuin.
þe lift has sõn and mon wit-in,
þat als men sen er sett to sight,
Sua serues su*n* and mon o light;
Seuen maist*er* sterns er sette in heue*n*,
and mans hefd has thirls seuen,
þe quilk if þow wil þe vm-think,
þow may þam find with litul suink.
þis aand þat men draus oft
Betakens wynd þat blaws o loft,
O quilk es thoner and leuening ledd,
Als aand with host in brest is spred;
In to þe see all watres sinkes
And mans womb all licur drinkes;
Hijs fete him bers up fra fall,
Als þe erth vp haldes all;
þe ouer fir gis man his sight,
þat ou*er* air of hering might;
þis vnd*er* wynd him gis his aand,
þe erth þe tast, to fele, and faand;
þe hardnes þat men has in banes
It cums him o þe kynd o stanes;
Of þe erth it groues tres and gress,
And neis[2] and here of mans flesse.
wit bestes doumb man has his fele,
O thyng man liks, il or welle.
Of þir things i haf her said [leaf 5, col. 1]
was adam cors to-gedir graid;

[2 *read* nell] COTTON

þe tende ordour to fulfille
þat lucifer dide to spille.
¶ of erþ al-ane made was he noȝt.
bot of þe foure elementes wroȝt.
of wat*er* his blode his flesshe of laire
his hete of fire. his ande of ayre.
his heued ys rouned as a balle. } [? *spn-rious*]
and squa ys þe firmament alle. }
¶ his heued wit-in. has eyen twyn.
þe lift has sunne *and* mone *with*-in.
riȝt als mon eyen ar sette to siȝt.
sa serues þe sunne *and* mone of liȝt.
¶ vij. maister sternys ar sette *in* heyue*n*
and mannes heued has þirlis seyue*n*
þe quilk if þou wille vmþinke.
þou may ham finde *with* litel squynke.
¶ þis ande þat he drawes oft.
be-takenes winde þat ys on loft.
of quilk ys þonder *and* leuenyng led
and al-sa host in brest ys bred.
In-to þe see al wat*er*s sinkis
and mannys wombe al licour drinkis
his fyte him beris fra dou*n* to fal.
als þe erþ vp-haldes alle.
¶ þis ouer fyre gifues mon his siȝt.
þe ou*er* ayre of heringe miȝt.
þis vnder winde ges him his ande
þe erþ to taste to fele *and* fande.
þe hardenes þat mon has in banys.
hit comys him of þe harde stanys.
¶ on erþ growes baþ trees *and* gresse
and nayle *and* heer on mannys flesshe.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
of þer þinges þat I. haue sayde
was adam cors to-geder layde.

FAIRFAX

þe teind ordir to fulfill,
þat lucifer did to spill.
Of erd alsua ne was he noght,
Bot of foure elementis wroght.
Of water his bodi, is fless of laire,
His here of fir, his ond of aire,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
His hede wid-ihc bath cien tuin,
þe skey bath sune and mone wid-in,
Right als men cien er sett to sight, [If 5, col. 1]
To[1] seruis sune and mone of light.
Seuen mayster sternis er sett in heuen,
And manys hede has thirlis seuen,
þe quilk if þu wil þe vmthinck [? *read* So]
þu may þaim find wid littel suink.
þis wind þat men draus oft
Bitakins wind þat blauis on loft,
Of quilk es thoner and leue[n]ing ledd
Als onde wid host in brest is bred.
Into þe see all watir sinkis,
And manes wambe all licur drinkis,
His fete him beris vp fra fal,
Alsua þe erde vphaldis all.
þe ouyr fir ges manes sight,
þe ouyr air of hering might,
þis vnderþ wind him giues his ond,
þe erd tast to fele and fond,
þe hardnes þat men has in bonis.
It is mad of þe kind of stonis,
On erd it grouis tres and gris,
And nayle and her [of] manes fless.
wid bestes dumb man hath his fele
Of thing men likis, euil or wele.
Of þir thinges i haue here said
was adam cors togider graid.

GÖTTINGEN

þe tende, ordre to fulfille
þat lucifel had made spille
Of erþe only was Adam nouȝt
But of foure elementes wrouȝt
Of watir his body is flesshe laire
His heer of fuyr his honde of ayre
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
His heed wiþynne haþ eȝen tweyn
þe sky haþ sonne & mone certeyn
And as mennes eȝen are set to siȝt
So serueþ sonne & mone of liȝt
Maistir sterres are þere seuen
Seuen holes haþ mannes heed euer
Whiche if þou wolt þe bi-þinke
þou may hem fynde wiþ litil swynke
þis wynd þat we men drawen ofte
Bitokeneþ wynd þat bloweþ on lofte
Whiche is þonder & leitynge led
As onde wiþ host in brest is bred
Into þe see al watir synkeþ [drinkeþ
And monnes wombe alle licouris
His feet him beren vp fro fal
Also þe erþe vp holdeþ al
þondir fire ȝyueþ mon his siȝt
þondir oþer of heryng myȝt
þis wondir wynde him ȝyueþ onde
þe erþe makeþ him fele & Fonde
þat hardenes þat men han in bones
Hit comeþ of þe kynde of stones
On erþe as groweþ trees & gres
So nayl & heer of mannes flesshe
Wiþ beestes doumbe man haþ fele
Of þing him likeþ euel or wele
Of þese þinges I haue herde seide
Was adames body to gider leide

TRINITY

For þis resun þat 3ee haue hard,
Man es clepid þe lesse werld.

Bot resun 3ett, al herd 3ee noght,
Quare of mans saul was wroght;
A gastli light man sais it es
þat god has mad til his liknes,
Als prient of seel *in* wax es thrist,
þer in he has his licam fest;
He has it wroght, als frend and fere,
for-þi es nathing him sua dere;
His goddhed es in trinite;
Añ saul has *pro*pre thinges thre,
Minning and þat o thinges thrin,
þat es, þat was, þat sal be min;
It has als vnderstand[ing] clene
O thing it seis and of vnsene;
It has als schilwisnes o will,
þe god to tak and leue þe ill.
Al þe mightes þat mai be
Wons in þat hali trinite;
Alle *vir*tus has saul i-wis,
þat vte o sin vnsaked is,
And als godd þat es an and thre;
Wit nankyn creature mai be
vnderfanged ne ou*er*tan,
And he ou*er*takes þam ilkan;
Al sua þe saul, wit-oten wene,
Til alkin thing it es vnsene,
þof it of all thinges has sight,
to se þe saul haf ye na might.
Now haf .i. sceud yow til hider,
how tua thinges halds man to-gider,
þe saul, o gastli thing to tell,
If bodili, his flesh and fell.

COTTON

for þis resoun þat 3e haue herde
mon ys calde þe lesse werde.

Of mannis saule.

BOt resoun 3et herde 3e no3t.
of mannys saule how hit ys wro3t.
a gastely li3t men says hit ys.
þat god has made til his liknes.
als prent of seal in wax ys þrest
þer-in he has his liknes fest.
he has hit wro3t as frende *and* fere
for-þi ys na þinge him sa dere.
his godhede ys in þe trinite
and saule has *pro*pre þinges þre.
hit knawes wele wit-outen lette
þat ys *and* was *and* sal be 3ette
hit has vnderstandynge clene.
of þinge sayde *and* vnseyne.
hit his resonable of wille
to take þe gode *and* leue þe ille.
¶ al þe mi3tes þat may be
wonys in þe haly trinite.
al þe *ver*tues has saule I.-wys.
þat oute of synne vnsaked ys.
and als god ys ane *and* þre
mi3tful lorde in trinite.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
squa ys þe sæule wiþ-outen wene [leaf 7]
to ilk a man hit ys vn-seyne.
if hit of alle haue a si3t.
to se þe saule has na þinge mi3t.
now haue I. shewed 3ou til hidder
how twa-þinges haldes mon to-gider
þe saule gastely of I telle.
and þe body flesshe *and* felle.

FAIRFAX

For þis resune þat 3e haue herd,
Es man callid þe lesse werlde.

For þese resouns þat 3e haue herde
Man is calde þe lasse werde

[*Of Man's Soul.*]

Bot resun 3eit herd 3e noght
Querof of manes saule es wroght,
Of gastli light men sais it es,
þat godd has made till his licknes,
Als a preinte of sele in wax thrist,
þar-ine he has his licknes fest;
He has it wroght as freind and fere,
For-þi es na thing sua dere.
His goddhed es in trinite.
And þe saule has propre thinges thre
Menyng and þat of thinges thre, [col. 2]
þat is and was and ay sal be.
It has also vnderstanding clene.
Of thing it seis and of vnsene,
It has also wisdam in wille
þe gode to take and leue þe ille,
All þe mightes þat may be
wonis in þat hali trinite.
Alle uirtus has a saule i-wis,
þat vte of sinne clensed es,
And als god þat es in on and thre,
wid nankines creature may be
vnder-fanding non ouyr tane,
And he ouertakis þaim ilk ane.
Alsua þe saule widuten wene,
To alkines thing it es vnsene,
þou it of all thing haue sight,
To se na saule haue þai na might.
Nou haue i scheud 3u til hiþer,
Hou tua thinges haldis man togiþer,
þe saule of gastli thing to tell,
þe bodi his flesh and fell.

¶ But resoun 3itt herde 3e nou3t
Wherof mannes soule is wrou3t
Of goostly li3t men say hit es
þat god haþ made to his likenes
As prent of seel in wax þrest
þerynne he haþ his likenes fest
He haþ hit wrou3te as frend & fere
No þing to him is so dere
His godhede is in trinite
þe soule haþ propur þinges þre
Menynge & þat of þinges to se
þat is & was and euer shal be
Vndirstondynge haþ hit ri3t
Of þingis seyn & out of si3t
Wisdome also hit haþ in wille
þe good to do & leue þe ille
Alle þe my3tes þat may be
Wouen in þe holy trynite
Alle vertues haþ a soule I-wis [f 4, bk]
þat out of synne clensed is
And as god þat is in oon & þre
Wiþ no manere creature may be
Vndirgroped ny ouergone
But he ouertakeþ euerychone
So þe soule wiþouten wene
To alle þinge hit is vn-sene
þou3e hit of alle þingis haue si3t
To se a soule no man haþ my3t
Now haue I shewed 3ou þus hider
How two þingis holden man to gider
þe soule is goostly þing to telle
þe body hit is flesshe & felle

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

[*Of the name Adam, and of Paradise.*]

Adam was mad o mans eild,
Als he moght welle him self weild,
Als austin sais, þat leis noght,
And vtewit paradis [was] wroght.
Here now þe resun of his nam,
Qui þat he was cald adam.
In þis nam er four letters laid,
þat o þe four ȝates er said;
Sua micul es adam for to muth,
Als est, and west, and north, and south.
And þow mai ask, wit-oten blam, [col. 2]
qui god him gaue sua mikel a nam;
Parfay þat [es] bot eth to rede,—
It takens adam and his sede;
Ouer al þe werld þan suld þai spred,
And þerof bere þe lauerd-hede,
Als oure lauerd has heuen in hand
Sua suld man be lauerd of land.
þer-for he gafe him to be-gin
A luuesum land at lenger in,—
A land o lijf, o beld, and blis,
þe quilk man clepes paradis;
In to þat land, wit-oten bade,
Was adam broght quen he was made;
He gaf it him, als in heritage,
to yeild þerfor na mar knaulage,
Bot for to hald it wel vnbroken
þe forbot þat was be-tuix þam spoken;
Bot for-þi þat he held it noght
He did us all in bale be broght.
In bale he broght vs, and in care,
Sum i sal tell yow forþer mare.

Adam was made as I. ȝou talde
riȝt as ihesus crist walde.
als Austyn says þat lyes noȝt.
oute-wiþ paradys was he wroȝt.
herkenes þe resoun of þis man.
quy þat he was calde adam.
In þis name ar foure letters layde
þat of þe foure ȝates ar sayde.
als muche ys adam for to mouþe
als est west norþ *and* souþe.
¶ *and* þou may aske wiþ-outen blame
quy god him gaf so grete a name.
parfay þat ys bot eþe to rede.
hit takenys adam *and* his sede.
ouer al þe werlde þan sal þai sprede
and þar-of bere þe lorde hede.
als our lorde has heyuen in hande
so sulde mon be lorde of lande.
¶ þar-fore he gaf him to be-gyn.
a louesum lande to lenge in.
of londe of life of bekde of blys.
þe quilk mon callis paradys.
In-to þat lande wiþ-outen bade
was adam broȝt quen he was made
he gaf hit him in heritage
to ȝilde þare-fore na mare knaulage
bot for to halde hit wele vnbrokyn.
þe forbote þat was bi-twix ham spokyn.
and for þat he helde hit noȝt.
he made vs alle in bale be broȝt.
In bale he broȝt vs *and* in care.
als I. salle tel ȝou forþermare.

COTTON FAIRFAX

[*Of the name Adam, and of Paradise.*]

Adam was made of manes elde,
Als he might him seluen welde,
As austin sais þat lies noght,
And widuten paradis was wroght.
Here nou þe resun of his name,
Qui þat he was cald adam;
In þis name er four lettris laid,
þat of þe foure ȝatis er said,
Sua mekil es adam forto muth
Als est, west, north, and south.
And þu may aske widuten blame
Qui godd him gaf sua grett a name?
Parfai þat es bot etht to rede,
It takins adam and his sede,
Ouer*al* þe world suld þai sprede,
And þarof bere þe laue*r*dhede.
Als vr laue*r*d has heuen in hand [lf 5, bk, col. 1]
Sua suld man be laue*r*d of land,
þar for he gaf him to bigine,
A lufsum land to duell in;
A land of liif, of ioy and bliss,
þe quilk men calis paradis.
Into þat land widuten bade,
was adam brouth que*n* he was made,
He gaf it him as in eritage,
To ȝeild þar for na knaulage;
Bot for to hald it wel unbrokin,
þe forbode *þat* was bituix þaim spokin.
Bot for-þi þat he held it noght,
He did vs all in bale be broght,
In bale he broght vs and in care,
Als i sal tell ȝou forder mare.

¶ Adam was made of man*n*es elde
As he myȝte hi*m* seluen welde
As austyn seiþ þat heþ nouȝt
And wiþouten paradis wrouȝt
Here mow ȝe resou*n* of his name
Whi he was calde Adame
In þis name are foure lettres leide
þat of þe foure ȝatis be seide
As eest. west. norþ. & souþe
So mychel is Adam for to mouþe
And þou maist aske wiþoute*n* blame
Whi god him ȝaf so greet a name
For soþe *þat* is liȝte to rede
Hit tokeneþ Adam & his sede
Ouer al þe world shulde be sprad
And *þer*of to be lord mad
And as oure lord had heue*n* in honde
So shulde man be lord of londe
*þer*fore he ȝaf him to bigynne
A lussum lond to dwellen Inne
A lond of lif ioyes & delices
Whiche men callen paradis
Into *þat* londe *þat* swete plas
Was adam brouȝte when he made was
He ȝaf hit him as heritage
To ȝelde *þer*fore no knowlage
But to holde hit wel vnbroken [1]
A forbode bitwene hem spoken
But for *þat* he helde hit nouȝt
He made vs alle in bale be brouȝt
In care he brouȝte vs & in sore
As I shal telle ȝou furþ*er*more

[1] MS. vnbrokon

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

¶ Wen Adam wroght was alson
In paradis þen was he don;
þe bestes all, bath sco and he,
War broght forwit him to see;
Fiss on sund, and fouxl on flight,
Was broght all fort in his sight;
All war broght to serue adam,
And þat he suld gif ilkan nam.
þan gaue þat kyng his craft to kepe,
Sleli adam þen gart he slepe;
Vte of his side, als sais þe boke,
Wit-oten sare a rib he tok;
And of þat rib he mad woman,
Til adam þat was first his an;
Quen sco was broght be-for adam,
Virago gaf he hir to nam;
þar for hight sco virago,
ffor maked o þe man was sco;
Bath war naked þar licam,
Bot þar for thoght þam þen na scham.
Drightin þam blessed, and bad þam
And multipli in þar sede; [brede,
"Adam," he said, "how thinkt þe
In þis stede es fair to be?
þis es a sted welt ful wan, [f 5, bk, col. 1]
þar all godes wantes nan;
Here lastes lijf wit-oten end,
Her es nathing for to mend;
Her es blis þat lastes ai,
Neuer night, bot euer day;
Es nan forsoth wit hert mai think,
Ne writer nan mai write wit inc
þe mikel ioy þat þam es lent,
þat dos her will mi commandment.

COTTON

Of þe state of þingis be-fore adam synnid.

Qvan adam wroȝt was als-sone
In-to paradys was he done.
þe bestes alle baþ ho *and* he
ware broȝt be-for him for to se.
ffisshe on sonde *and* fowel on fliȝt.
ware broȝt be-fore him in siȝt.
alle ware broȝt to serue adam.
and þat he sulde gif ilkane name.
¶ quen adam had al to kepe.
slely our lorde made him slepe.
oute of his side as says þe boke.
wiþ-outen sare a ribbe he toke.
and of þat rib he made woman.
to adam þat was first al-ane.
quen ho was bi-fore adam.
virago gaf he hir to name.
þar-fore heȝt ho virago.
for of þe mon maket was ho.
baþ ware naket þaire licame
bot þar-of þoȝt ham na shame.
god ham blesset *and* bad ham brede.
and multiply wit-in þaire sede.
¶ adam he saide how likes þe.
in þis stede ys fayre to be.
þis ys a stede of welful wane.
wiþ ioyes newe *and* neuer gane.
here lastiś life wiþ-outen ende
here ys na þinge for to amende.
here ys blisse þat lastes ay.
neyuer niȝt bot euer day.
nys nane for-soþ wiþ hert may þink
ne writer nane may write wiþ Inke.
þe mykil ioy þat ham ys lent.
þat wil do here my comaundement.

FAIRFAX

Of þe state þe world was inne,
Bifor þe time of adam sinne.

Quen adam was made alsone,
In paradis þan was he done,
þe bestis all bath he and scho,
Bi-for adam was broght se to;—
Fiss in watir and foul to flight,
All was broght in adamis sight.
All were broght to serue adam.
And for þat he suld gif þaim name,
þan gaf þat king his craft to kepe,
Sleyli gert he adam to slepe,
vte of his side, als sais þe bock,
widuten sor a ribb he toke,
And of þat ribb he made wo*m*man,
Till adam þát was first his an,
Quen scho was broght bifor adam,
virago gaf he hir to name,
þarfor hight scho virago,
For of þe man mad was scho.
Naked war þai bath tway,
þai were noght schamed p*ar* ma fay.
God þaim blisced and bad þaim brede,
And multipli wid þair in sede, [col. 2]
"Adam," he said, "hou thinkes þe,
In þis stede is fair to be?
þis is a stede of welthful wone,
Of ioye ne blis ne wantis nane,
Here lastis lif widuten ende,
Here is a thing non for to mend,
Here es blisse þat lastes ay,
Neuer night bot eu*er* day;
Es nan forsoth wid hert may thinck,
Ne na writ*er* þat may write wid inck.
þe mekil ioy þat þaim es lent,
þat dos wele here mi comandment.

GÖTTINGEN

Of þe astate þe word was Inne
Bifore þe time of Adames Synne

Whenne Adam was made also,
In paradis he was done [soone
þe beestis boþe he & sho
Adames siȝte were brouȝte to
Fisshe in watir & foule to fliȝt
Al was brouȝt in Adames siȝt
Alle were brouȝt to serue Adame
For þat he shulde ȝyue hem name
þis kyng þat con his craftis kepe
Sleȝely he made Adam to slepe
Out of his side as seiþ þe boke
Wiþouten sore a rib he toke
Of þat ribbe he made a wom*m*on
To Adam þat was firste his oon
Whenne she to Adam was brouȝt
Virago hir name he wrouȝt
þ*er*fore hett she virago
For of þe mon made was sho
Naked were þei boþe tweyn
Ashamed were þei not certeyn
God hem blessed & bad hem brede
And multeplie wiþ her in sede
Adam he seide how þinkeþ þe
In þis place is fair to be
þis is a stude of weleþful wone
Of ioye & blisse wantiþ hit none
Here lasteþ lif wiþouten ende
Here is no þing to amende
Here is blis þat lasteþ ay
Neu*er* nyȝt but euer is day
Is no mon wiþ herte to þenke
Ny clerke þat may write wiþ enke
þe mychel ioye þat hem is lent [leaf 5]
þad done here my com*m*aun*d*ement

TRINITY

O tres o fruttes es her god wan,
All sal þai be þine bot an,
O þam al þi will to do;
Bot yhon tre cum þou nawight to,
þat standes in midward paradis;
For if þou do, þou es noght wis.
þis tre haf i don in frith
For i wil þat it haf mi grith;
If 3ee it touche, i sal not lei,
O duble ded þan sal 3ee dei;
lok for-þi,. þat 3ee tak tent
þat 3ee ne brek mi commament."
And herbi mai we all wele se
How he þam gaf þer will alfre;
þe gode to do, to leue þe ill,
bath he sette in þare fre will;
Witte and wisdam he þam gaue,
Might and fairhed for to haue;
Of all þis werld mad adam king,
Euer to last wit-outen ending;
Emang his mani serekyn sele,
I sal tell sum-quat of his wele:
Ar he Brak þat god him for-baad,
In mikul blis þan was he staad,
Of his wijf sa fair and fre,
þat mikel mirth was on to se;
þe bestes boud him all aboute,
Als to þair lauerd vnderloute;
Fouxl o flight, and fiss on sand,
All fell him doun to fote and hand;
At his will þai com and 3ode,
Als he war fader o þair fode;
þe bestes self war samer-tale,
Wit-outen hurt þar herd ai hale;
Be-tuix þe wolues lai þe schepe,
Sauueli moght þai samen slepe;

COTTON

¶ of trees *and* frute here ys gode wane
al sal be þyne oute-take ane
of ham alle þi wille þou do.
bot 3onder tre come þou no3t to.
þat standes amidwarde paradyse
for if þou do þou nart no3t wyse
þis tree ys done in my friþe
for I. wil þat hit haue griþe.
if 3e hit touche wiþ-outen leghe.
wit double dede. 3e salle deghe.
loke for-þi. 3e take entent
þat 3e breke no3t. my comandement.
¶ *and* here-by may 3e. al wele so
þat he ham gaf. þaire wil fre.
þe gode to do. and leue þe ille.
queþer þai walde. wiþ þaire fre wil.
witte *and* wisedome. he ham gaue
mi3t *and* fayrehede for to haue.
ouer al þis werlde. he made him kyng
euer to last. wiþ-out endynge.
a-mong þer mony sere-kyn sele. [If 7, bk]
I sal tel sumquat of his wele.
or he brac þat god for-badde
In mykil blisse þen was he stadde
of his wyfe so fayre *and* fre
þat mykil myrþ was on to se.
¶ þe bestes bowet him alle aboute.
als til þaire lorde vnderloute.
Fowel on fli3t *and* fisshe on sande
al fel him doun til fote *and* hande
at his wille þai come *and* 3ode.
as he ware of þaire fode.
þe bestes weren in samen tale
wit-outen hurt in herde ay hale
by-twix þe wolues lay þe shepe.
sauely mi3t þai samen slepe.

FAIRFAX

Of treis of fruit here es gode wone,
All sal þai be þine bot one,
Of þaim all þi will to do,
Bot 3on a tre com 3e noght to
þat standis emiddes paradis,
For if 3e do 3e er noght wise.
þis tre haf i done in frith,
For i wil haue it to mi grith;
If 3e it touche i wil 3ou say,
Of dubil ded þan sul 3e day.
Be war for-þi 3e take entent,
þat 3e breke noght mi comandement."
And here-bi may 3e all wele se,
Hou he þaim gaf þair will all fre,
þe gode to do & leue þe ille,
Bath he sett in þair fre will,
witt and wisdam he þaim gaf,
Might and fairhed forto haue;
Of all erd made adam king,
To last wid-uten ending.
Amang his meyne diuers sele,
I sal tell sumquat of his wele,
Ar he brak þat iesu forbedd.
In mekil bliss þan was [he] stedd,
Of his wif[1] sua fair and fre, [leaf 6, col. 1]
þat mekil mirth was on to se;
þe bestis cam him all aboute [1 MS. wis]
Als to þair lauerd þai er vnderloute,
Foul in flight, fiss on sand,
All boued him dune to fote and hand;
At his will þai 3ede and cam,
Als he war maker of þaim.
þe bestis war so meke tale
widuten hurt þai 3ode euer hale,
Tuix þe woluis lay þe schepe,
Saufli mith þai samen slepe,

GÖTTINGEN

Of trees & fruyt here is good wone
Alle shul þei be þine but one
Of hem alle þi wille to do
But þat o tre com 3e not to
þat stondeþ amidde paradise
For if 3e do 3e be not wise
þis tre haue I done in friþ
For I wol haue hit to my griþ
If 3e hit touche to 3ou saye I
On double deeþ shul 3e dye
Beþ war & takeþ good entent
Brekeþ not þis commaundement
Herby may we alle se
þat he hem 3af a wille fre
þe gode to do & leue þe ille
Boþe he put in her fre wille
Witt & wisdome he hem 3aue
Miȝte & feirhede for to haue
Of al erþe made Adam kyng
To laste wiþouten endyng
Among hem euermore hele
Telle we sumwhat of his wele
Ar he brake þat god forbade
In mychel blisse was he stad
Of his wif so faire and fre
þat mychel murþe was onne to se
þese beestes coom him alle aboute
As to her lorde him to loute
Foule in fliȝte fisshe on sonde
Alle bowed him to foot & honde
At his wille þei 3eode & cam
As he had bene makere of ham
þese beestis were so meke in dole
Wiþouten hurtyng þei 3eoden hole
Among þe wolues lay þe shepe
Sauely myȝte þei to gider slepe

TRINITY

þe hund ne harmed noght þe hare, [col. 2]		þe hounde harmet noȝt þe hare
ne nane soght on oþer sare;	688	ne nane soȝt on oþer sare.
Bi þe dere þat now es wild,		¶ stille lay þe dere þat now ar wilde
Als lambe him lai þe leon mild;		as lambe lay þe lyon mylde.
þe gripe alsua bi side þe bere		þe gripe also be-side þe bere.
Nan best wald til oþer dere;	692	na best walde oþer dere.
þe scorpion for-bare is [s]tang		þe scorpioun for-bare his stange.
Fra bestes þar he lai amang;		fra þe bestes he lay a-mange.
Ilkin thing, on serekin wise,		iche þinge of diuerse wyse.
ȝeld til adam þar seruise;	696	ȝalde til adam þaire seruise.
Ne þe nedder was noght bittur		¶ and þe nedder lay ful stille.
þan, þowf he was euer wittur;		dide he nauþer gode ne ille.
For of alle als scheus þe bok		bot of alle bestes says þe boke.
Mást he cuth o crafte and crok.	700	mast he coude of craft and croke
þe sun was þat time, þat i sai,		¶ þe sunne was þat time þat I. say.
Seuen sith brighter þen þe dai;		seyuen briȝtter þen þe day.
þe mone was þat time als bright		þe mone was þat time als briȝt
Als es þe dai þe sun o light;	704	as to day þe sunne of liȝt.
hald naman þis for foly		¶ hald naman þis for foly
þe prophet it said, ysai;		þe prophite hit says Isay.
Of all thinges þat we here se,		þat al þinges þat we here se.
On hei, on lau, on land, on see,	708	on hey on law on lande on see.
War o gretter strengh and pith,		ware of gretter strenȝt and piþ.
Ar adam had fordon þe grith.		or adam had for-done þe griþ.

[*Of Satan's scheme to tempt and ruin Adam.*]

¶ Bot adam son was send a saand		Bot adam sone was sende a sande.
þat soght him with ful fell a faand;		þorou þe deuel at him wald fande
Quen sathan sagh þat he was chosin		quen satanas sawe þat he was borne.
to win þe blis he had forlosin,	714	to wyn þat blis at he had lorne.
Sorful bicom þat fals file [will;		sorowful bicome þat fals file.
And thoght how he moght man bi-		and þoȝt how he miȝt mon be-gyle
vmthoght o þat thing to stint	717	he þoȝt þat ioy for-til stynt.
þat godd-til ending god had mint;		þat god til endyng gode had Mynt.
A-ganis godd wex he sa gril		A-gaynes god he wex sa grille.
þat al his werk he wend to spil,	720	þat al his werk he wende to spil.

COTTON FAIRFAX

þe hund ne harmed noght þe hare,
Ne na best soght on o*þer* sare,
Bi þe dere þat nou es wild.
Als lamb him lay þe leon milde,
þe gripe alsua biside þe bere;
Na best wald do o*þer* dere,
þe scorpion forbar his tunge,
Fra bestis þat he lay emonge,
Alkiines thing in diu*ers* wise
3eilded to Adam þair seruise:
Ne þe nedder was noght bitt*er*,
For he was eu*er* wis and witt*er*,
For as men rede in boke & ieste,
He was mast wis of ani best.
þe sunę was þat time, as i say,
Seuen sitht bright þan to-day;
þe mone was þat time alsua bright,
Als is þe sune nu on day light.
Hald na man þis for foli,
þe prophete it sais ysai:
All þe tinges þat w[e] here se,
Hey or lau, on land or se,
þai war of gretter strenth and pidh
Bifor þat adam brac þe grith.

þe hou*n*d harmed not þe hare
Ny no beest sou3te o*þer*e to forfare
Bi þe deer þat now is wilde
As lomb lay þe lyou*n* mylde
þi gripe also biside þe bere
No beest wolde to o*þer*e dere
þe scorpiou*n* forbare his tonge
Fro beestis þat he lay amonge
Al man*er* þinge in dyu*er*se wise
3alde to Adam her seruise
þe nedder þo was not bittur
For he was euer wise & wittur
For as we rede in book meest
He was more wise þen any beest
þe son*n*e was þat tyme we say
Seue*n* si þe bri3tere þen now aday
þe mone was þat tyme also bri3t
As son*n*e now on dayes li3t
Holde no mon þis for no foly
þe prophete sei þ þus ysai
Alle þinges as we may se
He3e or lowe in world þat be
þei were of grettur strengþe & myȝt
Bifore þat Adam dud vnri3t

[*Of Satan's scheme to tempt and ruin Adam.*]

Bot adam sone was sent a sond,
þat soght him felli forto fonde.
Quen sathan sau þat he was chosin [col. 2]
To win þat bliss þat he ha lorin,
Sori he cam, þat fals file,
And thoght hou he mith man bigile.
He thoght þat thing forto stint,
þat godd to gret goddnes had mint.
Agaynes godd he wex sua grill,
þat all his werk he wend to spill,

To Adam soone was sent a sonde
þat sou3te him selly for to fonde
When*n*e Sathan say þat he was chosen
To haue þe blis þat he had losen
Sory he was þat fals file
And þou3te mon to bigyle
He þou3te þe Ioyes for to stynt
þat god to monkynde had mynt
A3eyn god he wex so grille
His hondewerke he þou3te to spille

And wend wel with his gret enwie
O god him self to win þe maistrie.
Man es now sett bituix tua,
On aiþer side he has his faa;
Bi-tuix þe warlau and his wijf,
Adam es stad in strang strijf;
Bath þai werhaid on adam
For to bring him in to blam;
Bath ar now on a *par*tie
to confund man wit trecherie.
þat wili warlau him heild on drei
And ganid noght cu*m* him to nei,
Namli in his auen schap; [leaf 6, col. 1]
To sped he hopd haue na hap
For-þi a messag*er* he send
Wit q*uam* best to spede he wend;
To þis he ches a littel best
þe quilk es noght vnwiliest,
þe nedder þat es of a scaft,
þat mast kan bath on crok and craft;
Graitli taght he him þe gin,
How he suld at þe wif be-gin,
And thorw þe wijf to wyn þe man;
þis nedder forth þat he ne blan
Bot in hijs slught was self satan;
Selcut was hit he þider wan
Bot wit his suffrance he it lete,
þat best wist how þe bale to bete;
For-þi he mad þam þat þai moght
Sin or leue, if þam god thoght,
þat thoru skil on þar auen dede
Suld be mettam al þair mede;
To bu and liue wit-outen end,
Or elles o ded in langur lend.

and þo3t wiþ hit grete enuy.
of god him-self to wyn maistry.
¶ man ys now sette bi-twix twa.
on ayþer side he has a fa.
bi-twix þe warlaw *and* his wife.
adam standis in grete strife.
baþ þai þinkyn on adam
for to bringe him in-to blame.
baþ ar now in ane party
to confounde mon in trechery.
¶ þat wyly deuel was ful sley.
he þo3t no3t to come him ney.
namely in his awen shap.
þen to spede has he na hap.
for-þi a messager he sende.
for til spede ful wele he wende.
to him he chese a litel beste
þe quilk ys no3t vnwiliest.
þe nedder þat ys so quaynt of gyle
þat mast con of croke *and* wyle.
¶ graydely ta3t he him þe gynne
how atte þe wyfe he sulde be-gyn.
and þorou þe wife to wynne þe man.
þe nedder forþ his way ys gan.
bot in his slughe was sathan.
selcuþ was how he þidder wan.
bot þorou goddis sufferance he ha*m* lete.
þe beste þo3t his bale to bete.
for-þi he made ham at þai mu3t.
syn or leue if ham gode þu3t.
þat þorou skil of þaire awen dede
sulde þai merke þaire awe*n* mede
to saue þaire self wiþ-outen ende
or ellis in sorou for to lende.

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY	
And troud wele wid his grete enui,		And trowed wiþ his greet envy	
Of god himself to win þe maystri.		Of god to wynne þe maistry	
Man es nu sett bituix tua,		Now mon is sett bitwene two	
On aiþer side he has a fa,	724	On eiþer side he haþ a fo	
Betuix sathan and his wiif		Bitwene sathan & his wif	
Adam es stad in mekil strijf.		Adam is sett in mychel strif	
Bath þai war on adam,		Boþe were þei on Adame	
For to bring him in[to] blam,	728	For to brynge him in to blame	
Bath es nu on a parti		Boþe þei be on o party	[leaf 5, back]
To confunde man wid trechuri;		To ouercom man wiþ tricchery	
þat wili feind him held on heij,	731	þe wily fende him helde on heȝe	
Him gayned noght cum adam ney,		Him geyned nouȝt com Adam neȝe	
Namli in his aun schapp		Namely in his owne shap	
To spede he hopid haue na hap.		To spede he hoped haue no hap	
For-þi a messager he sent,		þerfore a messangere he sende	
wid whom best to spede he went.	736	Bi whom best to spede he wende	
To þis he ches a littel best		þenne he chees a litil beest	
þe quilk es noght vnwiliest,		Whiche is not vnwiliest	
þe nedder þat es of suilk a schaft,		þe neddre þat is of suche a shaft	
Mast of quantise es in craft,	740	Moost of queyntise & of craft	
Quaintli taght he him þe ginne.		Queyntly tauȝte he him þe gynne	
Hu he suld at þe wijf bigine,		At þe wif to bigynne	
And thoru þe wijf to win þe man,		And þourȝe þe wif to wynne þe man	
þis nedder forth þat he ne blan.	744	þenne goþ þis neddre & not blan	
In his slohu was seluen sathan,		In þis slouȝe Sathan þenne was	
Wonþer was hu he diþer[1] wan,	[1 *read* þider]	Wondir is he entred in þat plas	
Bot wid his suffrance he It lete,		But of his suffraunce he him lete	
þat best wist hu þe bale to bete;	748	þat best wist how þat bale to bete	
For-þi he made þaim þat þai moght		For mon he made þat he mouȝt	
Sin or leue, if þaim gode thoght,		Synne or leue as him good þouȝt	
þat thoru skil of hir aune dede,	[leaf 6, bk, col. 1]	And bi skil of his owne dede	
Suld be markyd þaim her mede,	752	Shulde be merked þenne his mede	
To bou and liue widuten end,		To bowe & lyue Wiþouten ende	
Or ellis of dede in langur to lend.		Or elles to deȝe & to wo wende	

Expulsio ade & *tra*nsgressio euis

Adam 3ode walkand in þa̛t welth
þat halden was in micul elth;
Que*n* he was fra his wijf a tharu
þe nedder nerhand hir gun draw,
And said, "wo*m*man, tel me now qui
þat 3ee ette noght al co*m*mu*n*li
O paradis of ilk a tre?"
"Certes," said sco, "sua do we
Of al þe tres bot of an,
þe m̨idward tre is vs outtan,
Our laue*r*d in forbot has it laid."
"And wat þou quarfor?" "nai," sco
Bot sco said, "if we com þer nei [said.
O ded forsoth þan suld we dei;
þis tre suld hi*m* seluen haue,
And we all o̊the*re*[1] þen þa*t* laue."
"And weñis þou þat it be sua
Su*m* he has said yow?" "certes, ya!"
"Nai, goddot," said þat felun,
"þar es vnder al sere resun;
He dos it for he ne ẁald 3ee were
Parigal til him ne pere;
þe so̊uth fra 3ow wil I noght hide,
He wat wel wat tim or tide
þat 3ee hade eten o þis tre [col. 2]
Als godds suld 3ee seluen be;
O wityng bath god an[d] ill
3ee suld be lauerds at 3our will;
Of it 3ee ette, sua red i 3ow,
ffor 3ee sal find it es 3our prow."
þis hight was þan su*m*del mikel,
þof it was ful fals and fikel.

How adam brak*e* goddis comande-ment. of the appil.

Adam 3ode walcande in þat place
wiþ-outen care i*n* grete solace
he was went his wyfe sone fra
þe nedder nerhande hir co̊n ga.
and saide wo*m*mon tel me quy.
þat 3e ete no3t alle co*m*munely.
of pa*r*adys of ilk*e* a tree.
ce*r*tes / ho sayde so do we
of al þe trees bot of ane.
þe midwarde tree ys vs out-tane.
Our lorde in forbode has hit layde [leaf 8]
and wate þou quar-fore. na / ho sayde.
bot he sayde if we come þer neye
wiþ deleful deþ we sulde deye.
þis tree suld him-selue haue.
þe fende saide I. traw þou raue.
and wenis þou þat hit is squa.
ce*r*tis / ho sayde I. traw ya.
¶ nay for-soþ sayde þat felou*n*
he ment bi. a-noþer resou*n*.
he dose hit. for he walde no3t 3e were
parigal til him ne pere.
þe soþ fra 3ow wil I. no3t hide.
he wate wele. fra þat time or tide.
þat 3e haf eten of þis tree.
as goddis sulde 3e þen be.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
and 3e hit do I. tel hit 3ow.
þer may na tong tel 3our prow.
he sayde þaire ioy walde be mykel.
þis fals þefe þa*t* was so fikel.

[1] MS. looks like oth*m*r, but the last letter is by no means clear.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Hou adam brac þe comandment,
Quarfor mani a man was schent.

Adam ȝede wander*a*nd in þat welth,
þat halden was þaim *in* mekil
Quen adam was fra eue a trawe, [selth.
þe nedder nere hand hir gan drau,
And said, "wo*m*man, tell me nou qui
þat ȝe ete noght all comunli
In paradis of ilk a tre?"
"Certis, sir, so nou do we,
Of all treis bot[1] of ane, [1 MS. both]
þe midward tre es vs vte-tane;
vr lauerd in forbod had it laid."
"And quat þu qui?" "nay," scho said.
"Bot," scho said, "if we cum þar ney
Of dede for soth, þan suld we dey;
þis a tre suld him seluen haue
And all o*þer* til vs be laue."
"And trous þu þat it be sua
As he ȝu said?" "certis, ȝa."
"Nay," said he, wid gret tresun,
"Bot þar es vnder suilk resun,
It es for he w[a]ld noght ȝe were
Paringale to him na pere.
þe soth fra ȝu sal i noght hide,
He wat wele þat quat time or tide
þat ȝe had eten of þat tre,
Als goddes suld ȝur seluen be,
To knau bath þe gode and ille.
ȝe suld be lauerdes at ȝur aun wille,
Of it ȝe ete so rede i nu ȝu,
And ȝe sal find it for ȝur prou."
þis heting was þat time ful mekil,
Bot ȝeit it was bath fals and fikil;

GÖTTINGEN

How adam brak godd*es* com*m*aund-
me*n*t
Wherfore kynde of mon was shent

Adam wandride in þat wele
In mychel myrþe ioye & hele
Whenne adam was fro eue a þrawe
þe nedder neȝe to hir gon drawe
And seide wom*m*on telle me whi
þat ȝe eten not al comynly
In paradis of eu*er* vche tre
She seide certis so now do we
Of alle trees but of one
þat is out-taken to vs allone
Oure lord in forbode haþ hit laide
Wost þou þē why: nay she saide
But she seide if we com þ*er* nyȝe
On double deeþ shul we dyȝe
þis o tre shulde hi*m* seluen haue
And alle þe o*þer*e to vs he ȝaue
And trowes þou þat hit so be
As he ȝou seide: She seide ȝe
Nay seide he wiþ greet tresoun
But þ*er*ynne liþ suche resoun
But for he wolde not ȝe were
Paringal to him nor pere
þe soþe fro ȝou wol I not hide
He wot wel þat what tyme or tide
þat ȝe had eten of þat tre
As goddes shulde ȝe boþe be
To knowe boþe good & ille
ȝe shulde be lordis at ȝoure wille
Of hit ȝe ete so rede I ȝow
And ȝe shul fynde hit for ȝoure prow
þis hetynge was þat tyme ful mykel
But his was ful fals & fikel

TRINITY

Sone quen sco þis frutte biheild,
Sco desirred it to haue in weild;
left sco nogh[t] for drede of blam
Bot tok and ette and raght adam.
Quat bot es lang mi tale to draw,
Quat sum first þar was gain saw,
Al for noght þai ette it bath
þat al þaier kin thoru fell in wayth;
For of þat ilk appel bitt
þair suns tethe ar eggeid yitt;
And sal be ai to domes-dai,
Her egain mai naman sai.
Quen þai loked on *þer* licam
Aieþer thoght of oþere scham;
ffor quen þai sagh ham self al bare,
þat welth and blis had cleþed ar,
þai cled þam þan in *þat* mist*er*
Wit leues brad bath o figer.
¶ Wen þe find þus had þam nomin
Wel he wend ha god ouercom*m*in;
And said wit hin his sari thoght,
"Ic haue hi*m* don to suinc for noght;
His heuen he sal haue allan,
O adam lott now getes he nan,
To bring into þat heritage
þat i haf tint wit min vttr*a*ge."
He leied *þat* eber file for-qui
þat yett of man had god merci,
Adam ware tint godd wald it noght,
For he wit vikced[1] red was soght;
þe find was mare worthe to blam
þat wit his suik bi-suak adam;
god wist wel þe find him suak [? wicked]
For-þi yett wald he wit him tak,
Bot þof he siþen of him roght
He wald it first ful dere war boght.

COTTON

¶ sone as ho þis frute be-helde.
ho 3ernet hit to haue in welde.
left ho no3t for drede of blame.
bot toke *and* ete *and* ra3t adam.
quat bote ys to make lange tale
þat appil ham turned to myche bale
al for no3t þai ete hit baþe
þat al þaire kyn þi dide scaþe.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
and sal do ay til domesday.
here a-gayne may na mon say.
¶ quen þai loket on þaire licame.
.ayþer þo3t of oþer shame.
for þen sawe þai ham-selfe al bare.
þat welþ *and* blis had claþid are.
þai clad ham þan for velane.
wiþ brade leues of fyge tree.
Quen þe fende had his bone.
he wende he had god for-done
and sayde in his sary þo3t.
al my t*r*auaille lost I. no3t.
his heyuen salle he haue hi*m* ane.
of adam kynde ne gytes he nane.
to bring to þat heritage.
þat I. loste wiþ myne owtr*a*ge
¶ now ar þai lost wiþ grete foly.
and 3et of man had god mercy.
to lese adam god no3t ment.
for wiþ wikked rede was he shent.
þe fende was worþi mare to blame
þat wiþ his gawdes be-gylet adam.
god wiste how þe fende him squake
and þo3t ofter wiþ him to take
al of he siþen of him ro3t.
he walde hit first ful dere ware bo3t.

FAIRFAX

Sone quen scho þis fruit biheld, [col. 2]
Scho ȝerned it to haue in weild,
Ne left scho noght for drede ne blame,
Bot tok and ete and gaf adam.
Quat bote es lange mi tale to drau,
Bot sum of þe hoting was gain sau.
All for noght þai ete it bath,
Quar thoru all þair king wer wrath,
For of þat ilke aplis bitt,
Hir sunes teth er eggid ȝeitt,
And sua sal be to domis day,
Here egain may na man say.
Quen ayder biheld oþer naked,
For scham þay stode bath and quakid,
For þan þai sau þaim seluen bare,
In welth and bliss was clad are,
þai clad þaim, i tell it þe,
wid leuis of a fike tre. [1 MS. quem]
Quen[1] þe feind þus had him nomen,
wele he wend haue god ouercomen,
And said wid in his sori thoght,
"I haue him done to suink for noght,
His heuen sal he haue bi his on,
Of adam part ne getes he non
To bring into þat eritage,
þat i haue tint for mine vtrage."
He leyed, þat fals file forqui,
ȝeit of adam had godd merci,
þat adam wer tint godd wild it noght,
For he wid wicked red was soght;
þe feind was wele mare to blame
þat sua falsli bigiled adam.
God wist þe feind had adam blent,
ȝeit wild he noght þat he war schent,
Bot þou he siþen of adam roght,
He wald first it ful dere war boght.

GÖTTINGEN

Sone so she þis fruit bi helde
She ȝerned hit to haue in welde
She let not for drede nor blame
But toke & ete & ȝaf Adame
What bote is longe þis tale to drawe
þei eet hit boþe in litil þrawe
Al for nouȝte þei eet hit boþe
Wherfore oure lord god was wroþe
For þat ilke appels bit
Her sones teeþ eggen ȝit
And so shul do til domes day
Here aȝeyn may no man say
Whenne eiþer say oþere naked
For shame þei stode boþe & quaked
þenne þei say þat bare þei were
In welþe & ioye þat were clad ere
þei hiled hem I telle hit þe
With leues of a fige tre
Whenne þe fend þus had hem nomen
Wel he wende haue god ouercomen
And seide wiþinne his sory þouȝt [f 6]
I haue made him worche for nouȝt
His heuen shal he haue his one
Of Adam part geteþ he none
To bringe into þat heritage
þat I haue lost bi myn vtrage
He liȝed fals þeof for why
ȝitt had god of Adam mercy
þat he were lost god wolde nouȝt
For he wiþ tricchery was souȝt
þe fend was wel more to blame
þat so falsly giled Adame
God wist þe fend had Adam blent
ȝitt wolde he not þat he were shent
But þouȝe he wolde ȝyue Adam grace
Furst shulde he bie dere þat trespace.

TRINITY

[*Of the state of the world after Adam's Sin.*]

Son quen þai had bath don þat sin
Be-gan al baret to bigin;
Alkin blis was þan bi-went, [If 6, bk, col. 1]
Fra þaim þat brak þis comament;
Son bigan wenganz to kiþe,
Alle blurded þat was for-wit bliþe;
Al bigan to strut and strijf
Agains adam and his wijf;
Bituix þam tua to strut alsua,
þe strang þe weker for to sla,
Ilkan to mak of oþer prai,
Als we mai see þam do to dai;
Fra þeþen first com ded to man
þat fra þat tide al wa bigan;
þe wrangwis wit þar waful wrak
þar þai biginning gan to tak,
Sin and sak, and schame and strijf,
þat now es oueral þe werld sa rijf;
Merci, lauerd! strang wickedhed
Broght adam to suilk a ded,
þat had him tint and al hijs kin,
Bot our lauerd had ranscond him,
On suilk a wis, als he for-thoght,
Bi-for ar he þis werld had wroght;
Bot þat was noght al don for nede,
Bot thoru his auen doghtyhede;
þan if he wald he moght man
Wel better mak þan he was þan;
Wit fleys for-þi he com in place,
And fild þis werld al wit his grace;
his grace it was and nathing oþer
þat he wald bicom our broþer;
Wit þe find þer-for he faght,
And wit hijs fader he mad ur saght.

COTTON

Sone quen þai had done þis sin.
bi-gan a baret to be-gynne.
alkyn blis a-way was went.
fra ham þat brak his comandement
sone bigan veniaunce to kithe
al was wraþ þat er was blithe.
al bigan to strote *and* striue
a-gaynes adam *and* his wyue.
by-twix ham-selfe to flite al-squa
þe stranger þe wakker for to sla.
and ayþer oþer con myssay.
so men dose 3et þis ilk day.
¶ þen at first come deþ to man.
fra þat tide our wa be-gan.
þe wrang was *with* þaire wrang wrake
þer þai con be-gynnynge take.
of sin *and* sorou *and* shame *and* strife.
þat now ys ouer þis werlde so rife.
cursed be þat fals quede
þat made adam to do þat dede.
he had bene lost *and* al his kyn.
had no3t our lorde raunsonde him.
on sqnylk a wise as him for þo3t
be-fore þat he þis werlde had bo3t.
bot þat was no3t al done for nede
bot þorou his awen god-hede.
þan if he walde he mi3t man.
wele better make þen he was þan.
wiþ flesshe for-þi he come in place
and filled þis werlde al *with* his grace
his grace hit was *and* naþinge oþer
þat he walde become our broþer.
wiþ þe fende þar-fore he fa3t.
and wiþ his fader he made vs sa3t

FAIRFAX

Of þe state þe world was inne
Efter the time of adam sinne.

1 Als fast as þai had don *þat* sinne,
Bigan all vr baret to biginne,
Alkins blis fra þaim was went, [1 leaf 7, col. 1]
Fra þai had brokin þe comandeme*n*t.
Sone he bigan vengans to kith,
All lourid þan *þat* ar was blith,
All bigan stour and strijf,
Againes adam and his wijf;
Bituix þaim seluen to strijf alsua,
þe stranger þe wayker for to sla,
Ilkan to make of o*þer* prai,—
Als we may se nou ilk a dai.
Fra þaim first com dede to man,
Fra *þat* time al vr wa bigan;
þe wrangwis wight wid il wrake,
þair biginning gan þai at hi*m* take,
Sine and sake, schame and strijf,
þat nou ou*er* all þis world es rijf;
Merci, lau*er*d, strang wicked-hede
Made adam to do suilk a dede.
Him-self had tint and all his kin,
Bot vr lau*er*d had ransumed him,
On suilk a wise as he had thoght
Bifór ar he þis world [had] wroght;
Bot þat was noght done all for nede,
Bot thoru his aun doughti dede,
For if he wald he might man
Wele bett*er* make þan he was þan.
wid fless forþi he cam in place,
And fulfild þis world al wid his *grace*,
His *grace* it was and na thing o*þer*,
þat he wald bicu*m* vr aller brother:
wid þe feind þarfor he faght,
And wid his fadir made vr saght.

GÖTTINGEN

Of þe astáte þe world was Inne
Aftir tyme of adames synne

Als faste as þei had don *þat* synne
Oure wo bigan to bigynne
Al man*er* blis fro hem was went
For þei brak *þat* com*m*au*n*dement
Soone bigan he vengeau*n*ce kiþe
As lord *þat* first was meke & bliþe
Al bigan to stire & strif
Aȝeyn adam & eue his wif
Bitwene hem self roos strif also
þe strenger beest þe weyker dud slo
Vchone of o*þer*e to make his pray.
As we may se now vche day
Fro *þat* tyme furst coom deþ to man
And *þat* tyme al oure wo bigan
þese wrongis *þat* ben of euel wrake
*þer*e bigynnynge dud þei take
Synne & sake shame & strif
þat now ou*er* al þe world is rif
Mercy lord strong wickedhede
Made Adam do so foul a dede
Hi*m* self had lost & al his kyn
But oure lord had rau*n*sonde him
On suche a wise as he had þouȝt
Bifore ar he þe world wrouȝt
But *þat* was not done al for nede
But þourȝe his owne nobel-hede
For if he had wolde he myȝte man
Wel bett*ur* haue made þen he was þan
Wiþ flesshe *þer*fore he coom in place
And hilled þis world of his grace
His grace hit was & noon o*þer*e
þat he wolde bicom oure bro*þer*e
Wiþ þe fend *þer*fore he fauȝt
And wiþ his fadir he made vs sauȝt

TRINITY

Leue we now o suilkin spell
Of our stori forth to tell.
¶ Wen Adam sagh he had misdon,
He went to hide him al-son;
He wend to hide him amang þa tres,
Fra his sight þat al sees.
Al for noght him hide adam,
our lauerd cald him be his nam.
"lauerd," he said, "quen i þe herd,
For I sagh wel þat i misfard,
I and mi wif, vs 3ode to hide,
For vs thoght scam þe to bide,
For our bodis ar now al bare."
"Goddot, adam! þis said i are,
þe wath i tald þe well forwit,
wat it war to brek mi grith;
Bot now it es þis appell etten,
And sua mi forbòt es for-geten,
For-þi þat þou has don þe mis,
þiself þou wite þi wa, i-wis."
"lord," he said, "o þis gilt here,
sco es to wite þat es mi fere,
þat þou me gaf mi wijf to be;
Ful thrali first sco bedde it me,
For sco me bedd, wit-outen blin,
Sco has me fild wit hir sin;
Al þat i sai mai sco noght nite,
For-þi agh sco to bere þe wite."
"God spak til hir, and said o-nan—
"Qui did þou þus, þou fole womman?"
"þe worm," sco said, "me draf þar till
þat I haf wroght again þi will."
Til þat worm þan drightin spak
wordes bath o wrath and wrak:—
"þou worm, þou sal be maledight,
Mare þan ani opere wight;

COTTON

¶ leue we now of suilkyn spelle.
and of our stori forþ we telle.
wen adam sawe he had mys-done
he went to hide him als sone
he wende to hide hi*m in* þe treis
fra his si3t at alle seise.
al for no3t him hydde adam.
our lorde calde him be name
¶ lorde he saide quen I. þe herde. [frs,bk]
I saw welc þat I. mys-ferde.
I. *and* my wife 3ode vs tille hide
vs þu3t shame þe to byde.
for our bodis aren al bare.
godote adam so saide I. are.
now þou has my hest brokyn.
witte þou wele I. wil be wrokyn.
bot now hit ys þat appel eten.
and squa my forbode ys for-getyn.
for-þi þat þou has done amys.
þi-self may wite þi wa I. wys.
lorde he sayde of þis gilt here
ho ys to wite þat ys my fere.
at þou me gaf my wife to be
ful þrali first ho bed hit me.
ho me hit bed wit-outen blyn.
ho has me filed wiþ hir syn.
þat I. sai[1] may ho no3t nyte [[1] de *er used*]
for-þi sulde ho bere þe wyte.
¶ he spac tille hir *and* saide anane
quy dide þou þus þou fole wo*m*mon.
þe worme ho sayde me draue þe*r*-til
þat I haue wro3t agayne þi wil.
to þat worme our lorde saide
wordes wiþ tene *and* grete vpbraide
worme þou sal be vncumly di3t.
mare þan any oþer wi3t.

FAIRFAX

Leue we nu of þis ilk spell
Of vre stori nu for to tell.
Quen adam sau he had misdone,
He went to hide him al sone,
He went to hide him emang þa treis, [col. 2]
Fra his sight þat all thing seis;
All for noght him hid adam,
vr lauerd cald him bi his nam.
"Lauerd," he said, "quen i þe herde,
For i sau wele þat i misferde,
I and mi wijf went vs to hide,
For vs thoght schame him to abide;
For vr bodijs er all bare."
"Certis, adam, þis said i are,
þu wat it i teld þe formest,
Quat it was to breke mi hest,
Bot nou it es þis appil etin,
And so mi forbot es for-getin.
For-þi þat þu has don þe miss,
þi seluen es þe wite þi wa, i wiss."
"Lauerd," he said, "of þis gilt here,
Es scho to wite þat es mi fere,
þat þu me gaf mi wijf to be,
For stiffli first scho bad it me;
For scho it me bedd widuten blinc,
Scho has me filid wid hir sinc.
All þis may scho noght gain say,
Scho au to bere þe gilt away."
Iesu til hir spac and said o-nan,
"Qui did þu dus, þu ille womman?" [till,
"Þe worm," scho said, "me draf þar
þat i haue wroght a gain þi will."
Til þat worm vr lauerd þan spack,
wordis bath of wreth and wrack,
"þu worm, þu sal be maledight
Mare þan ani oþer wight,

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Leue we now of þis spelle
Of oure story furþere to telle
Whenne Adam say he had mysdone,
He went to hide him als sone
He wende to hide him among þe trees
Fro his sizte þat al sees
Al for nouzt him hud Adame
Oure lord him called bi his name
lord he seide whenne I þe herde
For I saw þat I mys ferde
I & my wif went vs to hide
Shame vs þouzte þe to abide
For oure bodyes al bare were
Adam he seide so tolde I þe ere
I þe tolde mest & leest
What hit was to breke my heest
But now is þis appul eten
And my biddynge is forzeten
And þat þou hast þus don þis mis
þi seluen is to wite I wis
lorde he seide of þis gult here
Is she to wite þat is my fere
þat þou me zaf my wif to be
For principaly she bed hit me
She bede hit me wiþouten blynne
She haþ me fuyled wiþ her synne
Al þis may she not zeyn sey
She owe to bere þe gilt awey
Iesu seide to hir anoon [leaf 6, back]
Whi dudest þou þis dede wommon
She seide þe worm me drouze þer tille
þat I haue doue azeyn þi wille
To þat worm of wraþþe & wrake
Oure lord þenne þus he spake
þou worm þou shalt acursed be
More þen any oþere beest to se

TRINITY

Mare þan ani oþer best,
For þou sal slid apon þi brest;
Fra þis dai fareden sal be,
For-soth, bituix womman and þe,
Bituix þine and womman sede,
Mold sal be þi mete for nede;
þou sal waite womman for to sting,
And sco sal yiet þi hede thring;
þof þou wald euer haue hat sted
In cald sal euer be þi bedde.
And þou, womman, þat standes her,
In soru þou sal þi berns ber;
þou sal be slan wit duble dedd,
Herd it es þe for to redd;
þou sal be to man vnder-heild,
To him þi buxumnes to yeild.
To sceu þi scath be noght vnkid,
þou sal haf euer þi heued hid;
þat þou þo-queþe[r] has now mistan
It sal be beit wit a womman;
O man sinles þan mad i þe
In womman sal mi wonning be;
Bot þat bes noght kid so ȝaire
For i most couer þis tinsel are.
[1]And þou, man, þat has vndertaken
þi wijf red, and min for-saken,
Ne sal þou nawight þar wit win,
þe werld es werid wit þi sin;
Of erth þou sal, wit suete and suinc,
Win þat þou sal ete and drinc,
Al þe dais on þin eild;
Brembel and thorn it sal te yeil[d];
þar of þou sal ete greses sere,
And þou sal bij þi bred ful dere,
Bituix and þou again be gan
Vnto þat erth þou was of tan;

COTTON

and mare þan any oþer best
for þou salle ga a-pon þi brest.
fra þis day sal dep*ar*tynge be
for-soþ be-twix wo*m*mon *and* þe.
for þi dissayte at þou dede.
molde salle be þi mete to mede
þou sal wayte wo*m*mon *with* shome
and ȝet ho sal þe ouer-come.
þi kynde hit ys in hate sted
for-þi in calde sal be þi bed.
and þou wo*m*mon þat standes here
In sorow þou sal þi barnys bere
þou salle be slayne *with* double dede
hard ys þe now for to rede.
þou sal to mon be vnder-helde.
til him þi buxu*m*nes to ȝelde.
to shew þi shap be noȝt vn-kidde.
þou sal haue eu*er* þi heued hidde.
¶ þe þinge at þou now has mistane
hit sal be bete wiþ an wo*m*man.
of sinles man made I. þe.
in wo*m*mon sal ȝet my wonynge be
bot þat bese noȝt kid sa ȝare.
for I. most couer mi tinsel are.
¶ *and* þou mon þat has vndertakyn.
þi wife rede *and* myne for-sakyn.
ne sal þou na þinge þar wiþ-wyn.
þe werld ys shent wiþ þi syn.
on erþ saltow squete *and* squynke
to wyn þat þou sal ete *and* drinke.
al þe dayes of þine elde
brere *and* þornes hit sal þe ȝilde.
þer-of þou sal ete gresses sere
þi brede saltow by ful dere.
þou sal wen þi life ys gane
vn-to þat erþ þou was of tane

FAIRFAX

For þu sal slide apon þi brest	For on þi wombe þou shalt slide
Mare þan ani o*þer* best;	More þen any o*þer*e beest in tyde
For þis day forth sal foredin be	Fro þis day forþ shal hate be
For soth bituix wo*m*man and þe,	For soþe bitwene wom*m*on & þe
erd sal be þi mete for nede;	Erþe shal be þi mete for nede
Bituix þine and wom*m*an sede;	Bitwene þin & wom*m*ones sede
þu sal waite wo*m*man to stang, [leaf 7, bk, col. 1]	Wom*m*on to stynge awayte þou shal
And scho sal ȝeit þin hefde thrang;	And þin heed to breke ȝit she shal
þou þu wild eu*er* haue hat stede,	þouȝe þou in hete eu*er* wolde be sted
In cald sal eu*er* be þi bede.	In colde shal euer be þi bed
And þu wo*m*man þat sta*n*des here,	And þou wom*m*on for þis dere
In soru sal þu þi child*er* bere,	In sorwe shal þou þi children bere
þu sal be slain wid dubbil dede;	þou shal be slayn̄ wiþ double dede
Hard it es þe forto rede.	harde hit is for to rede
þu sal be vnd*er* mannes ȝeilde,	þou shal be vndir man*n*es hest
Til him þi buxum*n*es to ȝelde.	To hem be buxom meest & leest
To schau þi schath be noght vnkid	þou shalt haue euer þi heed hud
þu sal haue eu*er* þin hefd hid.	þi sha̧me shal not be vnkud
þat þu doqueþ*er* has nu mistane,	And ȝitt þat þou now hast ɱys goon
It sal be bet wid a wo*m*man,	hit shal be bet bi a wom*m*on
Of sinles man þan made i þe,	Of synneles mon made I þe
In wo*m*man sal it ȝeit mi woni[n]g be;	In wom*m*on shal ȝit my wonyng be
Bot þat bes noght ȝeit kid so ȝare	But hit shal not ȝitt be so neȝe
For i mast cou*er* mi tinsel are.	To couer my loos furst mot I hyȝe
And þu man þ*at* has vnd*er*takin	¶ And þou man þ*at* hast vndirtaken
þi wiues rede, and mine forsakin,	þi wyues rede & myn forsaken
Nathing sal þu þar wid wine,	No þing shal þou þ*er*wiþ wynne
þe werld es werid wid þi sine;	þe world is cursed of þi synne
In erde þu sal wid suete a*n*d suink,	In erþe shal þou swete & swynke
Wine þ*at* þu sal ete and drinck,	Wynne þ*at* þou shalt ete & drynke
All þe dais of þi elde;	Alle þe dayes of þyn elde
Brimbyl a*n*d thorn it sal þe ȝelde,	Breres & þornes hit shal þe ȝelde
þa̧rof sal þu ete gresses sere,	þ*er*of shal þou ete gresses sere
And þu sal bi þi bred ful dere,	þou shal bye þi breed ful dere
Tuix and þu again be gan,	Til þou turne aȝeyn in quake
To þ*at* erd þ*at* þu was of tan,	To þ*at* erþe þou were of take
GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY

For þou nees bot a pudre plain,
to puder sal þou worth[1] a gain."
He turned þan his wijf nam, [1 originally torne]
And eue fra þan hir cald adam;
Eue sco hight eue fra *þat* dái,
þat mod*er* of mani es for to sai.
God mad þam kyrtels þan of hide,
And cled þar flexs wit for to hide.
"loo," he said of adam, "hu
lik es made tilwardus nu,
Bath þe god and il knauand;
Now for-þi ar he strek hand
To *þat* tre *þat* lijf es in,
And siþen he liue wit-outen blin."
He put him oute wit-outen bade
Vnto þe werld þar he was made.
"Ful dere adam sal it be boght
Ar it be bete þat þou has wroght.
Take þi wif now in þi hand,
For ȝee most leue þis lufsu*m* land,
Vnto þe wreched werld to gang,
quar*e* þou sal thinc þou liues to lang,
Ful lang penance þar to drei,
And siþen wit duble ded to dei;
ȝee sal be flemed fra mi face,
Bituix and i yow send mi grace,
þe oile o m*er*ci most þou bide,
I hight at send it su*m* tide."
"Allas!" said adam, "wa es me!
laue*r*d, *þat* i ne had troude þe,
laue*r*d, *þat* eue*r* i mad þe wrath,
For-þi mi lijf es me to lath;
I wat bot þe haf i na frend,
Tell me ar i fra þe weind,
Howgat and wit quatkinthing, [col. 2]
I sal couer þi saghteling."

COTTON

þou art noȝt bot pouder playne
to pouder saltow worþ a-gayne
¶ he turned þan his wyuys name
and eue fra þan hir calde adam.
euer ho heȝt eue fra þat day.
þat moder of man ys for to say
god made ham kirteles of a hide
and cledde þair flesshe þe*r*-wi*th* to hide
[2 lo he seide Adam how [3—3 from Laud MS. 416]
lykyþ the this dede now
Y made eville & good to you knowen
But ye were sone ovir-throwen
Ye trespasid at the tre of lyfe
Therfor ye bene in wo and stryfe[2]]
ga forþ þi way wiþ-outen bade.
in-tille erþe þer þou was made.
ful dere adam hit sal be boȝt
or hit be bette at þou has wroȝt
take þi wife now in þi hande.
and wende out of þis louesom lande
in-to þe wrecche werlde þou gange.
quar þou sal þink þi life to lange.
lange penaunce sal þou drye
and siþen wit double dede at dye
ȝe sal be flemet fra my face.
bi-twix þat I. ȝou sende my *grace*
þe wille of me þou sal a-byde
þou sal haue me*r*cy. ȝet sum tide
¶ Allas sayde adam ful wo ys me
lord quy ne had I. trawet þe.
lorde þat eue*r* I. made þe wraþe.
for-þi my life is me to laþe.
I wate bot þe. I haue na-frende.
tel me or I. fra þe wende.
howgate *and* wiþ quatkyn þinge
sal I. oue*r*-come þi saȝtlynge.

FAIRFAX

For þu ne art bot a pouder plain,
To pouder sal þu turn again."
He turned þan his wijfes nam,
And eue fra þan hir cald Adam,
Eue scho hight fra þat day,
þat moþer of mani it es to say.
God made þaim þan cirtlis of hide,
þar wid þair fless þan for to hide.
"Lo," he said of adam, "hou [col. 2]
Lik es he mad tilward vs nu!
Bath þe gode and ille knauand.
For-þi er þai bath strikand,
To 3on tre þat lijf es ine
And siþen 3e leue widuten bline."
He put him vte widuten bade,
Into þe world þar he was made.
"Ful dere adam it sal be boght
Till it be bett þat þu has wroght.
Ta þi wijf nu in þi hand,
For 3e sal leue þis lufsum land,
In till þe wreched world to gang;
þar þu sal thinck þi lijf ful lang,
Lang pining þare to drei,
And siþen dobil dede to dei.
3e sal be flemed fra mi face,
Bituix and i 3ou send mi grace,
þe oile of merci bos 3ou abide,
I hete to send it 3ou sum tide."
"Allas," said adam, "ful wa es me!
Lauerd, þat i ne had troud in þe,
Lauerd, þat euer i made þe wrath,
For-þi mi lijf es me ful lath.
I wot bot i of þe haue na freind,
Tel me ar i fra þe weind,
Hugat and wid quat thing
Mai couer nu þi sahutiñg."

GÖTTINGEN

For þou art now but pouder pleyn
To pouder shal þou turne a3eyn
He turned þenne his wyues name
And Eue fro þenne hir calde Adame
Eue she hett fro þat day
þat modir of mony is to say
God made hem þenne curteles of hide
þerwiþ her flesshe for to shride
Lo he seide Adam how
likeþ þe þis dede now
I made euel & good to 3ou knowen
But 3e were sone ouer prowen
3e trespassed at þe tre of lif
þerfore 3e ben in woo & strif
He put hem out of þat plas
Into þe world þere þei made was
Adam dere hit shal be bou3t
Til hit be bet þat þou hast wrou3t
Take þi wyf in þi honde
Leue 3e shul þis lufsome londe
Into þe wrecched world to be
þi lif shal þinke longe to þe
Longe peyne þere shal þou dre3e
And siþen on doubel deþ to de3e
3e shul be flemed fro my face
Til þat I 3ou sende my grace
þe oile of mercy 3e mot abide
I hete to sende hit 3ou sum tide
Alas seide Adam wo is me
þat I trowed not lord to þe
lorde my lif is me ful looþ
þat I euer made þe wrooþ
I woot but þe I haue no frende
Telle me ar I fro þe wende
What maner & wiþ what þing
May I gete þi sau3telyng

TRINITY

He said, "adam, now wel sais þou,
I sal þe tell and herken now;
O-mang þine oþer werkes hend
O þi winning giue me þe tend;
Of alkin fruit haf þou þe nine,
For I wil *þat* þe tend be mine."
"lauerd!" he said, "þou gafs al,
Qui sal þi *par*te be sa smal?
þe half *par*te gladli or þe thrid
we wil þe giue, if þou it bid."
"Adam, i wil haks na vtet*rage*,
Bot þe teind *par*t als in knaulage,
For su*m* o þine ful mikel sal thinc
To giue þe teind *par*t þare suinc,
ȝee sal do bren it on a stan."
Adam went out ful will o wan.
Had noght adam ben in *þat* blis
Bot tides thre dwelland, i-wis,
Quen he can brek þe comament,
þat all his oxpring did be schent.
For he was wroght at vndern tide,
At middai eue draun of his side,
þai brak þe forbot als su*n*
þat þai war bath don out at none.
Adam was out don nars[1] and naked,
In to þe land quar he was maked;
þar he led a lang lijf,
And gate his childer wit his wijf.
Out es put sua wrechcd adam
Of paradis, þat rich ham.
A firir[2] wall þar es a-bute,
Mai nan win in *þat* es wit-oute;
An angel has þe yatte to geite,
Wit suerd in hand o mikel heite

Adam sayde he wele says þou now.
I sal þe telle *and* herkyn now.
A-monge þine oþer werkis hende [leaf 9]
of þi wynnyng gif me tende
of alkyn frute þat ys þine
kepe me þe teynde for þat ys myne.
lorde he saide þou ges vs alle.
quy sal þi part be so smalle.
þe half part or ellis þe þrid
we wil þe gif if þou hit bid.
¶ adam I. wil nane owtrage
bot þe teynde als in knawlage
for sum of þine ful mykil wil þi*n*k
to gif me teynd*e* p*ar*t þaire squynk.
ȝe sal hit bren apon a stane.
adam went out ful wil of wane
ad*am* dwelled noȝt in þ*at* blis.
bot þre owres dwellande I: wis.
quen he con breke þe comandemen*t*
quar þorow his ospringe was shent.
for he wroȝt was: at vndorun tide
at midday eue made of his side
þai brac þe forbode als sone
at þai ware baþ done out or none
¶ Adam was out-done pore *and* naket
In-to þe lande quare he was maket
þer he lad a lange life
and gatte his shilder wiþ his wife
out ys he now wrecche adam.
of p*ar*adis þat riche hame.
a Meruail walle ys hit a-boute.
may nane wynne in þat is *with*-oute
an angel has þe ȝate to gete.
wiþ squorde in hande of mykil hete

[1] *read* nais [2] *read* firin

COTTON FAIRFAX

"Adam," he said, "wele seis þu nu,
Harkin i will tell þe hu,
Emang þin o*þer* werkes hend
Of þi wining gif me þe tend,
Of all kines fruit hald þu þe neien,
For i wil þe tend þan be mein."
"Lau*erd*," he said, "þu gifes all,
Qui suld þi part be sua small?
þe half part gladli or þe thridd
we wil þe giue, if þu it bidd."

Adam he seide wel saistou now [leaf 7]
herken I wol telle þe how
Among þine o*þere* werkes hende
Of þi wynnyng 3yue me þe tende
Of al þi fruyt holde p*ar*ties nyne
And I wol *þat* þe tenþe be myne
Lord he seide þou 3yuest al
Whi shulde þi part be so smal
þe haluendel or part þe þridde
We wol þe 3yue if þou bidde

[*No gap in the MS. Laud MS.* 416 *also wants these lines.*]

[*No gap in the MS.*]

Adam was put vte nerehand nakid, [col. 2]
In to þe land þar he was makid,
þar in he led a lang lijf,
And gat hijs child*er* bi his wijf.
vte es he putt, wreched adam,
Of paradis þat riche hame.
A firen wall þar es abute,
May nan cum wid-in þ*at* es þar vte;
Ane angel has þe 3ate to gete,
wid suord in hand of mekil hete.

þenne was he put out almest naked
Into þe lond *þere* he was maked
þ*er*ynne he led a longe lif
And gat children bi his wif
Out is he put Adam þe wrecched
Fro paradis fouly flecched
A wal of fire *þer* is aboute
May noon com in *þat* is *þer*oute
An au*n*gel haþ þe 3ate to gete
wiþ swerd in honde of myche hete

"Tel me man yeit wit þi lare,
Quat land es paradis, and ware? 1000
Sin i sal here þe *þer* of spell."
Blethli sire i sal þe tell.
Paradis is a priuę stedd,
þar mani mirthes er e-medd, 1004
þe leueleist of all landes;
In erth toward þe est it standes,
land o liue, o ro, and rest,
Wit blis and beild broiden best, 1008
þar neu*er* neghes nede ne night,
Bot eu*er* vmlaid wit lem and light.
O selenes es it wel sene,
þe gresse es eu*er* ilik grene, 1012
Wit alkin blis þat þar es elles;
Flours þar es wit suete smelles;
Treis o frut þan es þar sett
þat serekin v*er*tu has at ette, 1016
þat if man ett in time of an,
Hung*er* suld he neu*er* haf nan;
And if he ett of anoþ*er* tre,
suld he neu*er* thresti be; 1020
þe thrid, qua ete o *þat* þar es,
He suld haf neu*er* werines.
Of an q*ua* siþen ete at þe last,
he suld in eild be ai stedfast, 1024
Sekenes suld he neu*er* drei,
Ne neu*er* mare his bodi dei.
It es a yard cald o delites
Wit all man*er* o suet spices. 1028
Qua lenges þar thar *þam* noght lang,
þar sune es soft and suet sang,
Sune of sautes *þat* þar singes.
Midward þat land a wel springes, 1032

COTTON

Of *par*adise.

Telle me man þat art of lare
quat lande ys *par*adis *and* quare
syn þou askis me so snelle
bleþly sir I wille þe telle.
P*ar*adys ys a preuey stede.
þer mony mirþes ar *and* mede.
þe louelist place of al landes.
in erþ tawart þe est hit standes.
lande of life of roo of rest.
wit ioy *and* blis *and* mirþis best.
þer euer ys day *and* neu*er* niȝt,
and euer vmlaide *with* leme *and* liȝt.
¶ of selynes ys hit wele sene
þe gresse ys eu*er* i-like grene.
wiþ oþer blisse þat þer was elles.
wiþ mony floures of squete smellis
trees of frute als ys þare sette.
þat diu*er*se v*er*tue has atte ete.
þat if man ete in time of an.
hungre sulde he neu*er* haue nane
¶ *and* if he ete of anoþer tree.
sulde he neyu*er* þristy be.
qua-so ete of þe þrid þar ys.
sulde he neuer haue werines.[1]
of þe firþ qua ete at þe laste. [1 MS. wermes]
he sulde in elde ay be stedefaste
sekenes sulde he neu*er* drey
ne neuer mare his body dey.
¶ hit ys a ȝarde of delices
wiþ al man*er* of squete spices
qua lenges þer. þar *him* noȝte lange.
in-to erþ: to here sanges.
for þer ys sonne of santis þat singis
and euen a-midwarde a welle þer spring*is*

FAIRFAX

[*Description of Paradise.*]

"Tell me man wid þi lare,		To telle man wiþ þi lore
Quat land es paradis, & quare,		What londe is paradis & whore
Siþen i here þe þareof spell."	1001	Siþ we here þerof spelle
Gladli, sir, i sal þe nu tell;		Good hit were for to telle
Paradis es a priue place,		Paradis hit is a priue place
Ful of mirth and of solace,	1004	Ful of murþe & of solace
þe loueliest of all landis;		þe loueliest of alle londes
In erd toward þe est it standis,		Towarde þe eest in erþe hit stondes
Land of lijf, of ro, and rest,		Lond of lif of roo & rest
wid bliss and bote broidin best.	1008	Wiþ blis & bote broiden best
þar euer es day widuten night,		þere euer is day & neuer nyȝt
And vmlaid wid leme of light,		And al aboute ful of liȝt
Of sellines it es wele sene,		Mony vertues þere is sene
þe griss is euer elike grene;	1012	þe erbes euer I-liche grene
wid all blisses þat þar es ellis,		Mony opere blisses elles
Floures þat er of suete smellis,		Floures þat ful swete smelles
Treis of fruit þan es þar sett,		Trees of fruyt of dyuerse mete
þat diuers vertu has to ett,	1016	þat dyuerse vertues han to ete
þat if man ete in tyme of ane,		þat if man ete oþer while of oon
Hunger sal he neuer haue nane.		hongur shal he neuer haue non
And if he ete of a noþer tre,		If he ete of anoþer tre
Ne sal he neuer thristi be;	1020	Fursti shal he neuer be
þe thrid qua it etes of þat þere riss,		þe þridde who eteþ more or les
Sal he neuer haue werines.		Shal he neuer haue werynes
Of ane qua-so it etes at þe last,		Of oon who so eteþ at þe last
He sal in elde be euer stedfast,	1024	In oon elde shal he euer be fast
Sekenes sal he neuer non drey,		Sekenes shal he neuer noon dreȝe
Ne neuer sal his bodi dey.		Ne neuer shal his body deȝe
It es an orichard cald of delijss,	[col. 2]	Hit is an orcharde of delices
wid all suetenes of diuers spicijss,		Wiþ al swetenes of diuerse spices
Qua duellis þar thar him noght lang,		Who so dwelleþ þere him þar not longe
þar soun es soft and suete sang,	1030	Her soun is softe & swete of songe
Soun of foulis þat þar singes.		Soun of foulis þat þere syngeþ
In middes þat land a welle springes,		I mydde þat lond a welle spryngeþ

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þat rennes out wit four strandes,
Flummes farand in fer landes;
þis flummes four þat þar biginnes,
thoru out all oþer contres rinnes,
þe first es tigre and siþen gyon,[1]
siþen eufrates and fison,[1]
þei bring o paradis þe stan,
Sua preciose es fundun nan.
þis paradis es sett sua hei,
þat moght neuer flod ani þar nei,
For-þi was it o noe flode
Fre þat al þe warld ouer yodd.

and rynnys forþ wit foure strandis
forþ þorou-out þe landes.
þes strandes foure at þer be-gynnys
þorou mony cuntrays hit rynnys.
¶ þe fyrst hatte. tigre. þe toþer. ganges.
þe þrid nilus. þe firþ eufrates.
þai bringe of paradys mony a stane
so precious ys funden nane.
þis paradys ys sette so hey
þat muȝt neuer flode come þer ney.
for-þi was hit at noes flode
fre quen al þe werlde ouer-ȝode.

¶ Now es adam in erth stad,
Wit gress and leues his he clad,
He suanc and suet and eue his wif,
Of þe erth to win þar lijf,
Wit mikel suinc was þat þai wan,
For þai war first þat sua bi-gan.
þe formast barn þat sco him bare,
Was caim þe curst, þat ful of care;
þat neist was, a quile e-mel,
An hali child þat hight abell.
þis abel was a blissed blod, [col. 2]
Bot caim was þe findes fode;
Was neuer warre o moder born,
For-þi was he wit his for-lorn.
þis abel was a hird for fee,
Selcuth hali man was he;
Rightwis he was, and godds freind,
And leli gaf he him his tend;
And for his offrand was Rightwys,
Godd tok to quen[2] his sacrifijs.

COTTON

how cayme sloghe abel his broþer.

Now ys adam in erþ stadde.
wiþ gresse *and* leues ys he clad
he squank *and* squat *and* eue his wife
of þe erþ to wyn þaire life.
wiþ mykil squynk þaire mete þai wan.
for þai ware first at so be-gan.
þe formast barne þat ho him bare
was cayme þe cursed ful of care
bot siþen ho had as I. ȝou telle.
a hali childe þat heȝt abel.
¶ þis abel was a blesset blode
and cayme was a deyueles fode
was neuer worre of mo̅der borne
for-þi he was wiþ his for-lorne.
þis abel was a hird o fee. [leaf 9, back]
selcuþ haly mon was he
riȝtwys he was *and* goddes frende
and lely gaf he him þe tende.
and for his offerande was so riȝt
god hit toke wiþ al his miȝt.

FAIRFAX

[1] The words "gyon," "eufrates and fison" are in a different hand and ink. [2] So in MS.

þat rennes vte wid four strandes,
Stremes farand in ferr landis.
þir stremis four þat þar bigines,
Thoru all oþer contres rennes,
þe first es tyger and ganges,
Siþen nilus, and eufrates;
þai bring stanis fra paradis,
Sua precius naquar funden es.
þis paradis es sett sua hei,
þat might neuer flod cum þar ney,
For-þi was it fre of noe flode,
þat all þis werld ouer it 3ode.

Hou caym þe cursed with wid wohw
His aune broþer abel hę slohw.

Nou es Adam in erd stadd,
wid griss and leues is he cladd,
He suanc, and eue his wijf,
Apon þe erd to win þair lijf;
wid mekil suinc was þat þai wan,
For þai were first þat sau bigan.
þe first child þat euer scho bare,
was caym þe cursed ful of care;
And efter him i wil 3u tell,
A hali child þat hight abell.
þis abell was a blisced blode,
And caym was þe feindes fode,
was neuer wers of moder born,
For-þi was he witt þat for lorn.
þis abel was a herde of fe,
Blissed and hali man was he,
Rightwis he was, a[n]d goddes freind,
And treuli gaf he him his tend;
And for his offrand was rightwis, [lf 8, bk, col. 1]
Godd toke to queme his sacrefis.

GÖTTINGEN

þat renneþ out of foure stremes
Passynge into dyuerse remes
þese stremes þat þus þere bigynne
þourȝe mony oþere londes þei rynne
þe firste is tigre wiþouten les
þenne Iuluspigre & eufrates
þei brynge stones fro paradis
So preciouse nowhere founden is
þis paradis is set so heȝe
Miȝte neuer flood com þer neȝe
Hit was fre of noes flode
þat al þis world ones ouerȝede

How caym cursed wiþ wowȝe
Abel his broþere slowȝe

Now adam is in erþe bi stad
Wiþ gras & leues is he clad
Sore he swanke & Eue his wif
Vp on þe erþe to wynne her lif
Wiþ mychel swynke was þat þei wan
þe firste þei were to sawe bigan
þe firste childe þat euer she bare
Was caym cursed ful of care
And aftir him I wol ȝou telle
A blessed childe hiȝt abelle
þis abel was a blessed blode
And caym was þe fendes fode
Was neuer wors of modir born [lf 7, bk]
þerfore was he after for lorn
þis abel was an herde of fe
Blessed & holy man was he
Riȝtwis he was goddes frende
And trewely ȝaf to him his tende
For his offrynge was riȝtwise
God payed was of his sacrifise

TRINITY

For caym gaf him wit iuel will,
vr louerd loked noght þar-till
þis caym, þat i of forwit melt,
O þe tilth þat he wit delt.
Vntil his broþer nith he bare,
Allas! þat bogh[t1] þe sacrilages sare.
A-gain abel he raysed strijf,
Wit murth he did his broiþer o lijf;
Wit þe chafte ban of a ded has
Men sais þat þar wit slan he was;
And quen he had his broiþer slan,
Bi-gan to hid his cors o-nan.
Bot proued was son his sari pride,
þe bodi moght he nan-gat hide,
For vnder erth most it not rest,
þe clai ai vp þat bodi kest.
His broiþer ded sua wend he dil,
Bot he moght nourquar it hil,
For-þi men sais þat to þis tide
Is naman þat murth mai hide.
Quen caym had don þat dreri dide,
Til his fader hamward he ȝeide;
Quen he eie a-pon him kest,
A sighing of his hert brest,
For mistrauing þan had he son,
þat he sum wikcudnes hade don;
For be his chere he sagh him wrath,
þat was won to be bitter braith.
"Sun," he said, "to me þou tell
Quare has þou left þi broþer abell?"
Wit word he answard, sun vn-mild:—
"Quen was i keper of þi child?
Of him can i sai certain nan,
Bot he to brin his tend bigan."
A-pon þe feild his fader went
And soght abel wit al his tent.

¶ *and* cayme gaf his. wiþ il wille
our lorde. loket noȝt þar-tille [1 from Laud MS. 410]
[1 ffor this tythe that he delt
Cayme that I. by-fore of melt]
and til his broþer enuy he bare.
allas þat boȝt he. sacles sare.
a-gayne abel he raysed strife
wiþ-outen gylt raft him his life.
wiþ þe cheke of an dede asse
mon says þat þar-wiþ slayne he was.
and quen he had. his broþer slayne.
to hide him. he dide his mayne.
bot proued was sone. his sary pride
þe body miȝt. he noȝt hide.
vnder erþ muȝt he. noȝt rest.
þe clay euer þe body vp kest.
his broþer dede. he walde haue hid.
noȝt for-þi sone. was hit kidde.
for-þi men says. vn-til þis tide.
nys.na mon. at deþ may hide.
Quen he had done. þat drery dede
til his fader. hame he ȝede.
quen he eye. apon him kest.
a siȝynge. of his. hert brest.
for supposinge. had he sone.
þat he sum wikketnes had done.
for bi his chere. him þuȝt him wraþ.
to wyte quy. was him noȝt laþ.
¶ Sone he sayde. to me þou telle.
quar has þou laft. þi broþer abel.
wiþ wordes he onsquared. vn-mylde
quen was I keper. of þi childe.
of him con I say. certayn nane
bot he to brenne. his tende be-gan.
¶ a-pon þe felde. his fader went.
and soȝt his sone. wiþ gode entent

COTTON FAIRFAX

[1] The MS. has *bogh*, but *r* has been inserted later.

For caym gaf him wid euil will,
vr lauerd loked noght þar vntill,
Of þe tilth þat he wid delte.
þis caym þat i forwid melte
vnto his broþer ire he bare,
Allas þat boght þe sackles þar.
Again abel he raised a strijf,
wid murther he broght his broþer o lijf,
wid þ[e] cheke bon of ane asse
Men say þat abel slain wasse.
And quen he had his broþer slain,
He wild haue hid his cors onan,
Bot proued was sone his sori pride,
þe bodi mith he na gat hide;
For vnþer erde might it noght rest,
þe clay all vp þe bodi kest.
His brother ded sua wend he dill,
Bot mith he noquar þat bodi hill;
For-þi men sais into þis tyde,
Is no man þat murthir may hide.

Quen he had don þat dreri dede,
Til his faþer hame he 3ede,
Quen his faþer eie vpon him kast,
A syhing of his hert vte brast,
For mistrouing had he þan sone
þat he sum wickednes had done;
For bi his chere he sau him wrath,
So loked he euer brime and latth.
"Sun," he said, "to me þu tell
Quar has þu left þi broþer abel?"
He ansuerd wid wordes vn-milde,
"Quen was i keper of þi childe?
Of him can i saii þe certain nan,
Bót he to brine his tyde be-gan."
vp-on þe feilde his fader went,
And soght abel wid all his entent.

GÖTTINGEN

For caym 3af his wiþ euel wille
Oure lord loked not þer tille
For þis tiþe þat þei delt
Caym þat I tofore of melt
To his broþere ire bare
Alas þat he bou3te sare
A3eyn abel he roos in strif
Wiþ murthere brou3t him of his lif
Wiþ a cheke boon of an asse
Men sayn abel slayn wasse
Whenne Caym had his broþer sloon
He wolde ha hidde his cors anoon
But proued was soone his sory pride
þat body my3te he no weye hyde
For vndir erþe my3te hit not reste
þe clay vp þe body kest
His broþer deep he wende stille
But my3te he not þe body hille
þerfore men say 3itt to þis tide
Is noon þat longe murþere may hide
When he had done þis deolful dede
To his fadir hoom he 3ede
Whenne his fadir e3e on him cast
A sikyng of his hert out brast
For mystrowynge had he soone
þat he sum wicked dede had done
For bi his cheer he say him wroop
So loked he euer breme & loop
Son he seide to me þou tel
Where hastou done þi broþer abel
He vnswered wordes were vnmylde
Whenne was I keper of þi childe
Tiþing of him con I telle noon
To brenne his tiþe he bigon
Vpon þe felde his fadir went
To seche Abel wiþ his entent

TRINITY

þe fad*er* and þe mod*er* bath [leaf 8, col. 1]
to blam þe broiþer was þam laith
Bituixand þei þe southe had sene,
O thing þai wist noght bot a wene;
þai thoght þat kynd hi*m* mond for-bede
To haf don suilk a nogli dede;
þis ded had eu*er* i-wis ben hidd,
If god him-self ne had it kydd.
Bot sua to scap moght he noght
Fra drightin þat all had wroght;
He þat flemed first adam
For an appul bit allan,
Ne hope i noght he wil him feign,
þat he ne sal caim dede a-teign;
And he will þ*at* he bii þe vttrage,
þ*at* murþ*er*hed sua is ane ymage.
He wend a scaped þar-wit-alle,
þat nan hi*m* cuth ne clepe ne cale.

þe fader *and* þe moder baþe
to blame þe broþ*er*. was ham laþe
bi-twix þai had. þe soþ sene
of þinge þai wiste no3t. bot a wene.
þai þo3t at kynde. hi*m* walde for-bede
for-til do suche an vncu*m*ly dede
þis dede had eu*er*-mare bene hid
ne god him-self nad hit kid
bot so to scape. mi3t he no3t.
fra þat lorde. at alle has wro3t.
¶ he þat flemed. first adam.
for an appil. bitte allane.
hope I no3t. he wil him faynt
þat he ne sal. caym sone a-taynt
and pyne him: for his grete outrage
þat mirþerret so. his awen linage.
he wende he sulde. haue scapet al.
þat na mon sulde hi*m* clepe ne cal.

[*God speaks to Cain, and curses him.*]

Bot þar-wit com our creature
For to spek wit þ*at* traiture.
O þat murth and þat treson,
He did þ*at* traittur to reson.
"Caym ware es þi broiþ*er* abell?"
"I wat neuer," said he, þat fell,
"Ask his fad*er* now ware he be,
For he was not bi-taght to me."
"Bot tell me suith, sir cayn,
Wy has þou þi broiþ*er* slain?
His blod on erth sced lijs,
Efter wrak to me it crijs.
It fines not at wrak to cri,
For to sceu þe felu*n*ny.
Tþoru þe wark sa ful a plight,
erth þou sal be maledight

bot þar-wiþ come our creatour
for-to speke. wiþ þat traytour.
of þat myrþer *and* þat tresoun.
þat dide þat traito*ur* wiþ tresou*n*
Cayme quere ys þi broþ*er* abel
I. note neu*er* sayde þat felle.
aske his fader quere he be
for he was neu*er* be-ta3t me.
tel me squiþe sir cayme
quy hastow þi broþ*er* slayne.
his blode on erþ hit shed hit ys
ofter ve*n*iaunce hit cryes .I. wys.
hit fines no3t wrake to cry.
for-to shew þi felony.
for þi werk *and* stile.
erþ þou sal cursed be.

COTTON FAIRFAX

þe faþer and þe moder bath,	[col. 2]	þe fadir & þe modir boþe	
To blame þe broþer was þaim lath		To blame Caym were ful loþe	
Bituix and þai þe soth had sene	1103	Til þat þei þe soþe had seene	
Thing þai wist noght both in wene;		Of þing þei wist not but bi wene	
þaim thoght þat kind him wold forbede,		Hem þouȝte kynde him wolde forbede	
To haue done suilk a curced dede.		To haue done so cursed a dede	
His dede i wis had euer ben hid,		His dede had euer ben hid	
warn iesu him-self had it kid,	1108	Nadde God him self hit kid	
Sua to schape might he noght,		Hit to hide myȝte he nouȝt	
Fra mithful god þat all has wroght.		For god þat al wrouȝt	
He þat flemed first adam,		He þat furste flemed Adam	
For an appil bit þat he nam,	1112	For þat appel þat he nam	
Ne trou i noght he wald him feine,		He nolde not him self fayne	
þat he ne wald caim dede a-teine;		But Caymes dede fully atteyne	
And he wil þat he by þe vtrage,	1115	And he wol þat men bie þe outrage	
þat murtherrt sua his aun ymage,		þat murþereþ so his owne ymage	
He wend to haue schapid þar-wid-all,		He wende to haue scaped wiþ al	
þat nan him suld clepe ne call.		For any monnes clepe or cal	

[*God speaks to Cain, and curses him.*]

Bot þan com vr aun creature		But þenne coom oure makere	
To speke wid þat fals traiture,	1120	To speke wiþ þat traitoure þere	
Of þat murth and þat tresun,		Of þat morþ & þat tresoun	
He did þat traitur till resun.		He dud þat traitour to aresoun	
"Caym, quer es þi broþer abel?"		¶ Caym where is þi broþer Abel	
"I wot," he said, "i can noght tell,		Certis he seide I con not tel	
Aske his fader quore he be,	1125	Aske his fadir wher he be	
For he was noght bitan to me."		For he was not bitake to me	
"Bot tell me suith þat þu ne lain,		God seide tel me & not layne	
Qui has þu þi broþer nu slain?	1128	Whi hastou þi broþer slayne	
His blod on erde sched it lijs,		His blood on erþe shed hit is	
And efter wrake to me it crijs.		And aftir wreche crieþ I wis	
It fines noght wrake to crij,		Hit leueþ not wreche to crye	
For to scheu þi ill felonni,	1132	For to shewe þi felonye	
Thoru þi wrake sua ful of plight,		For þi synful werke to se	
Erd þu sal be nu maledight,		Erþe þou shalt now cursed be	

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þat reseued þi broþer blode;
Wit pine it sal þe ȝeild þi fode,
For þe mikel felunny;
þi wete sal bi-com ȝiȝanny.
In-sted o þi noþer sede,
Ne sal þe groue bot thorne and wede.
For þi nedeles wickedhede,
þou sal lede euer þi lijf in nede;
þi derfli dede has liknes nan,
Of all dedes it es vttan.
Openlik i tell þe here
þou sal it bi ful selcuht dere.
For þof i wald for-giue it þe,
It es nogtht worþi for-giuen be.
To quat contre sum þat þou wend.
Sal þou naman find to frend.
Bituix quat lede sum þat þou lend,
Euer sal þou and þine bi kend.
Wit all þou sal bi halden vile,
Quar-sa þou wendes in exile.
Mi handewark als egges me
þat i sal tak wrak on þe.
For hou sal ani herthli flesche
lende wit þe in sikernese,
Quen felauscipe ne broiþerhede
Mought te drau fra felon dede?"
¶ Caym sagh his sin was knaud,
And wist þat þe erth had scaud,
And sagh þat gainsau was þar nan,
And answard til ouer lauerd on-nan.
"Lauerd," he said, "now see i well
Mi sin me has seit in vnsell.
I am ouertan wit sli treson
þat i agh not to haf pardon.
I sal be flemed for mi sin
In vncuth land to won ai in.

COTTON

þat resceyuet þi broþer blode.
wiþ pyne hit sal ȝilde þe þi fode.
for þi grete felone
þi quete darnel sal hit be.
In-stede of þi noþer sede
hit sal þe bere þorne *and* wede.
for-þi nedeles hide þou þi heued
þou sal lede euer þi life in nede. [1 from Laud MS. 416.]
[1 Thy dredefulle dede hath no make
Of alle dedis yt is out-take]
oponly I say þe here.
þou sal bye hit selcouþ dere.
for if I. walde for-gif hit þe.
hit nys noȝt worþi so to be.
to quat contree so þou wende
sal þou na mon fynde þi frende
In quat place so þou wil lende
euer sal þou *and* þine be kende.
wiþ al þou sal be halden vile
quare-euer þou comys in exile.
My hande-werke als egges me.
þat I. sal take wreke on þe.
for how sulde any erþly flesse
wende wiþ þe in sicurenesse.
quen felaw-shepe *and* broþer-hede [f 10]
ne miȝt þe drawe fra feloun dede
cayme sawe wele as god walde
at þe erþ had hit talde.
and sawe þat gaynesaw was þer nane
and til our lorde onsquared o-nan.
¶ lorde he saide now se I. wele
my synne me has broȝt in dele.
I am ouer-tane in fowle feloun
þat I. awe noȝt. to haue pardoun.
I sal be flemet. for my synne.
In vncouþe lande. my mete to wyn.

FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
þat sua rescyued þi brod*er* blod,		þ*at* so receyued þi bro þ*er*e blode
Wid pine it sal þe ȝeild þi fode;	1136	Wiþ pyne hi[t] shal þe ȝelde þi fode
For þi mekil felonie,		For þi muchel felonye [leaf 8]
þi whete sal bicu*m* ȝiȝa*n*nije.		þis whete shal wexe cokul hye
Instede of þin oþer sede, [leaf 9, col. 1]		In stude of þin oþ*er*e sede
Ne sal þe grou bot thorn a*n*d wede;		þe shal not growe but þorne & wede
For þi ill wreched-hede,	1141	For þin euel wrecched hede
þu sal lede eu*er* þi liif in nede;		þ*ou* shalt eu*er* lede þi lif in nede
þi dredeful dede has liknes nan,		þi dredeful dede haþ no make
Of all dedis it is vte-tan;	1144	Of alle dedis hit is out take
Certainli i tell þe here,		Sikurly I telle þe here
þu sal it bi ful selli dere,		þ*ou* shal hit bye ful selly dere
For þou i wild forgiue it þe,		For þou*ȝ*e I wolde for*ȝ*yue hit þe
It es noght worthi forgiu*en* be.	1148	Hit is not worþi for*ȝ*yuen to be
To quat contre so þu wend,		To what cuntre so þ*ou* wende
Sal þu na man find to freind;		Shal þ*ou* no man fynde þi frende
Bituix quat lede sua þu lend,		Among what folke þ*at* þ*ou* abide
Euer sal þu and þin be kende.	1152	þ*ou* & þine be knowen shul wyde
Wid all þu sal biholden vile,		wiþ alle shal þ*ou* be holden vile
Quar þu wendis in exile.		where þ*ou* wendes in exile
Mi handwerk þus egges me,		My hondewerke þus eggeþ me
þ*at* i sal take vengans on þe,	1156	þat I shal take vengeau*n*ce on þe
For hou suld ani erdli fless		For how shulde any erþely flesshe
Duelle wid þe in sikirness,		Dwelle wiþ þe in sikernes
Que*n* felauschip and bro þ*er*hede		When*n*e feloushepe & bro þ*er*hede
Ne miht þe drau fra foulhede?"	1160	Miȝte þe not kepe fro foul dede
Caym sau his sin*n*e was knaued,		¶ Caym say his syn*n*e was knowed
And þ*at* þe erde had it schauede,		And þ*at* þe erþe had hit showed
And sau þat gain-saying was nan,	1163	He wist aȝeyn saying was noon
vr laue*r*d he ansuerd sone on-ane.		Oure lord he vnswered sone þon
"Laue*r*d," he said, "nou se i wele,		lord he seide now se I wele
Mi sinne hath sett me in vnsele,	1166	My synne haþ set me in vnsele
I am ou*er*-tan wid suilk tresum,		I am ou*er* take wiþ sich tresoun
I am noght worthi to haue pardon.		I am not worþi to haue p*ar*doun
I sal be flemed for mi sinne,	1169	I shal be flemed for my synne
In vnknaun land to duell ine,		Vnkond lond to dwelle Inne

In vncuth lede sal end mi wa,
Quen þai me fin þai wil me sla.
Sua ferr i wat i sal be fled
God gaue now þat i ware ded!"
"Nai," said our louerd, "it beis not
All þat þe sees sal þe not sla.
Bot i sal seit on þi mi merk,
þat al sal see to red als clerk.
Sal nan sa bald be þe to sla,
Bot þi falshede to were þam fra.
In takinning als o þi penance
þe sal be send a lang meschance."
Quen adam abel bodi fand
For soru on fote moght he noght stand;
To beriing þai his bodi bare
Adam and eue wit-outen mare.
þis es þat man men sais was born
Bath his fader and moder be-forn.
He had his eldmoder maiden-hede,
And at his erthing all lede.
A hundrith wintur of his liue
Fra þan for-bar adam his viue. [1 MS. slaym]
for soru of abel þat was slayn,[1] [lf 8, bk, col. 1]
til comforth was him sent agayn,
Wit bod-word, þat was broght fra heuen,
Bad him thoru an angel steuen,
þat he suld wit his wijf yete mete,
For ur lord had aghteld yete
A child to rais of his oxspring,
þat all suld oute o baret bring:
He þat suld sauue al folk of sin:
Suld noght be born of kaym kin.
¶ Wit þis was born an hali child,
Seth þat meke was and mild;
Q quil man þat crist him cam
Ful fer to tell fro first Adam.

COTTON

In vncouþ lede sal ende my wa.
quen þai me fynde. þai sal me sla.
so ferre I wate. I sal be fedde.
god lefe now. þat I. ware dede.
nay sayde our lorde. hit nys noȝt sa
al þat þe sees. sal þe noȝt sla.
bot I salle sette on þe my merke.
þat alle sal se: þat ys clerke.
sal nane be balde: þe to sla.
bot þi fals-hede: to were ham fra.
In takenynge of. þi penaunce.
þou salle haue a lange meschaunce
Quen adam abel body fande.
for sorow. miȝt he noȝt stande.
to byry his body. þai hit bare
adam *and* eue. wiþ myche care
þis ys þe man. men says was borne
baþ his fader *and* moder be-forne
he had his eldmoder mayden-hede
and at his erþinge al lede.
an hundre winter. of his life.
and þen for-bare. adam his wife.
for sorow of abel. þat was slayne
til confort. was him sende agayne.
fra our lorde. criste of heyuen.
wiþ an angel. of briȝt steyuen.
and bad he salde wiþ his wyf dele
hit sulde him turne. to myche wele.
a childe to rayse of his ospringe.
þat al sulde out of baret bringe.
he þat sulde saue folk of kyn.
sulde noȝt be borne. of cayme kyn.
¶ wiþ þis was borne. an haly childe.
þat hatte Seth. meke *and* mylde.
of quilk childe crist him come.
sa ferre to telle. haue I. na tome.

FAIRFAX

In vncuth lede sal end mi wa,
Quen þai me find þai wil me sla.
So ferr i wat i sal be fledd,
God gaf nou þat i war dede."
"Nai," said vr lauerd, "bes it noght so,
All þat þe se sal þe noght slo,
Bot i sal sett on þe mi merke, [col. 2]
All sal it se to rede als clerk;
Sal nan be so bald þe to sla,
Bot þi falshed sal were þaim fra.
In takening of þi penance,
Ye sal be lent a lang mischance.

Qven adam abel bodi fand,
For soru on fote miht he noht
To birijing þai his bodi bare, [stand.
Adam and eue widuten mare;
þis es þat man men sais was born,
Bath his faþer and moþer biforn,
He had his eldemoderis maidenhed,
And at his birijng all maner lede.
An hundrid winter fra his lijf
Adam þan forbar his wijf,
For soru of abel þat was slain,
Till confort was sent him again.
þe bodword him cam fra heuen,
þat bad him thoru an angel steuen,
þat he suld wid his wijf mete,
For vr lauerd had ordained ȝeit
A child to rise in his ospringe,
þat all suld vte of baret bringe.
He þat suld saue all folk fra sine,
Suld noght be born of caym kin.
Qvid þis was born a hali child,
Seth, þat was bath meke and milde,
Of quam þat crist him self cam,
Ful fer to tell fra first adam.

GÖTTINGEN

In vnkouþe lond shal ende my wo
Whenne þei me fynde þei wol me slo
So fer I woot I shal be fled
God wolde now I were deed
Nay saide oure lord beþ hit not so
Al þat þe seeþ shal not þe slo
But I shal sette on þe my merk
Alle shul hit se to rede as clerk
Shal noon be so bolde þe to slo
But þi falshede to wite hem fro
In token of þi lastynge penaunce
þe shal be lent a long mischaunce

Whenne Adam abelles body fond
For sorwe a fote myȝt he fiot
To burie þei his bodi bere [stond
Adam & eue wiþouten fere
þis is þe mon men seyn was born
Boþe his fadir & modir biforn
He hadde his eldermoder maydenhede
And at his buryinge al maner lede
A hundride wyntur fro þis strif
Adam þenne forbare his wif
For sorwe of Abel þat was slayñ
Til coumfort was sent him aȝayñ
Bodeword cam him fro heuen
And bad him by an aungels steuen
þat he shulde wiþ his wif mete
For oure lord had ordeyned ȝete
A childe to rise in his ospringe
þat mony shulde out of bale bringe
he þat shulde saue þe folk fro synne
Shulde not be born of caymes kynne
¶ Here aftir was born an holy childe
Seeth þat was boþe meke & mylde
Of whom crist him seluen cam
Ful fer to telle fro first Adam

TRINITY

þis child was godds priue frend,
Lelli yald he him his teind ;
He yald him al þat him be-houed ;
His breþer als him-self he loued.
Eue for abel thoght ful fair
þat god had sent hir suilk an air
For abel, þat sco wist wit wogh
þat caym hīs aghen broþer slogh.
¶ Vs tells of adam his stori ;
O suns þat he had thirtti,
And he had doghtres als fel,
Wit outen caym and abel.
þe sister giuen was to þe broþer,
þé lagh moght certayn be non oþer ;
Sua wald drightin, and behoued nede
To do þair kin al for to sprede.
¶ Vnseli caym þat ai was saked,
Wit god and man þan was he hatted,
He als-sua wit his oxspring ;
þai luued our lauerd nan-kin thing,
For þai him warryd wit wickud dedis.
He þam for-soke in al þer nedis.
To wrik þare wik wil þai thoght,
Agh of him na stod þam noght.
þat boght þai siþen wijf and barn,
wit water ware þai all for-farn,
Als ȝee sal here how hit bi-fell
Quen i of noe flod sal tell ;
For all war ille and nan war gode,
þei drunkend all in þe flode.

þis childe was goddis preuey frende
lely ȝalde he him his tende.
he ȝalde him alle. þat him be-houed.
his broþer als him-self he loued.
his moder þonket. god ful fayre.
for abel. ho had suche an nayre.
þe quylk was dede. with myche woghe
be cayme his broþer. þat him sloghe.
Vs telles of adam þis story.
of sones he had ful þretty.
and he had doghters als fele
wiþ-outen cayme and abel.
þe suster gyuen. was to þe broþer.
þe laghe þat time. muȝt be na noþer.
so walde criste. þat hit ware nede.
for-to make þaire kyn to sprede.
Vn-sely cayme þat was for-saket.
of god and mon was he hatet.
he and alle his ossprinȝe.
for-ȝete god in mony-kyn þinȝe.
þai wraþet him. wiþ wikked rede
he ham for-soke in alle þare nede
to wirk þaire wilde wil. þai þoȝt
aghe of him ne stode ham noȝt.
þat. boȝt þai siþen. wife and barne.
wiþ water ware þai. al for-farne.
als ȝe sal here. and ȝe wille dwelle.
quen I. of noe. flode salle telle.
[1 ffor alle were eville & none goode
They drenchide alle in noies floode]
[1 from Laud MS. 416]

De fine Ade & oleo misericordie
[heading of leaf 9]

of þe oile of merci. [in margin]

¶ Adam had pastd nine hundret yere,
Nai selcut þof he wex vn-fere.

Adam was alde. ix hundre ȝere.
na meruayle if he was vnfere.

COTTON FAIRFAX

þis child was goddes priue frend,
Treuli ȝeild he him his teind,
He ȝeild him all þat him bihoued,
His broþer as him-self he loued,
Eue for abel thoght ful fair,
þat godd had sent þaim suilk an air,
For abel was þaim wa enogh,
þat cayṁ his aun broder slogh.
Of adam als tellis þe stori, [leaf 9, bk, col. 1]
þat he sonis had thritti,
And of doghtris alsua felle,
widuten caim and abell.
þe sister was giuen þan til þe broder,
þe lau þat time mith be nan oþer;
Sua wild god and bihouid nede,
To do þair kind forto sprede.
Unseli caym þat was forsakid,
wid godd and man was he hatid,
And he alsua wid his ofspring
Luued vr lauerd non kines thing.
For þai him greued wid þair dedis,
He þaim forsoke in all þair nedis,
To do þe ille wele þai soght,
Aue of him ne stod þaim noght,
þat boght þaim siþen wijf and barn.
wid watir war þai all forfarn,
Als ȝe sal here as it bifell,
Of noe flode quen i sal tell,
For alle were ill & neuer an gode,
þai drenkled all in noe flode.

Of adam ending telle wil i,
And als of þe oile of merci.

Adam had passid nien hundred ȝer;
Na wonþer þou he wex vnfer,

GÖTTINGEN

þis childe was goddes frende
And truly ȝaf to him his tende
He ȝaf him al þat him bihoued
His breþer as him he loued
Eue þouȝte here of ful fair
þat god wolde sende hem suche an eir
For Abel was hem woo ynouȝe
þat kaym so his broþere slouȝe
Of Adam telleþ þis story
þat he sones had þritty
And douȝteres also fele to telle [leaf 8, bk]
Wiþouten caym and Abelle
þe suster was ȝyuen to þe broþer
þe lawe þenne myȝte be noon oþer
So wolde god hit moste nede
To do oure kynde for to sprede
¶ Vnsely caym þat was in hate
wiþ god & mon at foul debate
Nouþer he ne his osprynge
Loued oure lord no maner þinge
For þei him greued in her dedis
He hem forsoke in al her nedis
To do þe euel myche þei souȝt
Awe of him stood þei nouȝt
þat bouȝte þei aftir wif & childe
Wiþ watir were þei drenched wilde
As ȝe shul here how hit bifel
Of noe flood when I shal tel
For alle were euel & none gode
þei drenched alle in noes flode

Of Adames endyng telle wol I.
And of þe oyle of mercy.

Adam past nyne hundride ȝere
No wondur þei he wex vnfere

TRINITY

80 SETH MUST GO TO PARADISE, ALONG A GRASS-GREEN PATH, TOWARDS THE EAST OF THE DALE, FOLLOWING THE TRACK LEFT BY ADAM AND EVE.

For-wroght wit his hak and spad [col. 2]
Of him-self he wex al sad.
He lened him þan a-pon his hak,
Wit seth his sun þus gat he spak:—
"Sun," he said, "þou most now ga
To paradis þat i com fra
Til cherubin þat [es] þe yateward."
"Yai, sir, wist i wyderward
þat tat vncuth contré ware,
þou wat þat i was neuer þare."
þus he said, "i sal þe sai
How-gate þou sal tak þe wai;
Toward þe est end of þis dale
Find a grene gate þou sale;
In þat way sal þou find forsoth
þi moders and mine our bather slogh,
Foluand thoru þat gresse gren,
þat euer has siþen ben gren,
þat we com wendand als vn-wis
Quen we war put o paradis
vn-to þis wreched warld slade,
þar i first me self was made;
Thoru þe gretnes of our sin
Moght na gres groue siþen þar-in;
þe falau slogh sal be þi gate
O paradis right to þe yate."
"Fader," he said, "sai me þi will,
Quat sal i sai þat angel till?"
"þou sal him tell .I. am vnfere,
For I haue liued so mani a yere,
Ai in strijf and soruuing stad,
þat o mi lijf I am al sad;
þou prai him þat he word me send
Quen I sal o þis werld wend;
Anoþer erand sal þar be,
þat he wald send me word wit þe,

COTTON

for wroȝt wiþ his hak *and* spad
of him-self he wex al sadde.
he lened him doun a-pon his hake.
til seth his sone. þus gates he spake.
sone he saide. þou most ga.
to p*ar*adys þer I. come fra.
til cherubin þat ys ȝatewarde.
ȝe sir wiste I. quidder-warde.
þe contray ys to me ful bare.
and I ne was neyuer ȝet þare.
¶ sone he sayde .I. sal þe saȳ.
how-gate þou sal take þi way.
towarde þe est ende of þis dale.
finde a grene gate. þou sale.
In þat way sal þou finde for-soþ.
þi moders *and* Myne our baþer sloþ.
þe gresse ys falow on þe grene.
and euer siþen has hit bene. [1 leaf 10, bk]
[1]þer we come gangande als vnwise
quen we ware putte of p*ar*adise.
vn-to þis werlde slade.
þer my-selfe was first made.
we ȝode apon hit ofter our synne.
siþen grew na gresse þer-in.
þat gresse sal teyche þe þi gate.
riȝt to p*ar*adise ȝate.
¶ fader he saide say me þi wille
what sal I. say þat angel tille
þou sal him tel I. am vn-fere.
I. haue lyued so mony a ȝere.
ay in strife *and* sorou stadde
þat of my life I. am ful sadde.
þou pray þat he me worde sende
out of þis werlde quen I. sal wende
an oþer erande sal þer be.
þat he walde sende me worde with þe.

FAIRFAX

All for wroght wid his spade,
Of his lijf he wex all made.
Apon his spade his breist he laid,
To seth his sune þis word he said,
"Sun," he said, "þe bus ga
To paradis þat i cam fra,
To cherubin þe ȝateward."
"ȝa, sir, wist i queþirward,
þere þat vncuth contre ware,
ȝe wat wele þat i was neuer þare."
"ȝeis," he said, "i sal þe tell and say,
Hugat þu sal ta þi right way,
Tilward þe est end of þe dalle,
A grene gate find þu sale,
In þat way sal yu find forsoth
þi moþer and myn oþer broþer sloth.
Foluand thoru þat griss greene,
þat euer has ben syden sene,
þar we cam wendand as vnwise,
Quen we war put fra paradise
Vnto þis worldes wreched slade,
þar i mi-self first was made;
Thoru þe mekilnes of vr sin
Might na griss grou þar in;
þat falu slow sal be þi gate,
Fra þaim to paradis þe ȝate."
"Fadir," he said, "sai me þi will,
Quat sal i say þat angel vntill?"
"þu sal him say i am vnfere,
For i haue liuede so mani a ȝere,
Ay in strijf and soru stadd,
þat wid mi lijf i wax all mad,
þu prai him þat word me send,
Quen i sal fra þis world wend.
Anoþer erand sal þar be,
þat he wild send me word bi þe,

[col. 2]

Al for wrouȝte wiþ his spade
Of his lif he wex al made
Vpon his spade his brest he leide
To Seth his son þus he seide
Son he seide þou most go
To paradis þat I coom fro
To cherubyn þat ȝateward
þat kepeþ þo ȝates swiþe hard
Seth seide to his fadir þere
How stondeþ hit fadir & where
I shal þe telle he seide to say
How þou shal take þe riȝt way
Towarde þe eest ende of þe ȝondur vale
A grene weye fynde þou shale
In þat weye shal þou fynde & se
þe steppes of þi modir & me
For welewed in þat gres grene
þat euer siþþen haþ ben sene
þere we coom goynge as vnwise
Whenne we were put fro paradise
Into þis ilke wrecched slade
þere my self first was made
For þe greetnes of oure synne
Miȝt siþþen no gras growe þerynne
þat same wol þe lede þi gate
Fro hennes to paradis ȝate
He seide fadir say me þi wille
What shal I say þe aungel tille
þou shal him saye I am vnwelde
For longe lyued am I in elde
And so in strif & sorwe stad
þat forwery I wex al mad
þou him preye sum word me sende
Whenne I shal fro þis world wende
Anoþer eronde shal þere be
þat he me sende worde bi þe

Quedir þat I sal haue it in hij
þe oile me was hight o merci,
þe tim þat i lest paradis;
Well i knau now mi folijs,
A-gain godds wil haue i wroght,
And þat sum-del haue .I. now boght;
Mi soru has ai siþen ben neu,
Nou war it time o me to reu."
Seth went him forth wit-outen nai
To paradis þat ilk way.
[1]þe slogth he fand þat him gan wiss
tilward þe ȝate of paradis; [1 leaf 9, col. 1]
Quen [he] þar-of son had a sight,
Al was he gloppend for þat light;
þe mikel light þat he sagh þar
A brennand fire he wend it ware.
He seuid him, als his fader badd,
And ȝode forth and was noght raadd.
þis angel at þe ȝafte he fand
And asked him of his errand.
Seth þen sette him spell o-nend
And tald him warfor þat he was send,
Tald him of his fader care,
Als he him taght sum yee herd are,
to send him word wen he suld dei,
to liue moght he na langar drei;
And wen þat drightim had him tight
To send him þe oile þat he him hight.
Quen cherubin þis errand herd
Mikelik he him answard:
"Ga to þe ȝatte," he said, "and lote
þi hed inwar, þi self wit-outte,
And tent to thinges at þi might
þat sal be sceud vn-to þi sight."
Quen seth a quil had loked in,
He sagh sua mikel welth and win,

COTTON

quęþer I. sal haue hit oȝt in hyo
þe ðyle me was heȝt of mercy
þe time þat I. left paradise
wele I. knaw now my folise.
a-gayne goddis wille I. wroȝt.
and þat sumdel haue I. now boȝt.
my sorou has ay bene siþen new.
now ware time of me to rewe.
¶ Seth went forþ wit-outen nay.
to paradys þe riȝt way.
þe sloþ he fande þat him con wis.
vn-to þe yate of paradys.
quen he þar-of had a siȝt.
he was gloppenet of þat liȝt.
þe mykil liȝt þat he saw þare.
a brennande fire he wende hit ware
and saynet him als his fader bad.
forþ he ȝode *and* was noȝt drad.
þis angel at þe ȝate him fande
and asked him of his errande.
Seth him sette spel on ende
and talde quar-fore he was sende
and talde him of his fader care
als he him taȝt as ȝe herde are.
to sende him worde quen he sulde dey
for lange*r* liue muȝt he noȝt drey.
and quen þat lorde myche of miȝt
walde sende him oyel þat he hiȝt.
quen cherubin þis missage herde.
Mildely he him þan vnsquerede.
ga to þe ȝate he sayde *and* loute
þi heued wiþ-in. þi body wiþ-oute
and tent to þinges wiþ þi miȝt.
þat salle be shewet to þi siȝt.
quen seth a quyle had loket in
he sagh mykel welþe *and* wyn.

FAIRFAX

For i sal haue it vte in hey,
þat me was hight þe oile of merci,
þat time þat i left paradijs,
And left it thoru mi folis.
Egain goddes will þat i had wroght;
Sum dele nu i haue it boght:
Mi soru has ay ben syden neu,
Nou war it time on me to reu."
Seth went forth widuten nay,
To paradis þat ilke day,
þe sloth he fand þat gan him wise,
Till þat he cam at paradise.
Quen he þarof had a sight,
He was al dredand of þat light;
Suilk a light as he sau þare, [leaf 10, col. 1]
A brinand fir he wend it ware,
He blissed him as his fader badd,
And went forth & was noght radd.
þis angel at þe 3ate he fand,
And asked him of his erand.
Seth þan sett him spell onende,
And teld him quarfor þat he was send,
Teld him of hijs faderis care,
Als he him taght, and 3e herd are,
To send him word quen he sal dei,
Langer to liue may he noght drei;
And quen þat godd him had tight,
þe oyle of merci þat he him hight.
Quen cherubin his erand herde,
Mekeli he þan him ansuerde,
"Ga to 3e 3ate," he said, "and loute
þi hefd widin, þi bodi wid vte,
And tent to thinges wid al þi mith,
þat sal be scheud vnto þi sight."
Quen seth a quile had lokid in,
He sau sua mekil welth and win

GÖTTINGEN

Wher I shal haue hit ou3t in hye
þat me was het þe oyl of mercye
Whenne I was dryuen fro paradis
And lost hit bi my foly nys
A3eyn þe wille of god I wrou3t
Somdel I haue hit bou3t
Mi sorwe haþ euer siþen be newe
Now were hit tyme on me to rewe
¶ Seth went forþ wiþouten nay
To paradis þe same day
He fonde þe steppes him to wise
Til he coom to paradise
Whenne he þerof had a si3t
He was aferde of þat li3t
So greet li3t he say þere
A brennynge fire he wende hit were
He blessed him as his fadir bad
And went forþ & was not drad
þe aungel at þe 3ate he fond
He asked him of his erond
Seeth set tale on ende [leaf 9]
And tolde whi he was sende
He tolde him of his fadir care
And of his elde & of his fare
But sende him worde whenne he shal [dre3e
Lenger to lyue may he not dre3e
And whenne god had him di3t
þe oyle of mercy þat was hi3t
Whenne cherubin his eroonde herde
Mekely he him vnswerde
To 3onder 3ate þou go & loute
þi heed wiþinne þi bodi wiþoute
And tente to þinges wiþ al þi my3t
þat shul be shewed to þi si3t
Whenne seth a while had loked In
He say so mychel welc & wyn

TRINITY

It es in erth na tung may tell,
þat flour, þat frutte, þat suette smell,
O blis and ioy sua mani thing;
In middes þe land he sagh a spring
Of a well þat es vtenemes,
þat oute of ran four gret stremmes;
Gyson, fison, tigre, eufrate,
þis four mas al þis erth wate;
Out-ouer þat well þan lokes he,
And sagh þar stand a mikel tre,
Wit braunches fel, o bark al bare,
Was þar na leue on, less na mare.
Seth bigan to thinc for-qui
þat þis tre bi-com sua dri;
O þe steppes vmthoght he þan
þat[1] welud war for sin of man; [1 MS. þelt]
þat ilk schil did him to min
þis tre was dri for adam sin.
He com þan to þat angel scene,
And sceud him al þat he had sene;
Quen he his sight al had him tald, [col. 2]
He badd him eft ga to be-hald.
He loked in eft and stod þer-oute,
And sagh þe thing þat gart him doute;
þis tre, þat i of for-wit said,
A neddur hit hade al vmbilaid.
Cherubin, þat angel blyth,
Bad him ga lok þe thrid syth;
þis tre was of a mikel heght,
Him thoght þan, at þe thrid sight,
þat to þe sky it raght þe toppe;
A new born barn lay in þe croppe,
Bondon wit a sueþelband,
þar him thoght it lay suelland;
He was al ferd wen he þat sei
And to þe rotte he kest his he,

COTTON

þat in erþ na tonge may telle.
of floures frute *and* squete smelle
of blis *and* ioy sa mony þinge.
In middes þe lande he saw a springe.
of a welle wiþ-outen mys.
þer-out ran foure stremys
fison. gison. tigre. eufrate.
þes foure makis al þis erþ wate.
out of þat welle loket he.
and sawe *þer* stande. a mykel tre.
wiþ br*a*nchesse mony. of barke bare
was *þer* na lefe on. lasse ne mare
¶ Seth̄ bi-gan to þink for-quy.
at þis tree. bi-come sa dry.
of steppis he vmbe-þo3t him þan.
þat falowed for syn of man.
þat ilk skyle made him to Myn.
þis tree was dry for adam syn.
he come to þat angel shene.
and shewet him þat he had sene.
quen he his si3t al had him talde.
he bad him est ga. *and* be-halde.
he loket in est. *and* stode þar-oute
and saghe þe þing. þat gert hi*m* doute
þis tree þat I. be-fore haue saide
a nedder a-boute hit was layde.
¶ Cherubin þat angel bliþe.
radde him ga loke þe þrid sithe.
him þo3t þan at þrid si3t.
þis tree was of sa mykil in si3t.
þat to þe skew. ra3t þe top.
a new-borne childe lay in þe crop.
bondyn wiþ a squeþel bande.
þat him þu3t hit lai squelande
he was agaste quen he þat seye
and to þe rote. he keste his eye.

FAIRFAX

It es in erd, na tung may tell,
þat flour, þat frott, þat suete smell,
Of ioy and bliss sua mani a thing.
In middes þe land he sau a spring
Of a welle þat es vtnemis,
þar fra renis four grete stremis,
Fison, Gison, tigir, and eufrate,
þir four mas all þis world wate.
Ouer þat welle þan loked he,
And sau þar stand a mekil tre,
Wid branchis fele of barc al bare,
Was þar na lijf in less ne mare.
Seth bigan to thinc for qui
þat þis tre bicom sua dreri,
And on þe steppes thoght he þan,
þat duined war for þe sin of man;
þat ilk skil did him to mine [col. 2]
þis tre was drei for Adam sine.
He com þan to þat angel schene,
And told him all þat he had sene;
Quen he his sith all had him tald,
He bad eft ga to bi all it hald;
He loked in eft and stod þar vte,
And sau thinges þat gert him dute.
þis tre þat i of bifore said,
Anedder it had al vmbilaid.
Cherubin, þat angel bliht,
Bad him ga loke þe thrid siht;
Him thout þan at þe thrid sith,
þis tre was of a mekil hiht,
vnto þe sky it raght þe topp,
A new-born child lay in þe cropp,
Bunden wid a suadiling band;
þar him thout it lay squeland.
He was all rad quen he þat sey,
And to þe rote he kast his ey,

GÖTTINGEN

In erþe is no tong may telle
Of floures fruyt & swete smelle
Of ioye & blis so mony a þing
Amydde þe lond he say a spryng
Of a welle of honoure
Fro hir ronne stremes foure
Fison. gison. tigre. & eufrate
Al erþe þese weten erly & late
Ouer þat welle þenne loked he
And say þere stonde a mychel tre
Wiþ braunches fele no barke þat bere
Was þere no lyf in hem þere
Seth bigon to þenke whye
þat þis tre bicoom so drye
And on þe steppes þouȝte he þon
þat dryȝed were for synne of mon
þat ilke skil dud him to mynne
þe tre was dryȝe for Adam synne
He coom þo to þat Aungel shene
And tolde him þat he had sene
Whenne he had þus him tolde
He bad him efte go & biholde
He loked in efte & stode þeroute
And say þingis þat made him doute
þis tre þat I eet of seide
A nedder hit had aboute bi leide
Cherubin þe aungel briȝt
Bad him go se þe þridde siȝt
Him þouȝte þenne þat he seȝe
þis for seide tre rauȝte ful heȝe
Vnto þe skye rauȝte þe top
Anew born childe lay in þe crop
Bounden with his swaþeling bonde
þere þouȝte him hit lay squelonde
He was a ferde whenne he hit seȝe
And to þe rote he cast his eȝe

TRINITY

Him thoght it raght fra erth til hell,
Quare vnder he sagh his broþer abell;
In his saul he sagh him þare
þat caim slogh for-wit ful o care.
He went agayn þan for to scau
To cherubin al þat he sau.
Cherubin wit chere sa milde
Bigan to tel him o þat child.
" þis barn," he said, " þat þou has sene,
Is goddes sun wit-outen wene;
þi fader sin now wepes he
þat he sal clens sum time sal be,
Quen þe plentez sal cum o time;
þis is þe oile þat was hight him;
Til him and til his progeni,
Wit pite sal [he] sceu his merci."
Quen seth had vnderstanden wele
þat angel said him, ilk dele,
His leue wald tak at cherubin.
Pepins þen he gaue him thrin,
þe quilk a þe appel tre he nam
þat his fader ete of, adam.
" þi fader," he said, " þan sal þou say
þat he sal dei þe thrid day
Efter þat þou be commun ham,
And als he was turn in-to lam;
Bot þou sal tak þis pepins thre,
þat .I. toke o þat appel tre,
And do þam vnder his tong rote,
þai sal til mani man be bote;
[1] þai sal be cedre, ciprese, and pine,
O þam sal man haue medicen.
þe fader in cedre þou sal take, [1 lf 9, bk, col. 1]
A tre of heght, þat has na make;
And cipres, be þe suete sauur,
Bitakens ur suete sauueur,

COTTON

him þuȝt hit raȝt þorou erþ *and* hel
quare vnder he sawe his broþer abel
In his saule he saw him þare.
þat cayme slowe. ful of care.
¶ he went a-gayne for-to shawe
to cherubin þat he sawe.
cherubyn wiþ chere sa mylde. [leaf 11]
be-gan to telle him of þat childe.
þis barne he saide þat þou has sene
ys goddes sone wiþ-out wene.
þi fadres sinne now wepis he.
þat he sal clens sum time sal be
quen þe plentes sal come of time
þis ys þe oyle was heȝt him.
til him *and* til his progeny.
wiþ petey he sal shew his mercy.
¶ quen Seth had vnderstanden wele
þe angel onsquare ilka dele.
his leue he toke at cherubyn.
cornys þan he gaf him þrin.
þe quilk of þe appeltree he nam
þat his fader ete of adam.
to þi fader þou sal say.
þat he sal deye þe þrid day.
efter þou art commyn hame.
and als he was. turne in-to lame.
bot þou sal take þese cornys þre
þat I. toke of þat appeltree.
and do ham vnder his tonge rote.
þai sal to mony mon be bote.
þat sal be cedre cipres *and* pine.
of ham sal man haue medicine.
þi fader in cedre sal þou take.
a tree of heȝt þat has na make
of cipres bi þe squete sauour.
hit be-takenys us. our sauiour.

FAIRFAX

Him thout it raught fra erd to hell,
þar vnþer he sau his broþer abel,
In his saule he sau him þare
þat caim sloght, þat ful of care.
He went again þan forto schau
To cherubin all þat he sau,
Cherubin wid chere sua mild,
Bigan to tell him of þat child;
"þat child," he said, "þat þu has sene,
Es goddes sun widuten wene,
þi fader sinne nou wepis he,
þat he sal clens sum time sal be,
Quen þe plente sal cum of time.
þis es þe oyle þat was hight himo,
Til him and til his progeni,
wid pite sal scheu his merci."
Quen seth had vnþerstanden wele,
þat þat cherubin said, euer-ilk a dele,
His leue wild take of cherubyn,— [lf 10, bk, col. 1]
Pe[p]ins þan he gaf him thrin,
þe quilk of þe appil tre he nam,
þat his fader ete of, adam.
"þi fader," he said, "þan sal þu say,
þat he sal die þe thrid day,
Efter þat þu be comen him vnto,
Loke nou þat þu say him so.
Bot þu sal take pepins thre
þat i take of þat appil tre,
And do þaim vnder his tonge rote,
To mani man þai sal be bote;
þai sal be cedi[r], cipris and pine,
Till mani a man be medicine.
þe fadir in cedir sal þu take,
A tre of hit, widuten make;
Of cipris be þat suete sauur,
Bitakins of vr suete sauiur.

GÖTTINGEN

Him þouȝte hit rauȝte fro erþe to helle
þere he say his broþer Abelle
In his soule he say þat siȝt
þat kaym slouȝe forwaryed wiȝt
He went aȝeyn for to shawe
To cherubyn al þat he sawe
Cherubyn wiþ chere mylde
Bigan to telle him of þat childe
þat childe he seide wiþouten wene
Is goddes son þat þou hast sene
þi fadir synne now wepeþ he
He shal hit clense þe tyme shal be
Whenne þe plente shal com of tyme
þis is þe oyle was hiȝte to hyme
To him & to his progeny
Wiþ pite he shal hem shewe mercy
Whenne Seth had vndirstonden wel
þe aungels sayinge euer a del
His leue he toke of cherubyn
And þre curnels he ȝaf to hym
Whiche of þat tre he nam
þat his fadir eet of Adam
þi fadir he seide þou shalt say
þat he shal deȝe þe þridde day
Aftir þou be comen him to
Loke þat þou saye to him so
But þou shal take þe pepyns þre
þat I toke of þe appel tre
And put vndir his tunge rote [leaf 9, bk]
To mony men þei shul be bote
þei ben cidre cipres & palme fine
To mony þei shul be medicine
þe fadir bi cidre shal þou take
Hit shal be tre wiþouten make
Of cipres bi þat swete sauour
Bitokeneþ oure swete saueour

TRINITY

þe mikel suetnes þat es þe sun ;
þe pine to bere a frut es won ;
Mani kirnels of a tre mast
Gain gifes o þe holi gast.
¶ Seth was of his errand fain
And sune com til his fader again.
" Sun," he said, " has þou sped oght
Or has þou ani merci broght ? "
" Sir, cherubin þe hali angel
þat es yateward, þe gretes wel,
Sais it sal negh þe warlds end,
Ar þat oile þe may be send,
Thoro birth of a blisful child
þat sal fra harm þe werld schild ;
O þi ded he bad me sai
Sal be to dai þe thrid dai."
Adam was for þis tiþand blith,
Sua glad was he neuer his sith ;
Quen he herd he suld liue namare,
þan he logh, bot neuer are ;
And þus on godd be-gan to cri :—
" Lauerd, inogh now liued haue .i.,
þou tak mi saul out of þe flexs
And do it ware þi wils es."
Quat of þis werld he was ful sad
þare neuer a dai þar in was glad,
þat liued nine hundret yeir and mare,
And al his liue in site and care ;
And leuer was siþen to lenger in hell
þan langer in þis liue to duell.
¶ Adam, al[s] him was tald be-forn,
Was ded apon. þe thrid morn ;
Doluen he was thoru seth his sun
In þe dale þat hat ebron ;
þe pipins war don vnder his tung,
þar ras o þam thre wandes yong ;

COTTON

þe mykel squetnes þat ys his sone
þe pyne to bere a tree ys wone
[' Thise carnellis lest & most
Come from the holy gost] [' from Laud MS. 416]
¶ Seth was of his errande fayne
and sone come til his fader a-gayn.
¶ sone he saide as þou sped ogt
or has þou any mercy brogt.
¶ Sir cherubin þe haly angel.
þat porter ys. he gretes þe wel.
he says be-for þe werlde ende
þat he salle þo oyle sende.
þorou birþ of þat blesset childe
þat sal fra harme þis werlde shilde
of þi dede he bad me say.
þat þou sulde deye þis þrid day.
¶ adam was glad for þis tiþande
mare þan euer be-for-hande.
quen he herde he sulde lyf na mare
þen he loghe *and* neyuer are.
and þus on god be-gan to cry.
lorde I.-noghe now liued haue .I.
þou take my saule out of flesshe
and do wiþ hit quat þi wille ys.
quat of þis werlde was he ful sad
þat neuer a day þar-in was glad
he liued ix. hundre 3ere *and* mare
and alle his liue in sorou *and* care.
leuer was him siþen langer in hel
þen langer. in þis werlde to dwel.
Adam als him was talde be-forne
was dede a-pon þe þrid morne.
Dolue he was þorou seth̄ his sone.
In þe vale þat hat ebron.
þe cornys ware done vnder his tonge
þere rase of ham þre wandes 3onge

FAIRFAX

þe mekil suetteness þat es þe son;
þe pine to a fruit es won,
Mani kirneliş of a tre most
Gain giftes of þe hali goşt."
Seth was of his erand fain,
And sone cam to his fader again.
"Sun," he said, "has þu sped aght,
Or has þu ani merci broght?"
"Sir, cherubin þat hali angel,
þat porter es, he gretes þe wel,
Sais it sal be nere þe worldes end,
Ar þat oyle þe may be sende,
Thoru birth of a blisful child,
þat sal þe world fra harm schild.
Of þi dede he bad me say,
þat sal be to day thrid day."
Adam was for þis tiþand blithe,
so glad he was neuer his sihte.
Quen he herd he suld liue na mare,
þan he logh, bot neuer are.
And þus to godd gan he to cri, [col. 2]
"Lauerd, enogh liued haue nou i,
þu take mi saule vte of mi fless,
And þo it quar þi willes ess."
For of þis world he was ful madd,
þar neuer a day þar in was gladd,
þat liued niene hundred 3ere & mare,
And all his lijf led in soru and care;
And leuer siþen to won in hell,
þen langer in þis world to duell.
Adam, as him was tald biforn,
Deyed apon þe thrid morn,
Grauen he was thoru seth his sun,
Right in þe vale of ebrun;
þe pepinis war don vnder his tong,
þar ros of þaim þre wandis 3ong,

GÖTTINGEN

þe mychel swetenes is þe sone
þe palme to frúyt hit is wone
Mony curnels of o tre most
Gode 3iftis of þe holy goost
¶ Seth was of his eronde feyn
And soone coom to his fadir a3eyn
Son he seide hastou sped ou3t
Hastou any mercy brou3t
Sir cherubin þat aungel
þat porter is þe greteþ wel
And seiþ þe world shal ne3e han ende
Ar he þe oile may to þe sende
þour3e birþe of a blessed childe
þat shal þe world fro shame shilde.
For þi deþ he bad me say
Hit shal be þis day þridde day
Adam her of was glad ful blyue
So glad was he neuer er his lyue
Whenne he herde to lyue no more
þo he low3e but neuer ore
And þus to god gan he crye
Lord Inou3e mon lyued haue ye
þou take my soule out of my flesshe
And do hit where þi wille es
For of þis world he was ful mad
þat neuer o day þerinne was glad
Nyne hundride 3eer & more 3are
He lyued here in sorwe & care
Leuer him were to ben in helle
þen lenger in þis world to dwelle
Adam as him was tolde biforn
De3ed on þe þridde morn
Grauen he was bi Seth þon
In þe vale of Ebron
þe curnels were put vndir his tonge
Of hem roos þe 3erdes 3onge

TRINITY

Son of a nellen heght þai ware,
þai stod þan still and wex na mare;
ful many yeir ilike grene,
Halines was o þam sene.
Stil ai stod, þai wandes thre [col. 2]
Fra adam tim until noe;
Fra noe quen þe flod ras
Til abraham þat haly was;
Fra abraham ai stil stod þai
Til moyses þat gaf þe lai;
Euer stod þai still in an,
Wit-outen wax, wit-outen wain.
Na mare o þe wandes now
Bot stori sal i rede 3ow.

Sone of an elne he3t þai ware.
þai stode þan stille *and* wex na mare
Mony a 3ere i-like grene.
halynes was on ham sene.
Stil þai stode þer wandes þre.
fra adams time vn-til noe
fra noe quen þe flode rase.
til abraham þat haly was.
and fra abraham stille stode þay.
ay til moyses gas þe lay.
euer stode þai stille in ane
wiþ-outen wax wiþ-outen wane.
of *þer* wandes stynt we now.
and forþ my story I. wil tel 3ow.

¶ Adam liued nine hundret yeir
And þritté wynter þar-to seir;
Quen he was ded ne dout he nan
þat his saul ne was til hel gan,
And alle þat deid bi-tuix and þan
þat iesus ras bath god and man,
No moght þan help na hali-heid,
þat ga til hel þam most ned;
He moght wel thinc his stund to strang
þat in þat sted ware staid sa lang,
þat lasted four thusand yeir in wa,
Thre hundret and four yeir al sua;
Sua lang fra Adam was emell
Til þat our lauerd harid hell;
And þat was a ful gret penance,
Don to man for litel chance.

how adam endid.

Adam liued ix. hundre 3ere.
and þretty winter þar to sere
quen he was dede sone an-nane
his saule forþ to hel con gane.
and alle at deyed bi-twix *and* þan.
þat ihesus rase baþ god *and* man.
ne mu3t ham help na hali-hede.
attyn to hel þai most nede.
him mu3t þink his stounde ful strang
þat in þat stede was stad sa lang.
þat lasted foure þousande 3ere *in* wa.
þre hundre *and* foure 3ere al-squa
sa lange fra þat. þe soþ to tel.
and þat our lorde heried helle.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Genelogia Ade & seth [*leaf* 10, *col.* 1]
Genelog[ia] caym [*col.* 2]

¶ Seth spused his sister delbora,
For drighten self had biden sua;

þe kinradin of adam þorou Seth his sone. [1 leaf 11, back]

[1] Seth spoused his suster Delbora.
for god him-self had biddyn sa.

And sone an elne hight þai were,
þai stod þan still and wex no mare.
Mani a 3ere elike al grene,
Halines on þaim was sene,
Still þai stod ay, þa wandes thre,
Fra adam time vnto noee;
Fra noee quen þe flode ras,
Till habraham *þat* hali was,
Fra abraham time still stod þai
Till moyses *þat* gaue þe lay;
Euer stod þai still in ane,
widuten waxing or wane.
Na mare of þa wandis nou
Bot a stori sal i rede 3ou.

And sone an ellen hy3e þei wore
þenne stode þei stille & wex no more
Mony a 3eer I liche grene
Holynes in hem was sene
Stille stode þo 3erdes þre
Fro Adames tyme to noe
Fro Noe tym & fro þe flode
To Abraham holy & gode
Fro Abraham 3it stille stode þai
Til moyses þat 3af þe lay
Euer stode þei stille in oone
Wiþouten waxinge *o*þ*er*e woone
No more of þo 3erdes now
But of a story I shal telle 3ow

Of adam and o*þer* eldris.

Adam liuid nine hundrid 3ere,
And thritti wint*er* þarto sere,
Que*n* he was dede ful sone onane,
His saule it was til hell tane;
And all þat died bituix and þan
þat ie*s*u ras, bath godd and man,
Mith þaim help na halihede, [leaf 11, col. 1]
at þai to hell þan most nede.
He might wele thinc þat stun*n*d strang
þat in þat stede was stad so lang,
Four thousand 3ere in þat wo,
Thre hundrid 3ere and four also,—
So lang fra adam was i tell
Til þat vr laue*r*d horud hell.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Adam lyued nyne hundride 3ere
& þritty wynter also in fere
Whe̅n he was deed soone anoon
His soule was to helle goon
And alle þat de3ed fro þis to þon
þat ie*s*u de3ed god and mon
Hem my3te helpe no holy hede
But þei to helle most nede
He my3te þinke þe stude strong
þat in þat place was so long
Foure þousande 3eer in þat woo
þre hundride 3eer also
So long fro Adam was to telle
Til oure lord harwede helle
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

þe genialogi of adam þe ald, Of seth and caym nu sal be tald.

SEth spoused his sister delbora,
For godd him-self had bode*n* sua;

þe genealogy of Adam olde Of Seth & Caym shal be tolde

Seth spoused his sister delbora þo
Oure lord bad hit shulde be so

He had a son of hir, enos, .
A man þat was of mikel los,
For-qui, he was þe formast man
þat cri on gods nam bi-gan.
Nine hundret yeir and seuen a fiue,
Sua lang it lasted seth liue ;
Enos his son liued al biden
Nine hundret yeir and fiue, i wene ;
Cainan his sun, als it es redde,
His lijf nine hundret yeir he ledd ;
Aght hundret yeir liued malaliel,
And fiue and tuenti yer to to tell ;
Nine hundret yeir and sexti Iareth
þat was þe fiuet kne fra seth ;
Of Iareth eild þe yeir fourti-and
Was passed o werld þe first thusand ;
Enoch his son wit-outen pere
Liued in þis werld thre hundret yeir,
He was þe first þat letters fand [leaf 10, col. 1]
And wrot sum bokes wit his hand.
To paradis quik was he tan,
þar he yitte es in flesse and ban ;
He sal com forth for domesday
to fight al for þe cristen lay ;
Wit antecrist þan sal he fight
For to werye cristen right.
He and his felaw helia
Antecrist sal þam baþe sla,
Bot wit þair vpris fra ded to lijf,
þan sal þai fel þat fals strijf.
Adam, als þe stori sais,
Deid in þis enoch dais.
Of enoch cõm matusale,
Liued neuer man sua lang has he,
til þat nine hundret yeir war gan
And seuenti, falid it bot an.

COTTON

he had of hir a sone enos.
a mon þat was of mykil lose.
forquy he was þe formast man
þat kirke in goddis name be-gan.
ix. hundre ȝere *and* vij. *and* fyue.
squa lange lastet Sethes liue.
¶ Enos his sone liued al be-dene
ix. hundre ȝere *and* v .I. wene.
¶ Caynan his sone als hit ys red
his liue ix. hundre ȝere he lad.
viij. hundre ȝere his sone Maliel
and v. *and* xx. þar-to I. telle.
ix. hundre ȝere *and* sexty Iareth̄
þat was þe .v. gree fra Seth̄.
of Iareth̄ eilde þe ȝere fourtiand
was past of þe werlde þe first þousande
¶ Ennoc his sone wiþ-outen pere
liued in þis werlde þre hundre ȝere
he was. þe first at letters fande
and wrate sum bokis wiþ his hande
to paradis quik was he tane.
þar he ys in flesshe *and* bane.
he sal come forþ bi-for domesday
to feȝt for þe cristen lay. [1 From Laud MS. 416]
[1 *With* antecryst he shalle fight
For to werre the Crystyn right]
he *and* his felaw helia.
antecrist sal fle ham twa.
and wiþ þaire vpris fra deþ to life
þan sal þai fel þat fals strife.
¶ adam als þe story saise
deyed in þis ennockis days.
of enoc come matussale
liued neuer nane sa lange as he
til ix hundre ȝere ware gane.
and seyuenti failed þer bot ane.

FAIRFAX

He gat of hir a sun, enos,
A man þat was of mekil los,
For-qui he was þe formast man,
þat cri on goddes name bigan.
Neien hundrid 3ere seuen and fijf,
So lang lastid sethis liue.
Enos his sun liued all bidene,
Nine hundrid 3ere and fijf i wene;
Caynan his sun, as it es redd,
Nine hundrid 3ere his lijf he ledd.
Eyht hundrid 3ere liued malaliel,
And fiue and tuenti þar to tell.
Nine hundred 3ere and sex iaraeth,
þat was þe fift kin fra seth,
Of iareth elde þe 3ere fourtiand,
was passid ouer þe first thousand.
Enoch his sun widuten pere,
Liued in erd thre hundered 3ere,
He was þe first þat lettris fand,
And wrat sum bokis wid his hand;
To paradis quic was he tan,
And þar he liues in fless and ban;
He sal cum bifor domisday
To fight for þe cristen lay,
wid antecrist þan sal he fight,
Forto were þe cristen right.
He and his felaue helia,
Antecrist sal þaim bath sla,
Bot wit þair vprising fra ded to lijf,
Sal þai fell þat fals strijf.
Adam, als þe stori sais,
Deied in þis enoch dais.
Of enoch com matussale,
Liued neuer man sua lang as he,
Til þat nine hundrid 3ere was gan
And seuenti, failed it bot an.

GÖTTINGEN

He gat a son of hir enos
A mon þat was of mychel loos
For he was þe firste man
þat cry on goddes name bigan
[1]Nyne hundride 3eer seuen & fyue
So longe lasted seth his lyue [1 leaf 10]
Enos his son lyued bi dene
Nyne hundride 3eer & fyue I wene
Caym his son his lyf he led
Nyne hundride 3eer as hit is red
Ei3te hundride 3eer lyued maladiel
And fyue & twenty 3eer to tel
Nyne hundride 3eer & six Iareth
þat was þe fifte kyn fro Seth
Of iareth elde þe fourti and
Was passed ouer þe first þousand
Ennok his son wiþouten pere
Lyued in erþe þre hundride 3ere
He was þe furste þat lettrure fond
And wroot somme bokis wiþ his hond
To paradis was he take þon
And þere he lyueþ in flesshe & bon
He comeþ to fore domes day
To fi3te for þe cristen lay
Wiþ anticrist he shal fi3t
For to were þe cristen ri3t
He & his felowe Elye
Antecrist shal do hem dye
And wiþ her risyng fro deþ to lyue
þei shul felle þat false stryue
Adam as þe story sayes
De3ed in þis Enok dayes
Of Ennok coom Matussale
Lyued neuer mon so longe as he
Til nyne hundride 3eer was goon
And seuenty failed hit but oon

TRINITY

Lameth his sun his eild to neuen,
Seuen hundret yeir seuenti and seuen.
O lameth com his sun noe,
In quas time þe flod gan be.
þe formast werld adam be-gan,
þar-of lameth þe last man;
It lasted wel a thusand yeir
Sex hundret tua and sexti sere.
Bot a[r þe t]oþer werld be-gin
Spek we sumquat of caym kyn.
¶ Quen caym had don þat plentful
Quarfor he was sua maledight, [plight,
He fled away fra oþer men
Vntil a sted þat hight eden.
Til him was spused calmana,
Als giuen to seth was delbora;
Son a sun wit hir gait he
þat enos hight, and a cité
O þat ilk nam he mad;
I find na term of his liuelaid,
þar he wond ai wit his brode,
þe first cite for-wit þe flode.
Of enos gaidat, of quam mamael,
And of him com matussael;
Lameth his sun has suns thrin,
Iobal, cubal, cubaltim;
þis lameth was cald lameth þe blind,
Caym he slogh wit chaunge, we find;
In þe flod he was for-don. [col. 2]
Iobal, þat was his eldist sun
Was first loger, and fee delt wit;
Cubaltain þe formast smyth,
Cubal þer broþer first vnderfang
Musik, þat es þe sune o sang;
Organis harp and oþer gleu,
He drou þan oute o musik neu.

COTTON

¶ lameth̄ his sone his elde to neuen
vij. hundre ȝere *and* seyuenti *and* vij.
of þis lameth̄ come his sone noe
In his time flode bi-gan to be.
þe formast werlde adam bi-gan.
þar-for lameth̄ þe last man.
hit lastet wele a þousande ȝere
vj. hundre twa *and* sexti sere
bot or þe toþer werlde by-gyn.
speke we sumquat of caym kyn.
Quen caym had done þat sari cas
of goddis mouþ cursed he was.
he fled a-way fra oþer men.
vn-tille a stede þat hat eden.
til him was spouset calmana.
als gyuen to seþ was delbora.
sone a sone wiþ hir gatte he.
þat enos heȝt *and* a cite
of þat ilk man he made.
I finde na terme of his liuelade.
þer he woned wiþ his brode.
þe first cite be-for þe flode.
¶ enos gatte a sone Mainael
of him bicome matussael.
Lameth̄ his sone. had sones þrin
Iobal. cubal. cubaltain.
þis lameth̄ was calde lameþ blinde
Cayme he sloghe wiþ chance we finde
In flode he was for-done.
Iobal was his eldest sone.
stoer of fee he dalt wiþ.
Cubaltain was þe formast smyth̄.
cubal first con vnder-fange.
Musike þat ys þe soñ of sange.
organs harp *and* oþer glew.
he droghe ham out of musyk new.

FAIRFAX

Lamet his sun, his elde to neuen, 1487
Seuen hundrid ȝere *and* seuinti *and*
Of lameth com his sone noe, [seuen.
In quas time þe flod gan be;
þe formast world adam bigan,
þer-of lamet þe last man. 1492
It lâstid wele a thousand ȝere,
Sex hundrid til and sexti sere.
Bot ar þat oþer world biginne, 1495
Speke we sumq*uat* of caym kinne.

Quen caym had don þat cursed dede
þat he was warid, als we rede,
He fledd a-way fra oþer men,
Into a stede þat hight eden. 1500
Till him was spoused calmana,
As was to seth giuen delbora.
Sone a sun of hir gat he,
þat enos hight, as a cite 1504
Of þat ilke name he made;
I find na terme of his lijflade.
þar he woned wid his brod,
þe first cite bifor þe flod. 1508
Of enos gaidat of him malaliel,
And of him cam matussalel.
Lameth his sun had sunes thrine,
Iobal, cabal, tubaltainne. 1512
þis lameȝ was cald lam[e]ȝ þe blind,
Caym he slow wid chance, we find.
In þe flode he was fordon. [If 11, bk, col. 1]
Iobal, þat was his eldest son, 1516
was first hogger, and fe delt wid,
Tubaltaine þe formast smith,
Tobal þair broþer first vnderfang
Musyk, þat es þe sonne of sang. 1520
Organis, harpe, and oþer gleu,
He drou þaim vt of music neu.

GÖTTINGEN

Lameth his son his elde to neuen
Seuen hundride ȝeer seuenty & seuen
Of lameth coom his son Noe
In whos tyme þe flood gan be
þe formast world Adam bigon
þerof lameth þe laste mon
Hit lasted wel a þousande ȝere
Six hundride to & sixty sere
But ar þe oþere world bigynne
Speke we more of Caymes kynne [dede

When Caym had done þat cursed
þat he was waryed alle we rede
He fledde awey fro oþere men
In to a stude þat hett Eden
To him was spoused Calmana
As was to Seth delbora
Soone a son of hir gat he
þat Enos hett as a cite
Of þat ilke name he toke
We fynde no terme of him in boke
þere woned caym wiþ his brode
þe firste cite bifore þe flode
Of enos coom malaliel
And of him coom matussalel
lameth þre sones had wiþ mayne
Iobal cabal tubalcaine
þis lameth hett lameth blynde
Caym he slowȝe bi chaunce we fynde
In þe flode was he fordone
Iobal þenne was his eldest sone
He was furste herde & fee dalt wiþ
Tubalcaine þe formast smyþ
Tobal her broþer furst vndir fong
Musike þat is þe soñ of song
Organes harpe & oþere glew
He drowȝe hem out of musik new

TRINITY

A sister had þis breþer alsua
And sco was heiten noema;
Scho was þe formest webster
þat man findes o þat mister.
þare fader was þe first o liue [1 So in MS.]
þat bigam[1] was wit dubul vijfe.
þaa þat þa wonders werkes wroght
It ran wel þat tym in thoght,
þat þis werld suld cum til end,
Or drund wit watur, or wit fir brend;
Tua pilers þai mad, o tile þe tan,
þe toþer it was o merbul stan;
þair craftes al þat þai moght min
þai put þam in þeir pilers tuin;
þe stan, egain watur for to last,
Again þe fire, þe tile, þat it ne brast;
þai wist þat wa-sum efter com
Suld wissud be wit þaire wisdom.
For-þi lete god þam lijf sua lang
þat þai moght seke and vnderfang
þe kynd o thinges þat þan were dern,
Curs o sun, and mone, and stern,
þe quilk curs moght nan fulli lere
þat moght noght liue an hundret yere.
Quen sa fele yeier ar wroken oute
þe mikel spere es rune aboute;
In sua lang time, es noght to lain,
þe planetes all ar went again
O þair first making in to þe state,
Als wiss clerkes mani wate.

[1] De corrupcione terre per peccatum [1 leaf 10, back, col. 1]

¶ Quen Iareth, þat ȝe herd me neuen,
had eild of hundret wynturs seuen,

COTTON

¶ a sister had hir brother al-squa.
men hir calde noema.
ho was þe forme webster.
þat euer was of þat mister.
þaire fader was þe first of liue
þat bigan haue double wyue.
þat at þer wonder werkis wroȝt
hit ran ham wele þat time in þoȝt
at þis werlde sulde come til ende
to droun or wiþ fire be brende.
twa pilers þai made of tile þat an.
þe toþer was of marbilstane.
þaire craftis al at þi cowde Myn
þai puttam in þe pilers twyn.
þe stane agayne water for-to last
agayne fire þe tile at hit ne brast
¶ þai wist wele wiþ þaire wisdome
for-tille here-ofter come.
for-þi lete god ham liue sa lange.
at þai miȝt seke *and* vnderfange.
þe kinde of þinges þat þen was derne
þe cours of sunne of mone *and* sterne
þe quilk cours muȝt nane lere
þat miȝt noȝt liue an hundre ȝere
quen sa fel þer ar wrokyn al out. [f 12]
þe mykil sper ys runne a-boute
In squa lange ys noȝt to layne.
þe planettes ar went a-gayne.
of þaire first makynge in-to þe state
as þer wise clerkis wate.

Of þe corrupcioun of þe lande ofter synne.

Quen Iraeth at here I. neyuen.
had elde of hundre winter *and* vij.

FAIRFAX

A sister had þa brether alsua,
And scho was cald noema,
Scho was þe formast webister
þat man findes of þat mister.
Hir fader was þe first o liue,
þat euer bigan wid dobil wiue.
þai þat þir wonþer werkes wroght,
It ran þaim wele þat time in thoght,
þat þis world suld cum to ende
wid water drenkild or wid fir brend.
Tua pilers þai made, of tyle þat an,
þe toþer it was of marbil stan,
þir craftes all þat þai miht mine,
þai put þaim in þa pilers tuine;
þe stan, againes þe water to last,
þe tyle gaines fir, þat it ne brest,
þai wist þat qua so efter cam,
Suld be wised wid þar wisdam.
For-þi lete godd him liue so lang,
þat þai micht seke and vnþer fang
þe kind of thinges þat wer dern,
Cours of sune and mone and sterne,
þe quilk cours miht nan fulli lere,
þat miht [noght] liue an hundrid 3ere.
Quen so mani 3ere es passed vte,
þe mekil spire es rune aboute,
Into lang time, es noght to lain,
þe planetis er all went again
Of þair first making, into þe state;
Als þir wise clerkis nu wate.

A sister hadde þo breþeren tweyn
Neoma was calde certeyn
She was þe formast web in kynde
þat men of þat crafte dud fynde
Hir fadir was þe firste on lyue
þat bigon to double wyue
þei þat þese wondir werkes wrou3t
Hit ran hem wel þat tymein þou3t
þat þis worlde shulde com to ende
Wiþ watir dreynt or fuyr brende
Two pilereres þei made of til þat oon
þat oþer was of marbul stoon
þese craftis alle þat þei dud so [f. 10, bk]
þei put hem in þese pileres two
þe stoon a3eyn þe watir to last
þe tile a3eyn þe fire not brast
þei wolde þat who so aftir coom
Shulde be wissed bi her wisdom
þerfore let god him lyue so longe
þat þei my3te seke & vndirstonde
þe kynde of þinges þat were derne
Cours of sonne mone & sterne
Whiche cours may noon al lere
þou3e he lyued an hundride 3ere
Whenne so mony 3eer is passed oute
þe mychel spire is ronnen aboute
In so longe tyme is not to leyne
þe planetes are went alle a3eyne
Of her firste makyng in to þe state
þat clerkes now wel woot þate

How manes sinne þat i of mene, [col. 2]
Corrupt all þis world bidene.

Quen iareth þat 3e herd me neuen,
Had eld of hundid winter seuen,

How mannes synne þat I of mene
Corrupte al þis World bi dene

Whenn Iareth þat 3e herde me neuen
had elde of hundred wyntur & [seuen

Mikel malice was first in man
Bot neuer forwit sua mikel as þan;
In adam time was wrang i-nogh,
Bot þis tim wex wel mare wogh,
Namlik amang kaym kyn
þat lited þam noght bot in sin. [1 If 10, bk, col. 1]
[1]Al thoght þam wel þat was þair wil,
And þat was heldand al til il,
On al thinges was mare þair thoght,
þan was on drightin þat al wroght;
Sua blind þai war in þair insight,
þat reckining cuth þai nan o right;
Al þair luf þai gaue to lust,
þai did þair sauls all to rust;
O sothfastnes, als sais te sau,
þai left þe lede of þar lau,
þat es o settnes and o kind,
Wit-vtun mensk þai ar vn-mind;
Al wex wik, bath an and oþer,
þe toþers wijf lai be þe broþer;
þair cursnes was noght vnkid,
þe lau o kind þai sua for-did.
Wimmen þai forced a-mang þaim,
Was nan þam moght bring to reclaim;
þe scham, þe sin þat þan was vte
At tel war lang to sett aboute.
þe find wend witurli wit þis
þat al man kind quitli war his;
Of al and al for-soth he wend
Man kind war til his wil be kend,
Sua forþerli þat god ne might
Bring man in-to state o right,
In-to þe stat þat he had tint;
Bot god had oþer-gates mint.
Of his handwark al for to don,
Wald he noght it war sua fordon,

COTTON

Mikil malice was first in man.
but neuer be-fore so myche as þan.
In Adams time was wrange I-noghe
[an]d now at first wakkenes woghe.
[na]mely a-mong caymys kyn.
þ[at] delitet ham al to syn.
al þuȝt ham wele at was þair wil
and al at turned ham tille ille.
on al þing was mare þaire þoȝt
þen on him þat ham wroȝt.
¶ sa blynde ware þai in þaire siȝt.
þat þai cowde nauþer resoun ne riȝt
al þaire loue þai gafe to lust.
þat made þaire saule for to rust.
soþfastenes kowde þai noȝt knaw.
þai left þe lede of goddes law.
þai wex fals *and* fikel of kinde.
wiþ-out mensk out of Mynde.
al wex fikil an *and* oþer.
þe toþer wife lay bi þe broþer.
¶ þaire cursetnes was noȝt vn-kid.
þe laghe of kyn þai so for-dide.
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Fairfax & Laud MSS.]
þe shame þe sy[n] þat was with-out
to telle ware la[nge] to syte a-bout.
þe fende wende weterli wiþ þis
þat al mankynde ware hali his
of an *and* al for-soþ he wende.
þat alle sulde til his wil bende
for-þi he wende þat god of miȝt
walde deny ham heyuen briȝt.
In-to þat heyuen þat he had tint.
bot god had oþer gates Mynt.
¶ for-þi als ȝe sal here sone
god walde noȝt alle were for-done

FAIRFAX

Mekil malice was first in man,
Bot neuer bifor als was þan;
In adam time was wa enow,
Bot þan wex wele more ye wohw,
Namli amang caym kin,
þat lited þaim noght bot in sin.
All thoght þaim wele it was þair will,
And þat was heldand al to ill;
On all thing was mare þair thout,
þan on iesu þat all has wrohut;
So blind þai wex in þair sith,
þat rekenig koud þai nan of riht,
Ai þair luue þai gaf to lust,
þat ꝧchent þair saulis al to dust,
Of sothfastnes, as sais þe saue,
þai left þe lede of oþer laue,
þat es of setnes and of kind,
Widuten mensk þai were vnmind.
All wex wick, bath an and oþer,
þe broþer wijf lay bi þe toþer;
þair cursednes was noght vnkid,
þe laue of kind þai so fordid.
wimmen þat forced amanges þaim,
might nan þaim bring to reclaim;
þe schame, þe sin, þat þar was vte
To tell war lang to sitt aboute.
þe fend wend witterli wid þis,
þat all man kind suld be his,
Al mankind forsoth he wend,
To his will all suld be kend;
Sua forþerli þat godd ne mith,
Bring man into state of rith,
Into þe state þat he had tint;—
Bot god al oþer wise had mint.
Of his handwerk sua sone,
wold he noght þai war fordone;

GÖTTINGEN

Muchel mãlis was first in mon
But neuer bifore as was þon
In Adames tyme was woo ynouȝe
But þenne was þere more wouȝe
Namely among Kaymes kynne
þat delited hem but in synne
hem þouȝte al wel þat was her wille
þat þei drowȝe euer hem tille
On alle þinge was more her þouȝt
þen on god þat hem wrouȝt
So blynde þei wex in her siȝt
þat coude þei do no manere riȝt
Euer þei ȝaf her lif to lust
þat shent her soulis al to dust
Wymmen as we hit fynde
Went to gider aȝeynes kynde
And men also þe same wise
As þe deuel wolde deuyse
Of soþfastenes as seiþ þe sawe
þei left euer þe gode lawe
þe lawe of soþenes ny of kynde
Wolde þei no tyme fynde
Al wexe wicke & in strif
þe broþer toke þe oþeres wif
Her cursednes was not vnkid
þe lawe of kynde þei so fordid
þe shame & synne þat þere was oute
To telle were sumdel doute
þe fende wende fully wiþ þis
þat al mankynde shulde han ben his
So ferforþ þat god not myȝt
Brynge mon into state of riȝt
Into þe astate þat he had tynt
But god al oþere wyse mynt
His owne hondiwerke so soone
Wolde he not hit were fordone

TRINITY

[leaf 12, col. 1]

For-þi in forme of iugement
He thoght a neu wengaunce to sent,
Hijs faas to bring al o lijf,
And waass þat wrang, þat was sa rijf,
Wit his grace to giue [t]ham grith
þat he suld restore man-kind with.
Quen he beheld þat foly strang
Drightun þat biden had sa lang,
þof he was wrath it was na wrang,
þis word out of his hert sprang
And was þe word þat he said þan :—
"Me reus þat euer made i man."
Bot ilk man þat þis word heris,
Wat noght al þat þar to feris ;
þis word was als a propheci,
þat for-said was bi his merci,
Of þe reut he siþen kydd, [col. 2]
Quen he to pin him-selfen did
For his choslinges on rod-tre ;
Quat was his reut þan all mai see
Bi þis word þat þan was said ;
His merci had he ferr purweid
to þaim þat wat on his parti,
for to bring þam mightili
Als his auen kyngrik til,
His wiþerwins al forto spil,
Ogains wam he was sa wrath ;
And be his right hand he suar his ath
þat þai suld all thole schammes deid,
At sauue þe gode to giue his red
þat all þe feluns war for-lorn,
þe gode allan suld be for-born,
Als it in noe flod be-fell,
Quare of i sal yow siþen tell.
Bot first a tre, ar .i. bigin,
I sal sette hire of adam kin.

COTTON

for-þi wiþ sorow *and* harde wrake
he þo3t new veniaunce to take.
his faes to bring al of life
and to ruthe wrange *and* strife.
wiþ his grace to gif ham griþ.
þat he sulde store mankinde wiþ
[1 Whan he byheld the foly strong
God that bedyn had so long] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
if he was wraþ hit was na wrange.
a worde out of his hert sprange.
þis ys þe worde þat he sayde þan.
Me rewes þat euer I made man.
bot ilk mon at þis worde heris.
Wate no3t al at þar to feris.
¶ þis worde was as a prophesy
þat forsaide was bi his mercy.
of þe reuth þat he sithen kid.
quen he to pyne him-seluen did.
quen he hanged on rode tree.
quat was his rewthe al may se.
by þis worde at þan was saide.
his mercy was be-fore purueyde.
to ham þat ware on his party.
for-to bring ham mi3ttely.
vn-til his awen kyng-rike tille
his oþer famen for to spille.
agaynes quam he was ful wraþ.
and bi his ri3t hande squere his aþ.
þat þai sulde al þole shamys dede
þat so has wro3t agayne his rede.
þat alle felounes ware for-lorne.
þe gode allane sulde be for-borne.
als hit in noe flode bi-fel.
quar-of now I. wille 3ou telle.
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Fairfax & Laud MSS.]

FAIRFAX

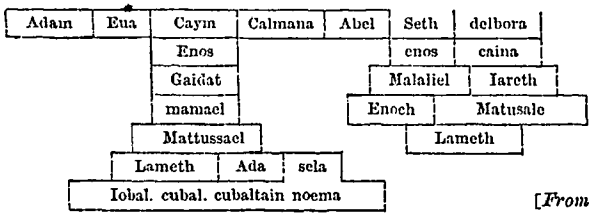
Forþi in form of iugement,
A neu vengans on þaim he sent,
His fas to bring all of liue,
And clens þe wrong þat was so riue,
wid his grace to gif him grith,
þat he suld restore mankind with.
Quen he biheld þe foli sua strang,
Godd, þat bidin had so lang,
þou he war wrath it was na wrang,
þis word vte of his hert sprang,
And was þe word þat he said þan;
"Me rewis þat euer i made man."
Bot ilk a man þat þis word heris,
wat noght all quat it to peris,
þis word was as á prophessye,
þat for said was bi his merci,
Of þe reuthe him siþen kidd,
Quen he to pine him seluen didd
For his schoslinges apon rode tre,
Quat was his reuthe nu all mai se.
Bi þis word þat þen was said,
His merci was bifore puruaid,
Till þaim þat war on his parti,
Forto bring þaim mithili,
Als his aune his kingdam tille,
His enmijs all forto spill,
Againes þam he was sua wrath;
And bi his right hand suuar on ath,
þat þai suld thole all schamis dede,
Saue þe gode to giue his rede,
þat all his foluns war for-lorn;
þe gode also suld be forborn,
Als it in noe flode bifell,
Quer of i sal ȝou siþen tell.
Bot firist a tre, ar i bigine,
I sal here sett of noe kinne

GÖTTINGEN

þerfore in forme of iuggement
A newe vengeaunce on hem he sent
His foes to brynge alle of lyue
And clense þe world of synne ryue
Bi his grace to ȝyue hem griþ
þat he monkynde shulde restore wiþ
Whenne he bihelde þe foly stronge
God þat beden hadde so longe
þey he were wrooþ no wondir nas
þis worde he seide anoon in plas
þis was þe word he seide þan
Me reweþ þat I made man
But alle þat þis worde here & sene
Woot what hit is to mene
þis word was a prophecye
þat was seide for his mercye
Of þe reuþe he siþþe kidde
Whenne he him self to pyne didde
For his chosen on rode tre
What was his reuþe may we se
By þis word þat þere was seide
His mercy was bifore purueide
To þo þat weren on his party [leaf 11]
For to bringe hem myȝtily
As his owne his kyndam tille
His enemyes alle for to spille
Aȝeynes hem was so wrooþ
And bi his riȝt hond swor an ooþ
þat þei shulde alle haue shemful dede
Saue þe gode wolde he rede
þei alle þe foles were forlorn
þe gode shulde be forborn
As hit at Noe flood bifelle
Wher of I shal siþþen telle
But furst a tre of Noe kynne
I shal here sette ar I bigynne

TRINITY

43045



[*From the Cotton MS.*]

[1] Hic incipit secunda etas seculi de diluuio & archa noe [1 If 10, bk, col. 2]

HEr bigins at noe þe lele
þe toþer werld right for to del;
fiue hundret yeir had þan noe
Quen he had geten his suns thre; 1628
þe first was sem, cham was the toþeir,
And Iaphet hight þat yonges[t] broþer.
Drightin of heuen spak til him þan,
And þus his resun he began:— 1632
"Noe," he said, "i tel to þe
Al þis werld bi-taris me;
þai haf left me and mi lau,
O me standes þaim nan au; 1636
Al his for-geten nou al þat franches
þat i gaue man in paradis;
þe erth wit sin and scham es schent
Al rightwisnes awai es went; 1640
Al lathsumnes o wikkudhede [If 11, col. 1]
has filed þe werld on lenth and brede;
O þair malice mai naman speke 1643
Til heuen þer-of it rises þe smeke;
Couetys, hordan, envie, and pride
Has spred þis werld on lenth and wide;
Al ar þai worth-þi for to wite,
vnnes es ani funden quite; 1648
Bot I sal do þam lij ful lau
þat letes sua lightly on min au.
Wrak to tak i am al boun
I sal þam alle in watur droun, 1652

COTTON

þe ij. elde of noe flode.

Here be-gynnys in noe þe lele
þe toþer werlde for til dele
fyue hundre 3ere liued noe.
quen he had gyten his sones þre
þe first was. Sem. cam. þe toþer
Iaphet he3t þe 3ongest broþer.
our lorde of heyuen spac til him þan.
and þus his resoun he be-gan.
noe he sayde I. tel to þe.
þat al þis werlde be-trayes me.
þai haue be-laft me . and my laghe
for of me ham standis nane aghe
al ys for-getyn þat fraunchise
þat I. gaf. man in paradise.
þe erþ wit syn and shame ys shent
al ri3twy[s]nes a-way ys went.
of lathsumnes and wikkid-hede
þis werlde ys ful of lenght and brede
of þaire malice may na mon speke [If 12, bk]
til heyuen þar-of rises þe reke.
wiþ couetise horedome and wiþ pride
þis werlde ys spred on iche syde.
al ar þai worþ for to wyte.
vnneþ ys any fundyn quyte.
bot I. sal make ham lye ful laghe
þat letes sa li3tly of my laghe.
wrake to take I. am alle boun.
I. salle ham alle in water droun.

FAIRFAX

[*No gap in the MSS.*]

Here bigines at noe þe lede þe toþer world for to sede. [col. 2]

Fijf hundrid 3ere þan had noe,
Quen he had geten his sunes thre,
þe first was sem, cam þe toþer,
And iaphet hight þe thrid broþer;
God spac vnto noe þan,
And þus his resun he bigan,
"Noe," he said, "i tell till þe,
All þis world bitrais me,
þai haue left me and mi lau,
Of me standis þaim non au,
All is forgetin þat franchis,
þat i gaf man in paradis;
þe erd wid sin and schame es schent,
All rightwis away es went;
All lustsum, all wickedhede,
Has fild þis world on lenth and brede.
Of þair malice may na man speke,
Til heuen þer-of it rises þe smeke,
Couaytise, lechuri, and pride,
Has spred þis world lang and side;
All er þai worthi for to wite,
Of pine es non funden quite;
Bot i sal ger þaim ley ful lau,
'þat lates sua lightli of mi au.[1]
wreke to take i am al bun, [1 originally *tau*]
I sal þaim drenkil in watir sone,

GÖTTINGEN

Here bigynneþ of Noe lede þe secounde world for to sede

Fyue hundride 3eer had noe
whenne he had geten sones þre
þe first was sem cam þe toþer
And Iapheth het þe þridde broþer
God spak vnto noe þan
þus his resoun he bi gan
Noe he seide I telle þe
Al þis world bitrayeþ me
þei han lafte me & my lawe
Of me stonden þei noon awe
Al is for3eten þat fraunchise
þat I 3af mon in paradise
þe erþe wiþ synne is foul shent
Al ri3twisnes awey is went
Foule lustes & wicked-hede
Han filed þis world in lengþe & brede
No mon her synne may say no seke
þerof to heuen recheþ þe smeke
Couetise lecchery and pride
Haþ spred þis world on euery syde
Alle are þei worþi to wite
Of woo is noon founden quyte
But I shal hem laye ful lawe
þat sett so litil of myn awe
Wreche to take hit is to done
I shal hem drenche in watir soone

TRINITY

Alle þaa bot þi wijf and þe,
þi suns and þair wijfs thre;
For þi leute ȝee sal be aght,
Allan i haue graunted mi sagh[t]
Wit þine oxspring, for i haue mint
Restore þe werld þat sal be tint;
Fra þe mast dun to þe lest
Sal neþer liue ne fouul ne best.
Bot ar i wil mi wengeaunce tak
I wil þat þou a wessel mak."
"Sir, tel me quar-of þat it sal be."
"It sal be wroght o suare tre,
A schippe be-houes þe to dight,
þi self sal be þe maister wright;
I sal þe tell hou lang, hou brade,
O quat mesur it sal be made.
Quen þi timber es festend wele
þou wind þe sides ilk dele;
First bind it wele wit balk and band,
And wind it siþen well wit wand;
Wit pike þou lok it be noght thyn,
Plaster it wit-oute and wit-In;
Seuen score ellen lang and ten,
Thrys aght on wyde, on heght fiueten,
Fiueten on heght, þat es þentent,
Fra grund vnto þe tabulment;
It sal be made wit stages sere,
Ilkon to serue o þair mistere;
þu sal bi-neþen on þe side
Mak a dor wit mesur wide,
A windou sperand wel on hei;
þou lok þi werk be noght vnslei,
A hous als in to drink and ete
And wardropp þat þou noght for-get.
Of ilkin best þou sal tak tuin [col. 2]
Makes wit þe to liue þar in;

COTTON

al þa bot þi wife *and* þe.
þi sones *and* þaire wyuys þre.
for þi riȝtwisnes *and* þi lewte
sal nane be safe ellis bot ȝe.
wiþ þine ospring ȝet haue I. Mynt
restore þe folk þat sal be tynt.
fra þe maste doun to þe leste
sal nauþer haue life fowel ne best.
bot or I. wil my veniaunce take.
I wil at þou a vessel make.
¶ Sir tel me quar-of hit sal be.
hit sal be wroȝt of square tree.
a ship bi-houys þe to diȝt
þi-self sal be þe maister wriȝt.
I sal þe tel how lange how brade
of quat mesure hit sal be made
quen þe timber ys festenet wele
þou winde þe sides ilk a dele.
first binde hit wele wiþ balk *and* bandes
and winde hit siþen wele *with* wandis.
wiþ pikke þou loke hit be noȝt þinne
plaster hit wiþ-out *and* wiþ-in.
vij. skore elne lange *and* tene.
þries aȝt on wide: of heȝt fiftene.
xv. on heȝt ys myne entent.
fra grounde vn-to þe tabelment.
hit salle be made. wiþ stagis sere
ilkane to serue of þaire mistere.
þou sal be-neth on þat a side
make a dore wiþ mesure wide.
a wyndow sperande wele on heyghe
loke þi werk-monshepe be sleyghe.
a hous in for to drink *and* ete
a wardedrope loke þou noȝt for-gete
of ilk bestes þou sal take twyn.
makis for to liue þer-in.

FAIRFAX

þaim all bot þi wijf and þe,
þi sunes and þaire wiues thre;
3e eyth, for 3our treu leute,
Alone i haue granted mi gre,
wid þin ospring as i haue mint
Restore þe folk þat sal be tint;
Fra þe mast doune to þe lest,
Sal neyder haue lijf, foul ne best.
Bot ar þat i mi vengeance take,
I wil þat þu a vessel nou make."
"Sir, tell me quarof it sal be." [If 12, bk, col. 1]
"It sal be mad of quarid tre,
A schip bihouis þe to dight,
þi self sal he þe maister wriht,
I sal þe tell hu lang and brad,
And of quat mesure it sal be mad.
Quen þe timber is festind wele,
þu wind þe sidis ilk a dele,
Bind it first wid balke and band,
And wind it siþen wele wid wand;
wid pic loke it be nohut thine,
Plastir it wele widuten and ine.
Seuen skor elne long and tene,
Thrijs eheit on wide, on lenth fiftene,
Fiftene on it heit þat es þe entent,
Fra grund vnto þe tabil-ment.
It sal be made wid stagis sere,
Ilkan to ser of þair mistere.
þu sal be nein o þat o side,
make a dur wid mesur wid;
A windou sperand wele on hey;
Loke þi werk be noght vnsli,
And hus þer in to drinc and ete,
wardrop loke þu noght forgete.
Of alkines bestis ta þu tuin,
wid þair makis to duell þar-in,

GÖTTINGEN

Alle hem but þi wiff and þe
þi sones & her wyues þre
3e ei3te for 3oure leute
Allone I haue graunted gre
Wiþ þin ospringe I haue mynt
Restore þe folke þat shal be tynt
Fro þe moost to þe leest
Shal nouþer haue lyf foule ne beest
But ar þat I my vengeaunce take
I wol þat þou a vessel make
Sir telle me wher of hit shal be
Hit shal be made of square tre
A shippe most þou nedes di3t
þi self shal be þe maistir wri3t
I shal þe telle how brood & long
Of what mesure & how strong
Whenne þe tymber is festened wel
Wynde þe sides euervche a del
Bynde hit furste wiþ balke & bonde
And wynde hit siþþen with good wonde
Wiþ picke loke hit be not þynne
Plastre hit wel wiþoute & ynne
Seuen score ellen longe & tene
þries ei3te on wide on hei3te fiftene
Fiftene on hei3te is þe entent
Fro grounde to þe tabelment
Hit shal be made wiþ stages sere
Vchone for dyuerse manere
þou shalt byneþen on þat o syde
Make a dore wiþ mesure wyde
A sperynge wyndowe als on he3e
Loke þi werke be not vnsle3e
An hous þerynne to drynke & ete
Wardrope þat þou not for 3ete
Of alle manere beestis take þe tweyn
To wone þer wiþ her makes certeyn

TRINITY

Of ilk liuand best es wroght
Fouxul ne worme forget þou noght;
In þe ouermast stage þi self sal be,
þe fouxules alþernest be þe;
Siþen efter alþernest hand
þe meke beistes sal haue þair stand,
þat es þai *þat* er tame and mild,
And vnder þam sal stand þe wild;
And þou sal alsua mak a boure
For to hald in þi wermestore;
In þe boþem sal be na stall,
For al þeir filth sal þedir fall.
It sal be mikel wit-outen pere,
In making sexsith tuenti yere;
Sua lang terme i haue hem lent,
þat wil come til a-mendement,
And if *þat* ani wil tent to þe
þat þai þar-in may saued be.
Quen þou þi timber wel has laid
And it be to þi will al graid,
þou and þi wijf sal first gang in,
þi suns wit þair wijfes thrin;
3ee sal alsua tak 3ow with
Beist and fouxul þat sal haue grith,
þe meke be þam ai tua and tua,
þe wild do be þam-self al-sua;
Of ilk kind tak tua with-in
For to hald vp þeir auen kin;
Lok þou sua do for na sui*n*k
þou haue defaut of mete and drink.
Do nou wel, now leue i þe,
Bot i sal eft cu*m* þe to see;
If i see *þat* þou wirkes right,
I sal þe hald *þat* i þe hight."
¶ Now wat sir noe quat wark to do,
And hent timb*er* *þat* fel þar-to;

COTTON

of iche best þat now ys wro3t.
Fowel ne worme for-gete þou no3t.
In þe ouermast stage þi-self sal be
þe fowels alder-next þe.
si þen ofte*r* next hande
þe meke bestes þai sal stande
be-cause at þai ar meke *and* milde
and vnder ham sal stande þe wilde
and þou sal alsqua make a boure
to halde in þi warnestoure.
in þe bouen make a[1] stalle. [1 MS. na]
for al þaire filthe sal in hit fal.
¶ hit sal be mykil *with*-outen pere
In makyng sex-sythe .xx. 3ere.
squa lange *terme* I. haue ham lent
þat wille come til amendement.
[2 And if eny wolle tend to the [2 from Laud MS. 416]
That they there-ynne may sauyd be]
quen þou has þi timbre layde
and hit be rede graide.
þou *and* þi wife sal first ga in.
þi sones als þair wyues thrin.
3e sal als-squa take 3ou withe
beste *and* fowel þat sal haue grithe.
þe meke to-geder ay twa *and* twa.
þe wilde do bi ham-self al-squa.
of ilk kinde take twa with-in.
for-to holde vp þaire awen kyn.
loke þou so do for na squynk.
þou haue defaute of mete ne dri*n*k.
do now wele now leue I. þe
I. sal come eft for-to se.
if I. se þou wirkis ri3t
I. sal þe halde at I. þe hi3t.

Now wate sir noe quat was to do.
and hew þe timbre *þat* sulde *þer*to.

FAIRFAX

Of ilk liuand best þat es wrohut;
Foul ne worm forget þu noght.
In þe ouermast stag þan sal þu be,
þe foulis alder neist þe vnder be;
Siþen efter alþer neist hand,
þe meke bestis suld þai stand,
þa þat er bath tame and milde,
And vnder þaim suld stand þe wild.
And þu sal alsua make a boure,
To hold vnto þi warnistoure,
þan in þe bothum sal be na stall,
For all þair filth þeder sal fall.
It sal be mekil widuten pere, [col. 2]
In making ſex sith tuenti 3ere,
Sua lang time i haue þaim lent,
þat wil cum vnto amendement,
And if ani wil tent vnto þe,
þat þai þar-in may saued be.
Quen þu þi timbir wel has laid,
And it es to þi will al graid,
þu and þi wijf sal firist ga in,
þi sunes wid þair wijfes thrin;
3e sal alsua take 3ou wid,
Best and foul þat sal haue grith,
þe meke bi þaim ai tua and tua,
þe wild do bi þaim seluen alsua,
Of ilka kind ta tua wid-in,
Forto hald vp þair aun kin.
Loke þu do sua for na suink
þu haue deffaute of mete or drinc.
Do nu wele, nu leue i þe,
Bot i sal eft com þe to se.
If þat i se þu wirkis right, [1 or *heud*]
I sal þe hold þat i þe nu hight."

Nou wat noe quat dede to do,
And hend[1] þe tymber þat fel þar [to,

GÖTTINGEN

Of vche beest þat is wrou3t
Foule ny worm for3ete 3e nou3t
In þe ouemast stage shal þou be [MS. H, bk]
Foules nexte vndir þe
Siþen alþer next honde
Meke beestis þei shul vndirstonde
þo þat are tame & mylde
And vndir hem penne þe wilde
Also þat þou make aboure
To kepe wiþinne þi wardestoure
In þe boþum shal be no stalle
For al her filþe shal þerin falle
Hit shal be muche wiþouten pere
In makyng six siþe twenty 3ere
So longe tyme I haue hem lent
þat wol com to amendement
And if any wol tente to þe
þat þei þerynne may saued be
Whenne þou hast wel þi tymbur layd
And hit is to þi wille payd
þou & þi wif shul first in te
þi sones & her wyues þre
Also þat 3e take 3ou wiþ
Foule & beest þat shal haue griþ
þe meke to gider two & two
þe wilde bi hem self also
Of vchone take þou tweyne In
To holden vp he owne kyn
Be wel war for any swynke
þat þou ne wante mete ne drynke
Do now wel I leue þe
But I com efte þe to se
If I se þou worchest riȝt
I shal holde þat I þe hiȝt

Now woot noe what to do
And hew tymbur þat fel þerto

TRINITY

He gaf þe wrightes þar mesure
And wroght he self in þat labore;
þai wroght bath in wod and place,
He self festnid bath band and lace.
ai to-quils þat he sa wroght
þe folk to preche for-gate he noght,
To warne þam of our lauerds wrake,
And tald þam how þat he with him
[1] he tald resun til mani a man, [spake;
Quar-for he suilk a scippe bigan;
With hething all þai him answard
And said, "qui es þis carl sua ferd?"
Gret selcut, þai said, þam thoght
Qui he was so rad for noght, [1 lf 11, bk, col. 1]
And said þat man war worth be scent
þat tok til ald mans words tent.
Quen noe sagh his trauail tint,
Of his prechcing þan con he stint;
for it es foli giue consail to
þe folk þat wil but foli do;
For-þi he left þat cursed lede
and went vnto his auen dede.
Ne less ne mare mismeid him noght
Bituixand he þat schippe had wroght,
Til it was mad and in-with stadd
Al þat our lauerd him forwith badd.
Quen he had don his commament
He bade noght bot þe Iugement
þat drightin þan suld wirk his wil,
Sum he hade forwith tald him til.
þan come drightin quen he sagh tim
Til noe for to spek with him;
Quen he his wil had with him spoken,
He self þe dore þan has he stoken,
þe windou was wit suilk a gin
Men moght it open þat loked wit-in.

COTTON

he gaf þe wriȝtes þaire mesour
and wroȝt his-self in þat labour.
þai wroȝt baþ in wode *and* place.
his-self feste baþ bande *and* lace.
and euer as he a-pon hit wroȝt.
þe folk to preyche for-gatte he noȝt
to warne ham of our lardes wrake.
and talde ham how he *with* him spake.
he talde resoun to mony a man.
quy he suche a ship be-gan.
¶ wiþ heþing. þai him alle onsquerde.
and sayde quy ys þis carle so ferde.
gret meruayl ham alle þoȝt
quy he was sa ferde for noȝt.
and sayde þat mon ware worþ be shent
þat toke to aldemon wordes entent.
quen noe saghe hys *trau*ayle tynt. [lf 13]
of his preychyng con he stynt.
for hit is foly gif consayle to.
þe folk þat wil bot foly do.
for-þi he left þat cursed lede
and wroȝt forþ his awen dede.
ne lasse ne mare mismaid ham noȝt
bi-twix þat he þat ship had wroȝt.
til hit was made *and* wiþ-in. stadde
al þat our lorde to him bad.
quen he had done his comandement.
he bade noȝt. bot þe iuggement.
our lorde come *and* wroȝt his wille
als he be-fore to noe saide tille
he saghe wele þat hit was time.
to come to noe *and* speke *with* him.
quen he his wille. wiþ him had spokyn.
him-self þe doer he has stokyn.
þe wyndow was wiþ suche a gyn.
men miȝt hit open. *and* loke in.

FAIRFAX

He gaf þe writhes þair mesur,
And wroght himself in þat labur;
þai wroght bath in wod and place,
Himself festid bath band and lace.
Bot euer þe quilis þat he wroght,
þe folk to preche forgat he noght,
To warn þaim of vr lauerdes wreche,
And hu god had him teld in speche;
He teld þat resun to mani a man,
Quarfor he suilk a schip bigan,
wid scorning al þai him ansuerd,
And said, "qui es þis carl a-ferd?"
Gret wonder, þai said þaim thoght,
Qui he was sua dred for noght,
þai said þat man war worthi be schent,
þat toke þe ald manes wórdes tent.
Quen noe sau his trauail al tint, [1 leaf 13, col. 1]
Of þis preching þan he stint,
It es but foli giue consail to
þe folk þat wil but foly do;
For-þi he sone he left þat cursid lede,
And went him to his aun dede.
Less ne mar greued he him nohut,
Bituix and he þe schip had wroght,
Till it was made and in wid stad,
All þat godd bifor him badd.
Quen he had don his comandment,
He bad noght bot þe iugement,
þat godd all mithi suld wirke his will,
As he bifor him had said vntill.
þen cam godd quen he sau time,
Till noe forto speke wid hime,
Quen he his wil wid him had spokin,
Him-self þe dur suith had stokin,
þe windou was wid suilk a gin,
Men mith it opin and spere wid in.

GÖTTINGEN

He 3af wri3tes her mesure
And him self dude his cure
þei wrou3te faste in dyuerse place
Him self fastened boþe bond & lace
But euermore as he wrou3t
Folke to preche for3ate he nou3t
To warne hem of goddes wreche
How god had wiþ him a speche
He hit tolde to many man
Wherfore he þat shippe bigan
Wiþ scorne alle him vnswerde
And seide whi is þis cherle ferde
þei seide greet wondir hem þou3t
Why he was so ferde for nou3t
He were þei seide worþ to be shent
þat of his wordes toke tent
Whenne noe say his trauel tynt
Of his prechynge þenne he stynt
Hit is but foly to 3yue counsel to
To hem þat wol but foly do
þerfore he lefte þat cursede lede
And went & dud his owen dede
More wiþ hem him greued nou3t
Til he had his shippe wrou3t
He was glad when hit was made
Ri3t as god bifore him bade
Whenne he had done þe comaundement
He bode not but þe iuggement
þat god of my3te wolde worche his wille
As he bifore seide him tille
þenne cam god at tyme his
To noe for to speke of þis
Whenne he had wiþ him spoken
Him self þe dore soone had stoken
þe wyndowe was with suche a gyn
Hit my3te open & spere wiþ In

TRINITY

Quen al was tift was þar na bide,
þe stormes ras on ilka side;
Sūn and mone þeir bemes hide,
Merkind oueral þis werld wide;
þe rain it fell sua fers and fast,
þe burnes ouer þe brink it brast,
þe see to ris, þe erth to riue,
þe springes cum ouer-all utedriue;
Fire slaght fell wit thoner and rain,
þe erth quok and dind again;
Sūn and mone had tint þair light,
þat al þis werld es turnd to night,
þat sorou to see was ful gret au,
þir cites fell bath hei and lau;
þe water wex oute ouer þe plains,
þe bestes ran þan to monetains,
Men and wymmen als-sua þer-with,
Well went þai to þar haue grith.
Bot al for noght þai suanc a fote, [col. 2]
Quen þai com þare was þam na bote;
þe fouxuls floked þam on hei,
Fel don, moght þai na langer flei;
For noght þai fled ne best ne ma[n],
Al to late was [þat] þai bi gan.
Think naman selcuth þat þar suam,
Side and side, wolf and ram,
þe leon suam beside þe hert,
Til oþer did na beist vn-quert;
þe sparhauk flough be þe sterling,
þai tent til oþer nakins thing;
þe leuedis listed noght o pride,
þai suam bi þar suains side;
O lauerdschipp was þar na strijf,
Was naman Ielus of his wijf;
Was nan moght oþer ne help ne suike,
All tok a right, bath pouer and Rike;

COTTON

Quen al was wroȝt was þer na bide.
þe stormys rase on iche a-side
þe sunne *and* mone þaire bemys to hide
myrke was al þe werlde wyde.
þe rayne hit fel so fers *and* fast.
þe bournys ouer þe brenkis brast.
þe see to rise þe erþ to riue.
þe water ouer þe erþ to driue.
þe fire flaghe out with þonder *and* raine
þe erþ quoke *and* dynet a-gayne.
baþ sunne *and* mone had tint þair liȝt
þat al þis werlde ys turned to niȝt.
¶ þat sorow to se was ful grete aghe
þer cites fel baþ hey *and* laghe.
þe water wex ouer þe playnys
þe bestes droghe to þe mountaynys
wele wende þai þere to haue griþ.
þe men *and* wommon went ham wiþ.
bot al for noȝt þai ȝode on fote.
quen þai come þare þai fande na bote.
þe fowels flokked to-geder on hey
fel doun miȝt þai lenger. drey.
for noȝt þai fled baþ best *and* man.
for al to late þai be-gan.
hit was na meruail. if þer squam.
side *and* side wolf and ram.
þe lion squam be-side þe hert.
na beste dide oþer vnquert.
þe sparhauke be-side þe ster-lynge.
ayþer tent til oþer na þinge.
þe lauedis list noȝt of pride
þai squam be þair knaue side.
of lord-shape was þar na strife
was na man ielous of his wyfe.
was na man miȝt oþer squyke.
alle toke an riȝt pouer *and* rike.

FAIRFAX

Quen al was don was þar no biþe,
Stormes ras on euer-ilk a side,
Sun and mone leme gan hide,
It mirked ouer all þis world wide,
þe rain it fell sua fell and fast,
welles wer, þe bankes brast;
þe see to risé, þe erd to cleue,
þe springes gan ouer al vte dreue;
Leuening fell wid thoner and rain,
þe erd quok and dinned egain.
Bath sun and mone tint þair liht,
þat all þis world turn to night,
þat soru to se was gret aue,
þe bigginnes fel bath hey and lau.
þe water wex vte ouer þe plaines, [col. 2]
þe bestis ran þen to montaynes,
Men and wimmen ran þaim wid,
Wele þai wend þar haf sum grid,
All for noght þan suank a fote
Quen þai cam þar was þar na bote.
þe foulis flight þan on hei,
And fell quen þai miht na langer drei;
For noght þai fledd, best ne man,
All to late þai all bigan.
Thine on man ferli þat þar suam
Side bi side, bath wolf and man,
þe leon suam biside þe hert,
Did na best til oþer vnquert,
þe sperhauk bi þe starling,
þai tent til oþer nankines thing.
þe ladijs tent noght til pride,
þai suam bi þair knauis side;
Of lauerdschip was þar na strijf,
was na man gelus of his wijf,
Miht nan oþer helpe ne suike
þai drinklid ilkan euer elike.

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne þis was done þer was no bide
Stormes roos on euery syde
Sonne & moone þe liȝt gan hide
Hit merked ouer al þis world wide
þe reyn fel doun so wondir fast
þe welles wex þe bankes brast
þe see to ryse þe erþe to cleft
þe springes alle oute to dref
Leityng fel wiþ þondur & reyn
þe erþe quook & dened aȝeyn
Sonne & moone lost her liȝt [leaf 12]
Al þe world turned to nyȝt
þat sorwe to se was greet awe
þe bildyngis fel boþe heȝe & lawe
þe watir wex ouer þe pleynes
þe beestis ran to mounteynes
Men & wymmen ran hem wiþ
Wel þei hoped to han had griþ
Al for nouȝte þei went a fote
Whenne þei þere cam hit was no bote
þe foules flotered þo on heȝe
And fel whenne þei myȝt not dreȝe
For nouȝt fled beest & man
Al to late þei hit bigan
In þat watir soone þei swan
Side bi syde wolf & man
þe lyoun swam bi-syde þe hert
Dude no beest to opere smert
þe sparhauke bi þe sterlyng
þei tented opere no maner þing
þes ladyes tented not þo to pride
þei swam bi her knaues syde
For lordshipe was þere no strif
Was no man gelous of his wyf
Opere to helpe was noon so sly
Alle þei drenched bi & by

TRINITY

All hade a dom, bath riche and pour,
Was nan fra ded þat moght him couer;
For þar misdedes wepe þai þan,
Alas! lait was þat þai began;
þai greued þan þaa caitiues badd,
þat þan hadd ben wit noe stadd.
Bot þof þat noe was in quert
He was noght al at es in hert;
þe wind him ledd a-pon þe flodd,
He wist noght wyder-ward he 3odd;
Heuen and erth he flet e-mel, [due[l];
Bot he ne wist ware his schipp suld
þai þat ware þar, man and wijf,
þai war ful dredand for þar lijf,
If he ne had þat es al o might
To noe forwith þair liues hight.
Noe wist þan wit-vten wene
þe folk was all fordon beden;
With wipping sare on þaim he ment
And turnd al to godd his tent;
He fined noþeir night ne day
For þat caitiue folk to prai,
For mans kind, sua sais þe bok,
Bot durst he neuer wel vp-lok;
He praid to godd for þam alsua
O þair saulus na vengeance ta;
þof þan was tene in þat quile
O þair licam þat was sa wile,
Sin þai ware ded sua reufulli, [f 12, col. 1]
þe saulus he wald haf of merci;
Sua he hafd, with-outen fail,
If þai had troud noe consail,
Quen þai for-soke his sermoning
And toke his word al til hething,
Bot now þai find it in þair fare
þai wald noght lere on noe lare;

COTTON

[1 Alle were drenchid euerychone
Was noñ from deþe might gone]
for þare misdedes weppet þai þan.
allas ful late þai be-gan. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1 Than desirid tho Caytyfs bad
That they had bene by noie lad]
Bot if þat noe was al in quert.
he ne was noȝt at ese *in* hert.
þe winde him led a-pon þe flode
he wiste noȝt quidder-warde he ȝode
als heyuen *and* erþ þe flode con ȝelle
he wist neyuer quare his ship sulde dwel.
al þat ware wiþ him mon *and* wife
þai ware ful dredand of þaire life
had noȝt god ful of miȝt.
þaire lyuys be-fore til ham hiȝt.
¶ noe wist wele wiþ-out wene
þe folk was alle for-done be-dene.
wiþ wepyng sare of ham he ment
and turned al to god his entent.
he fined neuer niȝt ne day.
for þe caytef folk to pray.
for monnys-kynde so says þe boke
bot durst he neuer wiþ eye vp-loke
he prayed for þaire saules al-squa
þat na veniaunce on ham ga. [2 from Laud MS. 416]
[2 As was takyn in that while
Of theire bodijs that were so vile]
syn þai ware dede sa rewfully.
to sende þaire saules sum mercy.
þai ware ful mad wiþ-out fayl
quen þai trawet noȝt his consayl.
quen þai for-soke his sarmonynge.
and toke his worde al to hethynge.
bot now þai finde in þaire fare
þai walde noȝt liue on noe lare.

FAIRFAX

All he drinklid, riche and pouer,
was nan fra dede þat mith him couer.
For þaire sinnes wepe þai þan,
Allas! fule late þai þaim began,
þai ȝernid þan, þa caitifes madd,
þat þai had ben wid noe stadd.
Bot þou þat noe was inquert,
He was noght al at ese in hert,
þe wind him ledd apon þe flod,
He wist noght queþerward he drou,
Heuen and erd he flet bituene,
Bot he ne wist queþer his schip suld
þat was wid him, bath man and wijf,
þai wer ful dredand of þair lijf,
Bot þat lauerd sua ful of might [leaf 13, bk, col. 1]
To noe bifore þair liues hight,
Noee wist þan, widuten wene,
þe folk war all dede bidene;
wid weping sare on þaim he ment,
And turned all to godd his entent.
He fined neuer night no day,
For þat caytif folk to pray,
For manes kind, so sais þe boke,
Bot durst he neuer wid eie vp loke.
He praid to god for þaim alsua,
Of þair sauls na wengans ta,
Als was tan on þaim þat quile
Opon þair bodijs þat was sa vile,
Siþen þai war parist sua reufuli,
þair saules he wild of haue merci.
Sua wild he þat he had widuten faile,
Had þai troud noe consaile,
Quen þai forsoke his sarmoning
And toke his speche to scorning,
Bot nou þai find it þair fare,
þai wild noght trou on noe lare.

Alle þei drenched euerychone
Was noon fro deþe myȝte gone
For her synnes wepte þei þan
Allas to late þei bigan
þenne desired þo caitifs badde
þat þei had ben by noe ladde
But þouȝe þat Noe was in quert
he was not al in ese of hert
þe wynde him ledde on þat flode
he miste whodirwarde he ȝode
heuen & erþe he flet bitwene
he nuste where his shipp wolde bene
þei were ful ferde of her lyues
þat was wiþ him men & wyues
But þe lord ful of myȝt
To Noe bifore her lyues hiȝt
Noe þo wiste wiþouten wene
þe folke were alle dede bi-dene
Wiþ sore wepynge he hem ment
And turned to god al his tent
he fyned neuer nyȝt nor day
For þo caitifs for to pray
For monkynde as seiþ þe boke
But durste he neuer wiþ eȝe vp loke
He preyed to god for her sake
No vengeaunce on þo soulis to take
As was taken in þat while
On her bodyes þat were so vile
Siþ þei were perisshed sō rewelȳ
On her soulis to haue mercy
So had þei hadde wiþouten faile
Hadde þei done Noes counsaile
Whenne þei forsoke his prechyng
And toke his speche to scornyng
But now þei fynde hit þerfore
þat wolden not leue on noe lore

For quils þat godd þam raght his grace,
Littel roght þam of his manance.
þis rain don fell þat it ne fane;
Bituixand fourti dais war gan
þe heiest fell þat was our-quare
þe flod ouer raght seuen eln and mare;
þat was na creatur in liue
þat moght to grund or reche or riue,
Bot it war fisse þat flett on sund;
Was nankin best moght find þe grund.
On þe streme þat arche can ride,
þe wauus best on ilk side;
þe stormes starked wit þe wind,
Wath vas bifor and sua bihind;
Noe and his loked ai don
And weited ai quen þai suld drun;
Bot be ȝee traist, wit-outen strijf,
Inogh it lethed þam þar lijf.
Til seuensith tuenti dais war gan
þe streme it stud ai still in-an;
Abute fiue monetz was þat it stud,
Wit-outen falling, þat fers fludd;
Oft-sythes wend þai þair schipp suld
With wau, or wind, or dint of knyue;
Bot yeit es god al þar he was,
To help ai wen his wil es.
Quen he his wengaunce þus had wroght,
Our lauerd þan on noe thoght,
And bigan to haue pite
O þe arche and him and his menge.
þat mighti king, ful son and wiss,
Did turn þair baret in-to blis;
Again he did þe waters ga
til þair canels þat þai com fra;
þe erth wex bare quen þai ne wend,
þe schipp on land bigan to lend,

COTTON

In time þai soȝt him of na grace.
and litel gaf of goddis manace.
þis rayne hit fel with-out wane
by-twix and xl. dayes ware gane
þe heyest fel þat was awre-quare
þe flode ouer-raȝt vij. elne and mare
þat was na creature on liue.
þat miȝt to grounde reyche or ryue.
bot hit ware fisshe þat fel on sonde
was nankyn beste miȝt finde gronde.
on þe streme þe arche con ride. [lf 13, bk]
þe stormes starkind wiþ-outen pride
þe waghes waued wiþ þe winde
grete perel was be-fore and hinde.
¶ noe and his þai loked ay doun.
and wende ay þan and þan to droun.
bot wete ȝe wele wiþ-outen strife
Stynt þai neyuer of þis life.
til vij. skores dayes ware comme and
þe stremys stode stille in ane. [gan
a-boute .v. moneþes stil hit stode
wiþ-out fallinge þat fers flode
oft-siþe wende þai þaire ship to rife
wiþ waghe or winde or dynt of clife
bot ȝet ys god al þar he was
and þoȝt on ham in þat cas.
¶ quen he had his veniaunce wroȝt
our lorde þan on noe þoȝt.
and bi-gan to haue pite
of þe arche and him and his meyne.
þat miȝtful kinge ful sone I-wys.
did turne þaire baret in-to blis. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1 Ayen he made the watirs go
Into the placis that they come fro]
agayne he dide þe waters wende
þe ship on lande bigan to lende.

FAIRFAX

For quilis þat godd gaf him *grace*,
þar war noh*ut* fered of his manace.
Þis rain rained eu*er* on-ane,
Tuix and fourti dais war gane,
þe heiest montayn þ*at* was aware
þe flod ou*er* ras seuen elne and mare;
þat was no creature on liue
þat might þ*at* win to grund reche no riue,
Bot it war fisse þ*at* flett on sund,
Might na thing reche þe grund.
On þe strem þe schip gan ride,
þe wawiś bett on eu*er*-ilk a side,
þe stormis starkid wid þe wind,
þe wawis bett bifor and bihind;
Noe and his þai loked ai dun, [col. 2]
To drenkil wend þai had ben bun.
Bot be ȝe straisti, widuten strijf,
Inogh it lettid þaim þair lijf;
Til seuin sith tuenti dais war gan,
þe flod it stod ai still on an.
Aboute fiue monethes þ*at* it stode
widutęn falling, þ*at* fers flod;
Oft wend þai þar schip suld riue
wid wind or wawe, or dint or cliue;
Bot ȝeit es godd þar þ*at* he was
To help ay quen his willis was.
Qu*en* he his vengans þus had wroght,
Our laue*r*d þan on noe thoght,
And bigan to have pite
Of him and þe schip *and* his meyne;
þat mithi king ful sone, i wiss,
Turnd þair baret in to bliss;
Again he did þe watris ga
Into þa placis þ*at* þai com fra,
þe erde wex bare quen þai ne wend,
þe schip on land bigan to lend,

GÖTTINGEN

For whil þ*at* god ȝaf hem grace
þei were not ferde of his manace
¶ þis reyn reyned eu*er* on-one
Til fourty dayes were a-gone
þe heȝest hille þ*at* was owhore
þe flood ou*er* passed seu*en* ellen & more
þ*er*e was no creature on lyue
þe grou*n*de myȝte reche ne ryue
But hit were fisshe þ*at* flet on sonde
Miȝte no þing on grou*n*de stonde
On þ*at* streem þe shippe gan ride
þe wawes beten on euery syde
þe stormes straked wiþ þe wynde
þe wawes to bote bifore & bihynde
Noe & his euer loked dou*n*
To drenche wende þei had be bou*n*
But be we truste wiþouten strif
þei were wery of her lyf
Til seu*en* siþes twenty dayes were gon
þe flood stode stille eu*er* in oon [lf 12, bk]
Aboute fyue moneþes hit stode
Wiþouten falling þ*at* fers flode
Ofte þei wende her shippe wold ha ryue
Wiþ wynde or wawe or dynt of clyue
But ȝit is good kyng of blis
To helpe eu*er* when his wille is
Whe*n* his ve*n*geaun*ce* þ*er* was wrouȝt
Oure lord þen*n*e on noe þouȝt
And bigan to haue plte
Of hi*m* his shippe & his meyne
þ*at* myȝty kyng soone I wis
Turned her bale in to blis
Aȝeyn he made þe wattres go
In to þe places þ*at* þei coom fro
þe erþe wex bare ar þei wende
þe shippe on lond bigon to lende

TRINITY

On armonie þar con it stand,
A hei fell in þe hali land.
þe sunn bigan þan sumquat kyth, [col. 2]
Noe wex þan ful selcut blyth,
And said þan til his suns thre :—.
"Childer," he said, "quat rede ȝee,
How sal we o þis waters weit
Quedir þai be fulli fallen yeit?"
"Thoru a fouxul," þai said, "mai we
Knaw if þe erth oght bared be,
For if he find þe erth oght bare
to þe arche wil he cum namare.
þan opend noe his wyndou,
Lete vte a rauen, and forth he flou,
Flou vp and don, soght here and tare
A sted to sitte a-pon sunquare;
Apon þe watur welsun he fand
A druned beist þar lai flettand,
O þat flesse was he sa fain,
To scipp com he neuer again;
For-þi men sais on messager
þat lengs lang to bring answare,
He mai be cald, with right resun,
An of messagers corbun.
Quen noe sagh and was parseueid
þat þis rauen had him deceueid,
Lete vte a doue þat tok hir flight
And fand na sted quare-on to light;
Sco come a gain, wit-outen blin,
And noe ras and tok hur in;
Siþen abade he seuen dais
Efter þat, þe bibul säis,
þan he sent þe dofe eftsith;
Sco went forth and com ful suith,
Son sco com and duelld noght,
An oliue branche in moth sco broght.

in armany þe ship con stande
a hey fel in þe haly lande.
þe sunne be-gan sumquat to kiþe
noe was þan selcouþe bliþe.
and sayde þan til his sones þre.
childre he sayde quat rede ȝe.
how sal we of þes waters wete.
queþer þai be fully fallyn ȝete.
þorow a fowel þai saide may we
knaw if þe erþ barid be.
for if he finde þe erþe oȝt bare
hidder wil he come na mare.
noe oppynt his wyndow heye
a rauen lete he forþ fleye.
he flaghe vp *and* doun *and* soȝt ay quare
a stede to syte apon sumquare.
a-pon þe water sone he fande.
a drowned best þat lay fletande
of þat flesshe he was so fayne.
to ship come he noȝt agayne.
for-þi men says a messager
þat lenges lange to bringe onsquer.
he may be calde with riȝt resoun.
an of messagers corboun.
¶ quen noe saghe *and* was persayued.
at þe rauen had him be-trayed.
lete oute þe dowue ho toke þe fliȝt
and fande na stede quar-oñ to liȝt.
ho come agayne wiþ-outen blyn.
and noe rase vp *and* toke hir in.
siþen bade he vij. dayes.
for-soþ as þe bible says.
he sende þe dowue forþ eft siþe
forþ ho went *and* come ful squyþe
sone ho come *and* dwellet noȝt.
an oliue branche in mouþ ho broȝt.

COTTON FAIRFAX

On armeni þar gan it stand,—
A hey montayn in þe hali land.
þe sun bigan sumquer to kithe,
Noe wex þan ful blithe,
And said þan to his sones thre,
" Childer," he said, " quat rede ȝe,
Hou sal we of þis water witt,
Queþer þai, be aught fallen ȝeitt?"
þai said, " thoru a foul may we
wit if þe erd aught bared be,
Til þe schip wil þai cum nó mare,
For if he find þe erde aght bare."
þan opin noe his windou,
Lete vte a rauin and forth he flou,
Dun and vp sóght here and þare,
A stede to sett apon sumquár.
Apon þe water sone he fand,
A drinkled best þar fletand,
Of þat fless was he so fain,
To schip cam he neuer egain:
þar-for þat messager, men say,
þat dúellis lang in his iornay,
He may be cald, wid resun clere,
An of the rauyns messagere.
Quen noe sau and was parceiued,
þat þe rauyn him had disceyued,
Lete vte a douue, scho tok her flith,
And fand na place apon to lith,
Scho com again widuten blin,
Noe ras vp and lett hir in.
Siþen bot he seuen dais,
After þat, þe bibil sais,
þan he seïit þe douue eft sith,
Scho went forth and cam ful suith,
Sone scho cam and duellid noght,
An oliue branche in mouth scho broght.

[leaf 14, col. 1]

GÖTTINGEN

On ermony hit gon stonde
An heȝe hil in holy londe
þe sonne bigon þo hir to kiþe
Noe wex þenne ful bliþe
And seide to his sones þre
Childre he seide what rede ȝe
How shul we of þis watir wit
If þat hit be fallen ȝitt
Bi a foule þei seide wite may we
If þe erþe bare be
To shippe wol he com no more
If he fynde bare erþe pore
His wyndowe opened þo noe
And lete a rauen out fle
He souȝte vp & doun þere
A stud to sitte vp on sum where
Vpon þe watir þere he fond
A drenched beest þere fletond
Of þat flesshe was he so fayn
To shippe coom he not aȝayn
þerfore þe messangere þei sey
þat dwelleþ longe in his Iourney
He may be calde wiþ resoun clere
Oon of þe rauenenes messangere
And whenne noe perceyued was
Of þe rauenes déceit in plas
He lete out a doufe & toke hir fliȝt
And fonde no place vpon to liȝt
Sho coom aȝeyn wiþouten blyn
Noe ros vp & lete hir in
Siþen abode he seuen dayes
Aftir þat þe bibel sayes
He sende þe doufe anoþer siþe
She went forþ & was ful bliþe
Soone she coom & dwelt nouȝt
An olyue braunche in mouþ brouȝt

TRINITY

þan was noe wel be-knauin
þat þe flode it was wit-drauin,
Bot yeit he baid seuen dais in rest,
for doute if ani demmyng brest.
Siþen he did þam all oute driue,
Beist and fuxul, and man and wiue;
þe beist thoght selcut-li god
þat þai hade raght þair kindle fode.
vr lauerd, i wat, þam did to spede
Wit-in þeir auen kind to brede.
þan baad our lauerd to sir noe
At leue þe schippe wit his meyne.
A tuelfmoth was gan with þis [If 13, bk, col. 1]
For als þat ilk dai I. wijs
tuelfmo[n]th þat he 3od þar-in,
He self it euermar to min,
Als peirs mayner, þe god clerk,
telles of þis in sumkin werk.
Til him þan spak þat lauerd hend,
And said, "noe now, leue frend,
þou and þi suns wit þair wifis
I haue yow sauued al your lifes;
Yow aght for-born i haue allan
O þis wengeance þat i haue tan;
Ti yow aght þat i lat liue
Mi brad benison i giue;
I wil þat on þin oxspring brede
Alkin nacion and lede;
Alkin thinges on þair wise
Tó þe i wil þai do seruise."
Noe was o þis blissing blyth,
Did to rais an auter suyth;
He 3od to wirscippe godd als wis,
And þar-on made his sacrifijs;
Our lauerd drightin, þat al weldan[d],
Him liked wel in his offrand,

þan was noe ful wele be-knawen.
at þe flode a-way was drawen.
bot 3et bade he .vij. dayes in rest.
for doute at any demmynge brest:
¶ Siþen he dide ham al oute driue.
best *and* fowel. saue mon *and* wiue
þe bestes þo3t hit selcouþ gode.
quen þai had ra3t þaire kyndely fode
our lorde I. wate ham made to spede
wiþ-in þaire aghen kinde to brede.
þen bad our lorde til sir noe.
at leue þe ship wiþ his meyne.
[¹A twelf-monþe was go by this
By that same day I-wis [¹ from Laud MS. 416]
That day xij monyþ he yedyñ
he yt left more ne myn]
¶ as peris maior þé gode clerke.
tellis of þis in sumkyn werke.
til him spac þat lorde hende
and sayde noe my leue frende.
þou *and* þi sones *and* þaire wyuys
I. haue sauet 3ow. 3our lyuys.
3ou viij. I. haue forborne allane
of þis veniaunce þat I. haue tane
to 3ou .viij. þat I. lete leue
my brade benysoun I. 3ou geue.
I. wil þat of þine ospringe sprede
alkyn nacioun. þat life sal lede
alkyn þing of þaire wyse
to þe þai sal do sacrifise.
¶ noe was of þis blessyng bliþe
he gert to rayse an awter squyþe
he 3ode to worshepe god I-wys
and þar-on made he sacrifyse
our lorde criste alle weldande
him liked wele in his offerande

COTTON FAIRFAX

þan was noe wele bi knauin,
þat þe flod was wid-drauin,
Bot ȝeit he bade seuen dais *in* rest,
For drede if ani damising brest;
Siþ*en* he gert þaim all vte driue,
Best and foul, man and wiue.
þe bestis war ful blith in mode,
Que*n* þat þai had tan þair kindli fode;
vr laue*r*d did þaim sone to sprede,
widin þair aun kind to brede.
þan bad godd vnto noe,
To leue þe schip wid his meyne.
A tuelmoneth was gan wid þis,
Bi þat ilk same day, i-wiss,
A twelmoneth þat he ȝede þar-ine, [col. 2]
He left it eue*r* mare to mine,
Als peris maior, þe gode clerk,
Tellis of him in sumkines werk.
Til him þan vr laue*r*d hend,
And said, "noe, mi leue frend,
þu and þi sunes wid þair wiues,
I haue saued all ȝur liues,
ȝou ȝit i haue for-born allan,
Of þis wengans þat i hau tan,
Til ȝou ȝit þat i lett leue
Min brod benisun i giue;
I wil þat of þine ospring brede
Alkins nacion and lede,
Alkin thinges on þair wise
I wil þai do to þe seruise."
Noe was of his blissing blith,
And did to raise an auter suith,
He ȝode to worschip godd as wise,
And þar apon made his sacrifise.
Our laue*r*d godd all weldand,
Him liked wele þair offrand,

GÖTTINGEN

þenne was noe wel I knawe
þat þe flood hit was wiþdrawe
But ȝitt bode he seuen dayes in rest
For fere lest any dam*n*yng brest
Siþ he made hem alle out dryue
Foule & beest mon & wyue
þese beestes were ful glad in mode
Whenne þei hadde her kyndely fode
Oure lord dud hem soone to sprede
Wiþ inne her owne kynde to brede
þenne bad god vnto noe
To leue þe shippe wiþ his meyne
A tweluemoneþ was goon bi þis
Bi þat same day I-wis
þat day tweluemoneþ þat he rode in
He hit lefte more ny myn
As perus maior þe gode clerk
Telleþ of him in his werk
To him þenne coom oure lorde hende
And seide noe leue frende
þou & þi sones wiþ her wyues
I haue saued alle ȝoure lyues
ȝou ȝitt haue I forborn
þat in my vengeaunce be not lorn
To ȝou ȝit þat I haue let lyue
My brode benesoun I ȝou ȝyue
I wol þat of þin ospringe brede [leaf 18]
Al maner nacioun and lede
Vche þing on his wise
I wol þei do þe seruyse
Noe was of his blessing bliþe
And let reise an autere swiþe
He ȝede to worshepe god as wise
þeronne made he sacrifise
Oure lord god al weldynge
Him liked wel her offrynge

TRINITY

And said, " noe for nakin schaunce
Sal i ta suilk a noiþer wengance ;
Fra me dun-ward drogh man his thoght,
Now ar þai dun allfulli broght ;
Bot jf þou list to my lare
I sal do þe ful wel to fare ;
To doghty thues lok þou þe gif,
To lof leute quils þou mai lif ;
O suilk als yee haf forwit saun,
Ilkman bot o þair aun ;
If þou wil list oght to mi red,
þou fle reuelaic and therst ald ded.
Qua-sum o fless wil *grait* þair fode,
Lok þai cast a way þe blod,
All *þat* will hald lely þair lede
Blod at ete i þam for-bede ;
O beist has clouen fote in tua
An chewand cude, ȝee ete o þaa ;
I warn yow als-sua all be-deine
Ete o na best o kind vn-clene,
O nakin worme *þat* es made,
Na o fouxul *þat* refes his liuelade ;
Alsua ȝee ete o na fixs elles [col. 2]
Bot þat in flok and herd duells ;
Fixs and flesse, o bath i sai,
Lok ai þe blod ȝee cast a wai.
To þe and þine i bad al-sua
Nain be sa bald *þat* oþer sla ;
For qua þat slas or man or wijf,
þar gas na *ran*sun bot liue for lijf ;
I mad man*n* after myn aun ymage
Ne wil i nan do him vtrage.
Ifel agh naman do til oþer
For ilkan agh be oþier broiþer.
A couenand neu ic hight to þe,
þou sal fra now mi rainbow see,

and sayde noe for nankyn chaunce
sal I. take suche a-noþ*er* ve*n*iaunce.
litel of me for-soþ þai roȝt
now ar doun al fully broȝt.
bot if þou listenes to my lare. [leaf 14]
I sal þe do ful wele to fare.
to god thewes loke þou gyue.
and loue lewte quilis þou may liue.
of suche corne as sal be sawen.
iche mon liue pot on his awen.
¶ quo-so wil listen to my rede
fle recolage *and* thefe as dede.
quo-so of flesshe wil graythe þair fode
loke þai cast a-way þe blode.
al þat wil halde lele þaire lede
blode atte ete I. am for-bede.
of beste ys clouen fote in twa.
and þai be gode ete / of þa.
I warne ȝou al-squa be-dene.
ete of na beste of kinde vn-clene.
of nankyn worme þat ys made
ne beste þat reuys his lyuelade
al-squa ȝe ete of na fissȩ ellis
bot at in herde *and* flok dwellis
fisshe *and* flesshe of baþ I. say.
loke ay þe blode ȝe caste a-way.
¶ to þe *and* þine I. bid als-squa.
þat nane sa balde oþ*er* sla.
for qua-sa slese mon or wife
þ*er* gase na raunsou*n* bot dede for lif.
I. made mon ofter myne awe*n* visage
I. wil na mon do hit outrage.
I. wil at na mon do til oþer
for ilkane aghe be oþ*er* broþer.
¶ a couenaunde now I. hete to þe
þou sal fra now mi rayn-boghe se

COTTON FAIRFAX

And said, "noe, for anikins chanse,
Sal i noght take sli a noþer venganse,
Fra me donward drou manes thoght,
Nou er þai all doune fulli broght.
And if þu wirke efter mi lare,
I sul þe make ful wele to fare.
Til gode theues loke þu þe giue,
And luue wele treuth quiles þu liue;
Of suilk as ȝe bifor haue sauen,
Ilk a man liue apon his auen;
If þu wil trou apon mi rede,
Fle falshed and theft as dede.
Qua so of fless wil graith þar fode,
Loko þai kast away þe blode,
[1]All þat wil leleli wil hald þair lede,
Blod to ete i þaim for-bede. [1 leaf 14, bk, col. 1]
Of best wid clouen fote in to,
wid scheuand code, ȝe ete also;
I warn ȝu nou alsua bidene,
Ete of na best of kind vnclene;
Of nankines worm þat euer es made,
Na foul þat reuis his liuelade,
Alsua ȝe ete of na fiss ellis,
Bot þat in flock and herd duellis,
Fisse and fless of bath i say
Loke þe bodi ȝe cast a way.
To þe and þine I bidd also,
Be nan sua bald oþer to slo,
For qua-so slas man or wijf,
þar bes na raunsum bot lijf for lijf;
I made man efter min aun ymage,
Nou wil i nan do oþer vtrage,
Euil au na man do till oþer,
For ilkan au to be oþer broþer.
A couenand neu i hite to þe,
þu sal fra nu mi rainbou se,

GÖTTINGEN

He seide noe for no chaunce
Shal I not take suche vengeaunce
Fro me dounward man drouȝe his þouȝt
Now are þei fully doun I brouȝt
And if þou worche aftir my lore
þou shalt fare wel þerfore
To gode þewes þou þe ȝyue
loue wel trouþe whil þou lyue
For þat ȝe biforn han sene
Vche mon lyue trewely bidene
If þou wolt trowe on my rede
Fle falshede and þefte as dede
Who so of flesshe wol haue her fode
Loke þei cast awey þe blode
Alle þat wol trewely holde her lede
Blode to ete I hem forbede
Of beest wiþ clouen foot in two
Wiþ chewyng code ȝe ete also
I warne ȝou now alle bi dene
Ete of no beest of kynde vnclene
Of no maner worm þat is made
Ne foule þat reueþ his lif lade
Also ȝe ete of no flesshe elles
þat in slouȝe & erþe dwelles
Suche fisshe & flesshe of boþe I say
Loke ȝe caste þe body away
To þe & þine I bidde also
Be noon so bolde oþere to slo
For who so sleeþ mon or wif
þer is no raunsoun but lif for lif
I made man aftir myn owne ymage
I wol noon oþere do outrage
Euel owe no mon do to oþer
But vche to be oþere broþer
A couenaunde now I hete to þe
þou shalt fro now my reinbowe se

TRINITY

Quils may se mi rainbou þar-oute,
O suilk a flod haue man na doute.
If man misdos on oþer wise
O þam sal i ta my iustise,
Als sal be at þe dai of ire,
Wen I sal com and deme wit fire.
Wit lele werks lok ȝee dele,
Als ȝee wil luue your aun hele,
And ȝeildes til your creatur
þe tend part o your labour."
Godmen i wil þat ȝee it see,
þat bituix adam and noe
þe time was euer ilik grene,
þat nankin rainbow was sene,
And þof na rain on erth fell
Plente on erth moght man tell;
Ne thurt naman ete flesse þat tid,
þat [was] for don wit mans pride;
Now es, for sin and pride o man,
þe erth waiker þan it was þan,
Thoru þe watur þat it sua wex,[1] [1 wesse?]
þer-for behoues now man ete flesse;
And waiker now es mans state
þan it was þan, wil ȝee it wate.
Quen noe left þe schipp allan
He had sex hundret yeir and an,
þe elleuend winter was, witerli,
þer after, als sais mecodi,
Quen þe werl[d] was gangand
Of eild in-to þe thrid thusand.
Noe þe lele, wit-outen plight,
Bigan neu biginyng for to dight,
A neu liuelade cun þai bigin, [f 13, col. 1]
He self with his suns thrin.
O land he had ful grette plente,
For him and for his suns thre;

COTTON

quen þou þat boghe may se þer-oute
of suche flode haue þou na doute
if men misdose on oþer-wise.
on ham sal I. take my Iustyse.
þat sal be atte þe day of ire
quen I. sal come to deme with fire.
wiþ lele werkis loke ȝe dele
als ȝe wille loue ȝour awen hele
and ȝilde til ȝour creatour.
þe teynde part ȝoure labour.
[1]Godemen I. wil at ȝe hit se [1 MS T]
þat bi-twix adam and noe.
þe time was euer ilike grene.
þat na raynboghe was þer sene
al if na rayne. on erþ felle.
plente on erþe miȝt men telle.
ne thurt na mon ete flesshe þat tide
þat was for-done wiþ monnys pride
now ys for sin and pride of man.
þe erþ wakker þen was þan.
þorow þe water at so wex. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
þer-fore bi-houis mon now ete flesshe
[1 And febyller mannys state now is
Than yt was þan forsoþe y-wis]
Quen noe had laft þat ship allane
he had vj. hundre ȝere and ane.
þe elned winter was witerly
þer ofter als says metody.
quen þe werlde was gangande
of elde vn-to þe þrid þousande.
noe þat lele wiþ-outen pliȝt.
bi-gan new þingis to diȝt.
a new liuelade þai con be-gyn.
him-self and his sones þrin.
of lande he had ful plente
for him and his childer þre.

FAIRFAX

Quilis þu may se mi bou þar vte,
Of suilk a flode thar ye noght dute.
If man misdo in o*þer* wise,
On þai*m* i sal take mi iustise,
þat sal be at þe day of ire,
Que*n* i sal cum to deme wid fire.
wid lele werkis loke 3e dele,
As 3e wil luue 3ur saule hele,
And 3eldes till 3ur creatur,
þe tend pa*r*t of 3ur labur."
Gode men, i wil þat 3e it se,
þat bituix adam and noe
þe time was eue*r* elike grene,
þat nankines rainbowe was sene.
And if no rain apon erd fell, [col. 2]
On erde plente mith men tell.
Ne thurt na man ete fless þat tide,
þat was don wid manes pride.
Nou es for sinne and p*r*ide of man,
þe erde wayker þan it was þan
For þe wate*r* þat it sua wess,
þar for bihouis nu man ete fless;
And wayker es nu manes state,
þan it was þan, wele i wate.

Qven noe left þat schip alane,
He had sex hundrid 3ere and ane,
þe elleuent winte*r* was witte*r*li,
þar efter, as tellis us metodi,
Que*n* þe world was gangand
In elde of þe thrid thousand.
Noe, þat lele widuten plight,
A neu biginning gan he dight,
A neu liuelad gan he bigin,
Him-seluen and his sunes thrin.
Of land he had ful gret plente,
For him self and his sonis thre,

GÖTTINGEN

Whil þou may se my bowe wiþoute
Of suche a flood þar þe not doute
If mo*n* mys doþ on o*þer*e wise
On hem I shal sett my iustise
þat shal ben at þat day of ire
When*ne* I shal com to deme w*ith* fire
Wiþ trewe werkes loke 3e dele
As 3e wol loue þe soule hele
And 3eldeþ to 3oure creatour
þe tenþe part of 3oure labour
Gode men I wol þat 3e se
Bitwene Adam and Noe
þe tyme was eue*ry*liche grene
þat no reynbowe þe*re* was sene
And þei no reyn on erþe felle
Plente on erþe my3t men telle
Ne þurte no mon ete flesshe þat tide
Til hit made man*nes* pride
Now is for synne & pride of man
þe erþe feblere þen hit was þan
Fro þe watir þat hit so wesshe
þe*r*fore man mot now ete flesshe
And feblere mon*nes* state now is
þen hit was þenne forsoþe I wis

¶ Whenne noe lefte þe shippe alone
He hadde six hundride 3eer & one
þe alleuenþe wynt*ur* was witturly
þer aftir as telleþ vs metody
Whenne þe world was goonde
In elde of þe þridde þousonde
Noe þe trewe wiþouten synne
A newe liflode he dud bigynne
To newe liflode went þe be
Him self & his sones þre
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Trinity & Laud MSS.]

TRINITY

Mast to tilth he gaue him þan.
To flitt þe breres he began,
Sua lang wit flitting he þam sloght,
þat wine treis he þam wroght.
Bitid a day he was for suonken,
And in vnwars o wyn was drunken;
For þof he was þe first it wroght
þe wyn þer-for ne spard him noght.
Drunken on slepe lai bi him an,
þar þe sun a-pon him schan;
Naked o þat lime lai he
þat man think mast scham to see.
His midelst þat hight cam,
Bihild, and sagh his fader schame;
He kidd he was vn-kind j-nogh,
His fader he til hething logh;
Til his broiþer Iaphet yodd he
And said, "cum, broiþer, here and se."
"Quat es þat?" said Iaphet his broiþer.
"þi fader slepand," said þat toiþer,
"Liggus here-oute, com se þou sall,
Nackend on his lims all."
"Broiþer," he said, "þou sais foli,
And þat ic hope þou mon it by,
If o þi fader þou haue despite,
Of his blissing i claim þe quite."
þis yongest broiþer was ful wa
O þe elder dede þat wroght sua;
A mantil on his nec he tok
And bakward yod, als sais þe bok,
He and his elder broþer sem,
Tua blessed o þat barn-tem,
Til þai com þer þeir fader lay
And him þer wit þan hiled þai;
Herbi mai men vnderstand
Was funden þan na breke in land.

COTTON

maste to tilþe he gaf him þan.
to flitte þe breris he be-gan.
so lange wiþ flittyng he ham soȝt
þat wyne trees he ham wroȝt
¶ be-tidde a day he was for squonkin
and or he wiste of wyne was dronkin.
for if he wate þe first hit wroȝt.
þe wyne for-soþ ne spared him noȝt
dronkin on slepe lày bi his ane
þer þe sunne apon him shane.
nakid of þat lim lay he
þat man ys lathest for-to se
his Midlest sone þat hat cham.
be-helde *and* saghe his fader sham.
he kidde he was vnkinde I-noghe
his fader he to hethinge loghe.
¶ til his broþer Iaphet ȝode he.
and saide come hidder broþer *and* se.
quat ys þat saide his broþer.
þi fader slepande saide þe toþer.
he lyse þer-oute come se þou salle
nakid on his limes alle.
broþer he saide þou says foly.
and þat I. hope at þou mone by.
if of þi fader þou has despyte
I. clayme þe of his blessing quyte
þe ȝonger broþer þuȝt ful wa.
of þe elder dedis he dide squa.
a mantel on his nek he toke.
and bakwarde ȝode as says þe boke.
he *and* his eldest broþer sem. [lf 14, bk]
twa blessed of þat barne teme.
til þai come þere þaire fader lay.
and him þar-wiþ þan hyled þai.
herby may man vnderstande
na breke was vsed þan in lande

FAIRFAX

Mast to tilth he gaf him þan,
To flitt þe breris he bigan;
So lang wid flitting he hi*m* soght,
þat win tres he þaim wroght.
Bitid a day he was for-swonken,
And vnwaris of win was dronken,
þou he him selue first it wroght,
þe win þar-for sparid him noght;
Drunken on slepe lai bi him ane,
þar þe sun apon him schane,
Naked on þ*at* lime lay he,
þat men thinc most schame to se.
His middelest sun was cald cam
Biheld and sau his fa*þer* scham,
He kidd he was vnkind enogh, [leaf 15, col. 1]
To skorning he his fad*er* logh;
To his brod*er* iaphet said he,
"Bro*þer*, cum nu hi*þer* a*n*d se."
"Quat es þ*at*?" said iaphet his bro*þer*.
"þi fadir slepand," said þe to*þer*,
"He lis here vte, cu*m* se þu sal,
Nakid apon his limes all."
"Bro*þer*," he said, "þu seis foli,
And þ*at* i trou þu mon in ȝit aby,
If þu of þi fa*þer* make despithe,
I claime þe of his blissing quite."
His ȝonger bro*þer* was ful wa,
For þ*at* þe elder he wroght sua,
A mantil fra his neck he toke,
And ȝede bacward, als sais þe bock,
He and his eldest bro*þer* sem,
Tua blisful of þ*at* barntem,
Til þai com þar þair fad*er* lay,
And him þar wid cou*e*rid þai.
þar-bi mai men wele vnd*er*stand,
was funden þan na breke in land.

GÖTTINGEN

Moost to til*þe* he ȝaf him þan [lf 13, bk]
To flitte breres he bigan
So longe flittynge to he*m* he sou*ȝ*t
þ*at* wynetrees he hem wrou*ȝ*t
A day bifel he was forswonken
And vnwarres of wyn dronken
þei he hi*m* self furst hit wrou*ȝ*t
þ*er*fore þe wyn spared him nou*ȝ*t
Dru*n*ke hè lay & slept bi his one
þ*er*e þe son*n*e vp on him shone
Naked on þ*at* lym*m*e lay he
þ*at* me*n* þinke moost shame to se
His myddelest son was calde cam
Bihelde & say his fadir sham
He kidde he was vnkynde ynou*ȝ*e
To scorne he his fadir lou*ȝ*e
To his bro*þer* Iapheth seide he
Bro*þer* com now hidur & se
What is þ*at* seide Iapheth bro*þer*
þi fadir slepe*þ* seide þe to*þer*
He li*þ* here com se þ*o*u shalle
Naked vp on his lym*m*es alle
Bro*þer* he seide þ*o*u seist folye
And þ*at* I trowe þ*o*u wolt abye
If þ*o*u of þi fadir make despit
þ*o*u beste of his blessyng quyt
His ȝonger bro*þer* was ful woo
For þe elder wrou*ȝ*te so
A mantel fro his necke he toke
& ȝeode bacwarde as sei*þ* þe boke
He & his eldest bro*þer* seem
Blessedest of þ*at* barneteem
Til þei coom þ*er*e her fadir lay
þ*er*wi*þ* him couerede þay
Her by may we vndirstonde
Was no breeche fou*n*dide þo i*n* londe

TRINITY

Noe wit þat mantil woke,
His sun hething he vnder-toke;
His malison on þam he laid
And siþen efter-ward he said :—
" Cham wit-outen dout
Sal be his brothers vnderlote;
vnderlote to þam and thral, [col. 2]
Sal he be and his oxspring all."
þis oþer breiþer, for þair coue*r*ing,
Noe gaue his brad blissing;
to sem and Iaphet þan said he :—
" Now it sal al for-giuen be
Laith and wrath for ani plight,
If ȝee gain me has don vnright;
O yow sal yeit þ*at* oxspring sprede
þat sal ou*er* al ha lauerd hede;
Blissed bijs your tab*er*nacle,
Fild o mirth and o meracle;
Drightin graunt þ*at* it be sua,
þ*at* al þis werld be yurs tua."
¶ To cham he said, " þou fole felun,
þou has kind o þat nacion
O caym, þe cursd, for-sok p*ar*don,
þ*at* slogh his broiþer wit treson;
þou do þe suith out o my sight,
þou es and sal be maledight;
Bi me has þou noght to duell,
þi wonning sted es made in hell;
Fle me fra, þou wared thing,
We sal now tuin for þi hething."
Awai he fled, þ*at* he and his
Was all our lauerd enemis.

De fine noe [col. 2]

¶ Noe, þ*at* gracius and god,
Liued fourti ȝere after þe flod;

COTTON

¶ noe wiþ his mantel quoke.
his sones hethinge he vnder-toke
his malisou*n* on cham he layde.
and sithen ofter-warde he sayde
cham he sayde wiþ-out doute
sal be his brethers vnderloute
vnderlowte to ham *and* thralle.
sal he be *and* his ospringe alle
þes oþ*er* breþ*er* for þaire coueringe.
noe gaf his brade blessinge.
and to sem *and* Iaphet saide he.
now hit sal al for-gyuyn be.
lathe *and* wrathe for any pliȝt.
if ȝe agayne me dide vn-riȝt.
of ȝou sal ȝet þ*at* ossprinȝe sprede
þ*at* ou*er* al salle haue lorde-hede
blessed be ȝour tabernacle
filled of mirþ *and* of miracle.
criste gr*a*nte at hit be squa.
þat al þis werlde be þorou ȝou twa.
¶ to cham he saide þou fole felou*n*
þou has kinde of þat naciou*n*.
of cayme þe cursed mon in tou*n*
þ*at* sloghe his broþ*er* wiþ tresou*n*.
do þe squythe out of my way.
þou art *and* sal be cursed [1]ay. [1 al way *crossed thro'*; ay *added*.]
bi me þou sal noȝt dwelle.
þi wonyng stede ys made i*n* hel.
fle now fra me cursed þinge
we sal now twyn wiþ-out lesinge
a-way he fled þat he *and* his.
ware al our lordes enmys.

Noe þ*at* gr*a*cious *and* gode
liued fourty ȝere ofte*r* þe flode

FAIRFAX

Nos wid his mantil wok,
His sunes scornyng he vnd*er*tok,
His malisun on him he laid,
And siþen efterward he said,
" Cam, widuten ani doute,
þu sal be þi breþ*er* vnd*er*loute,
vnd*er*loute to þaim and thral,
Sal þu be and þi ospring all;"
þe toþ*er* tua for þair coue*r*ing,
Noe gaf his brod blissing.
To sem and iaphet þan said he,
" Nou sal it all forgiuen be,
Leth and wreth for ani plight,
If ȝe again me did (euer[1]) ani unright;
Of ȝu sal ȝeit þat ospring sprede, [col. 2]
þat sal oue*r*al haue lord-hede. [1 *This word is interlined.*]
Blissed sal be ȝur tab*er*nacil,
Fild of mirth and of miracyl,
And godd it graun*t* þat it be sua,
þat all þis world bes ȝures tua."
To cam he said, " þu foule felun,
þu has þe kind of þat nacion
Of caym, cursed mast of o þ*er*,
þat wid tresun slogh his broþ*er*;
Do þe suith vte of mi sith,
þu art and sal be maledith.
Bi me au þu noght to duell,
þi woni*n*g place es made i*n* hell,
Fle fra me, þu warid thing,
Nou sal we part for þi skorning."
Away he fledd, he and his
Were all vr laue*r*des enmyes.

Noe wiþ þis mantel awoke
His sones scorne he vndirtoke
His malisou*n* on hi*m* he leide
And siþ to hi*m* þenne he seide
Cam wiþouten any doute
Vndir þi breþ*er*en þou shalt loute
Vndir hem to be as þral
þou & þin osprynge al
þe oþ*er*e two for her couerynge
Noe ȝaf his brode blessynge
To seem & Iapheth þo seide he
Now shal hit al forȝyuen be
Laþþe & wraþþe or any pliȝt
If ȝe aȝeyn me haue done vnriȝt
Of ȝou shal þe ospringe sprede
þat shal ouer al haue lordhede
Blessed shal be ȝoure tabernacle
Ful of myrþe and of miracle
And god hit graun*te* þat hit be so
þat al þis world be ȝoures two
To cam he seide foul feloun
þou hast þe kynde of þat nacioun
Of caym cursede moost of o þ*er*e
þat wiþ tresoun slowȝe his broþ*er*e
Do þe swiþe out of my siȝt
þou art & shalt be cursed wiȝt
Bi me owe þou not to dwelle
I drede þi wonyng be in helle
Fle fro me þou waryed þing
Now shul we parte for þi scornyng
Awey he fledde he and his
Oure lordes enemyes þei were I-wis

[*Of Noah and his three sons.*]

Noe, þat gracius and gode,
Liued fourti ȝere eftir þe flode.

¶ Noe þe graciouse & þe gode
lyued fourty ȝeer aftir þe flode

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Nine hundreth 3ere and tensith fiue
Was noe wen he lest his liue;
For he liued lely quils he moght,
He sittes wit drightin hei o loft.
His suns, þat [I] of forwit melt,
Al þe werld bi-tuix þam delt;
Asie to sem, to cham affrik,
To Iaphet europ, þat wil-ful wike.
Al þer thre þai war ful rike,
Bot sem part was noiþer like.
For þof þe werld es als we here
Delt in thrin parteis sere,
In thrin parteis principale,
þe partes er noght perigale;
For asie es, wit-outen suike,
Sua mikel als europ and affrike;
Asie it es þe thrid in tale
And es þe haluendel al hale.
It es þe best, for þar in es [If 13, bk, col. 1]
Bath haly land and hethyennes,
Precius stans and spice of prise,
For þar-in standes paradis;
Inde, and pers, and arabi,
Babel, iudea, and suli
And mani oþer vntelland contre,
þar es in now babel mast cite.
Affrik þat es þe toþer parti
þat andesith was cald libi;
Mani contre þar-in es
And dughti cites mare and lesse;
þar-in es cartage cite strang
And oþer mani a-mang;
þe mikel land of ethiopie,
Ienil, mortaigene, and indie;
þis land lies mast vnto þe south
þer þe blamen mast er cuth.

COTTON

ix hundre 3ere *and* tensithe fyue
was noe quen he lost his lyue
for he liued lelly quylist he mo3t
he sites wiþ criste ful hey on-loft
his sones þe quilk I of meled.
al þe werlde bi-twix ham deled
Asye to sem: to cham Affrike.
to Iaphet europe þat wilful wike [grope
[1Alle thise thre were fulle riche to
But Seem is part nas not oþer lyche]
for now þe werlde as 3e may here
ys delt in þrin partis sere. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
In þrin partis principal.
þe quilke ar no3t parigal.
for asye ys wiþ-outen squyke
als myche as europe *and* affrike
asye ys þe þrid in tale.
and ys haluendale al hale.
hit ys þe best for-þi in ese
baþ halilande *and* hethenes.
precious stanys *and* spices of pris
for þer-in standis paradys.
Inde *and* pers and araby
babel and iudea *and* suli
and mony oþer vn-tellande contree
þer ys now babel maist cite.
¶ affrike ys þe toþer party.
þat sum tide was calde libi.
mony contre þer-in ys.
and noble cites baþ mare *and* lesse
þer-in cartage a cite strange
and oþer monyan a-mange
þe mykil lande of ethiopey
Iena mortayne and indei.
hit ys a lande shortly to Myn.
þer bla men wonys in.

FAIRFAX

Nyne hundrid ȝere and ten sith fiue,
So lang lasted noe liue;
For he liued leleli as i ȝou neuen,
He ssittes wid mighti godd *in.* heuen.
His sunes *þat* i bifore of melt,
All þis world bituix þaim delt,
To sem, asye, to cam, affrick,
To iaphet, europe, *þat* wilful wik.
All þis thre þai er ful riche,
Bot sem part was nan *oþer* liche;
For-þi þe world was, als we here,
Delt in thre partijs sere,
In thre partijs principale,
þe partijs er noght *pa*rinngale,
For asye es, widuten suike,
Als so mekil as europe and affrike,
Asye is þe thrid in talle, [lf 15, bk, col. 1]
And es þe halfendel ȝeit all hale;
It es þe best, for þar in es
þe hali land and hathenes,
Precius stanis and spices of prijs,
For þar-in standis paradis;
Inde, and peris, and arabye,
Babylon, Iudea, and sulie,
and mani *oþer* diue*r*s contre.
þar-in es babilon, þe mast cite.
Affrick es *þat* *oþer* partie,
þat bifor time was cald libye.
Mani a contre *þar* in es,
And doghuti cytes, mar & les;
þar in es Cartage, cyte strang,
And oþer mani ayquar emang,
þe mekil land of Ethiopie,
Ienile, Mortaygne, *and* indie,
þat land lijs mast *in* to þe souht,
þar þe blomen mast er couht.

GÖTTINGEN

Nyne hundride ȝeer & ten siþe fyue
So longe lastede noes lyue
For his trewe lif to neuene
He sitteþ now wiþ god in heuene
His sones *þat* I biforn of melt
Al þis world bitwix hem delt
To sem asye to cam affrik
To Iapheth europe *þat* wilful wik
Alle þe̅se þre were ful riche
But S̄em part was noon *oþer*e liche
For the world as we here [leaf 14]
Dalt in þre parties sere
In þre parties p*r*incipal
But þei were not paringal
For asie is wiþouten hope
As myche as aufrik & europe
Asie is þe þridde in dole
And is þe haluendele ȝitt al hole
Hit is þe beste for *þer*e in es
þe holy londe & heþenes
Wiþ p*r*eciouse stones spices of p*r*is
In *þat* lond stondeþ paradis
Inde & peris and arabie
Babilone Iuda & Sulie
And mony *oþer*e dyu*er*se cuntre
*þer*ynne is babilone þe moost cite
¶ Affrik is *þat* *oþer*e partye
Bifore *þat* was called libie
Mony a cuntre *þer*ynne es
And hoge citees more & les
*þer*ynne cartage a cite strong
And *oþer*e al so mony among
þe mychel lond of ethiopie
Ienile mortaigne & indie
þat londe iȝ moost in to þe souþ
*þer*e *þat* blo men are ful couþ

TRINITY

¶ þe thrid *par*t es noght þe lest,
It lies mast vnto þe west,
Al on þis side þe greckes see;
Was Iaphet giuen til his liuere.
It hatt quar mast to day
Regns o þe cristen lay;
þar-in es rome þe mast cite,
þat now es ou*er* all cristian*té*,
And mani riche kingdon
þat i to tell haue her na tom;
O þis thre can þe folk to brede
And fild þe werld o lenth and brede.
O þaim it was sua mani men
O sere kind, sexsith tene.
Knyth, and thrall, and freman,
Oute of þer thre bre*þer* bigan;
O sem freman, o Iaphet knytht,
thrall of cham þe maledight.
O þis thre com all, als þou sais,
Has bene in werld and yeit beis;

de incepcione sem [col. 2]

¶ Begine we now to tell at sem
And si*þ*en of his bern-tem.

Sem was lel in godds lare,
He liued seuen hundret 3ere and mare;
þis ilk sem was cald sedech;
And he was cald melchisedech;
Our lauedi mari, als we find,
Com vte o þis sem strind.
He was king and *prest* o salem [col. 2]
þat now men clepes ierusalem,
þe first of all þat þan was born
þat [wit] wine and wit bred of corn
Made sacrifijs to drightin treu,
In takening o þe lagh-es neu.

COTTON

¶ þe þrid *par*ty ys no3t þe leste.
hit lyse mast in-to weste.
al on þis side grekkis see.
was Iaphet giuen til his liuere
hit hat europe *per* mast to-day.
regnys of þe cristen lay.
þar-in ys rome þe heued cite
wro3t in alle cristiante.
and mony riche kyng-dome.
to telle alle haue I. na tome.
of þes þre þe folk con sprede
& filled þe werld*e* of lenght *and* brede
of ham hit rase sa many men.
of diu*er*se kinde sex-sithe ten.
kni3t *and* chorle *and* fre-man.
oute of þer þre bre*þer* bigan.
Of sem freman. of Iaphet kni3t
of cham chorle come ful ri3t
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Fairfax & Laud MSS.]

Of þe life of Sem.

Be-gyn we now to tel at sem.
and sithen of his barnetem.

¶ Sem was lele in goddis lare [leaf 15]
he liued vij. hundre 3ere *and* mare
þis ilk sem was calde sedeche.
and was calde melchisedech.
our lauedy mari als we finde.
come out of þis semys strinde.
he was kyng *and* prince of salem
now ys hit calde ierusalem.
þe first of alle þat was borne
þat wi*þ* wyne *and* brede of corne
made sacrifise to criste so trew.
In takenynge of þe laghes new.

FAIRFAX

Þe thrid parti es noght þe lest,
It lijs mast in to þe west;
All on þis side þe grekkisch see
was Iaphet giuen til his liue*re*.
It hat Europe, where maste to day
Reinys of þe cristen lay;
þar in es rome, þat hefd cyte,
þat es abouen all cristiante,
And mani a no*þer* riche kingdame,
þat i to tell has no tame.
Of þir thre bigan þe folk to sprede,
And fild þe world in lenthe a*nd* brede,
Of þaim it ras so mani a men,
Of diu*ers* kindes, sex sithe ten.
Knyht and thral and fre man,
Of þir thre bre*þer* þus bigan, [1 col. 2]
[1] Of sem, fre man; of Iaphet, kniht;
Thrall of cam, þat malediht.
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

¶ þe þridde part is not best
hit is moost into þe west
Al on þis side þe grickisshe see
hadde Iapheth to his lyuere
hit het Europe where moost today
Abideþ of þe cristen lay
þer inne is rome þe heed cite
Abouen alle þat one to be
And mony ano*þer* riche kyndome
þat I to telle haue no tome
Of þese þre bigon to speede
þe world to fille on lengþe & brede
Of hem roos mony men
Of dyu*erse* kyndes sixe siþe ten
kny3t & þral & fre mon
Of þese þre bre*þeren* bigon
Of sem fre mon of iapheth kny3t
þral of cam waryed wi3t
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Bigine we now to tell of sem,
And siþen of his barn tem.

SEm was lele in godes lare, [mare.
He liued seuin hundrid 3ere &
þis ilk sem was cald sed[e]ch,
And was cald melchisedech;
vr leuedi Mari, als we find,
Com vte of þis same kind;
He was king and preist of salem,
þat nou es cald ierusalem,
þe first of all þat eu*er* was born,
þat wid win and bred of corn
Made sacrifice to ie*s*u so treu,
In taking of þe lawis neu.

GÖTTINGEN

Bigynne we now to telle of Sem
And siþþen of his barnetem

Sem was trewe in goddes lore
he lyued seue*n* hu*n*dride 3eer &
þis ilke sem was calde seder þo [more
Siþen melchisedech also
Oure swete lady as we fynde
Coom out of þis same kynde
Of salem prest & kyng he was
þat now het Ierusalem in plas
þe firste he was of o*þer*e born
þat wiþ wyn & breed of corn
Made sacrifise to god so trewe
In tokenning of þo lawes newe

TRINITY

þis sem liued I red of here
til ysaac was o seuen ȝere.
Sem had fiue suns sere,
Of an to spek es our mistere,
þat es of him o quas sede
Was he born þat beit our nede.
¶ Arphaxat liued wit-outen were
Threhundret aght and tuenti ȝere.
Fourhundret yeir.his sun cainan
Aght and thritte fra he began.
Fourhundret yeir his sun sale,
liued and thritte yeir and thre ;
Heber his sun fourhundret ȝere
And four and fourti þat to sere ;
Phaleth his sun liued, witterli,
Tua hundret anen and thritté ;
Ragan his sun þat was
Tuelue scor o yeires bot an lesse ;
Seruth his sun tua hundret ȝere
And thritte was his liue he bere ;
O sua lang lijf was noght nachore,
He liued aght yeir and four score ;
Thare his sun liued langar lijf
þat was tua hundret ȝere a fijf.
þe toþer eild endis in thare,
þe quilk began at lel noe ;
þat time was þis werld sa yong,
þat al men spak bot wit on tong,
þat es hebru, al for to sai,
þat Iuus haldes til to dai.
¶ Iapheth had suns seuen,
Aparti puchersum to neuen :—
Gomer, madan, iena, magog,
Tubal, tiras, and, mosog.
þis gomer he had suns thre,
Togorma, riphat, assene ;

COTTON

þis sem liued þat I. rede of here
til ysaac was of seuenti ȝere.
¶ Sem had v. sones sere.
of an to take ware meistere.
þat ys of qua ys sede
was he borne þat bette our nede
arphaxat liued *with*-outen were
iij. hundre .viij. *and* xxx. ȝere.
four hundre ȝet ys chaynan.
and viij. *and* xxx. fra he be-gan.
iiij. hundre ȝere his sone Sale
liued *and* xxx ȝere *and* thre *in* tale
heber his sone iiij. hundre ȝette
and iiij. *and* fourti *þer*-to sette.
¶ Phalethe his sone liued wit*er*ly
ij. hundre ȝere *and* ix. *and* thretty.
Ragan his sone þat wesse
xij. skore ȝere bot an lesse.
serethe his sone ij. hundre ȝere
and xxx. was his liue he bere.
of squa lange life liued noȝt vcor
he liued viij. ȝere *and* foure skore.
thare his sone liued lang*er* life
þat ij. hundre ȝere *and* fyue. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1The todir elde endiþ in thare
which by-gan at good noy are]
þat time was þis werlde so ȝonge
þat al men spac wiþ an tonge.
þat ys ebru for-soþ to say.
þat Iewes haldis til þis day.
Hic incipit Iapheth
Iaphat had him sones seyue*n*
aper*t*y think I. here to neyuen
Gomet madai Ienan magoge.
tubal tyras and mosoge.
þis gomer had him sones thre
togorma riphat and assene.

FAIRFAX

þis sem liued, i of rede here,
Till ysaac was of seuenti ȝere.
Sem had fiue sonys sere,
Of an to speke it es mistere,
þat es of him of quos sede
He was born þat bett vr nede.
Arphaxat liued widuten were,
Thre hundrid and eyt and thriti ȝere.
Four hundrid ȝere his sun caynan;
And eyt and thritti fra he bigan.
Four hundrid his son sale,
He lyued and thritti ȝere and thre.
Heber his sun four hundred ȝere,
And four and fourti þar-to sere.
Phaleth his sun liued witterli,
To hundrid ȝere & nein and thritti.
Ragan his sun þat was,
Tuelf skor ȝere, bot on les.
Serut his sun, to hundrid ȝere
And thritti was his lijf he bere.
Of sua lang lijf was noght nacor, [If 16, col. 1]
He liued heyt ȝere and four scor.
Thare his sun liued langer liue,
To hundrid ȝere and oþer fiue.
þe toþer elde endis in thare,
þe quilk bigan at lete noe.
þat tyme was þis world so ȝong,
þat all men spac þan wid a tong,
þat es ebru for to say,
þat Iuus hald ȝeit to þis day.
Iaphet had him sunes seuen,
A parti sinful for to neuen,
Gomor, Madan, Gena, Magog,
Tubal, Tyras, and Mosog.
Þis Gomor had him sunes thre,
Togoriens, Riphat, Assine.

GÖTTINGEN

þis sem lyued I rede of here
Til ysaac was of seuenti ȝere
Sem had fyue sones fre
Of oon to speke is good to me
þat is of him of whos sede
he was born þat bett oure nede
Arphaxat lyued wiþouten were
þre hundride & eiȝte & þritty ȝere
Foure hundride ȝeer his son caynan
And eiȝte & þritty fro he bigan
Foure hundride ȝeer his son sale
And also þritty ȝeer & þre
Foure hundride his son heber
Wiþ foure & fourty sett to þer
¶ Phaleth his son witterly
Two hundride ȝeer. nyne & þritty
Ragan his son þat was
Twelue scrore ȝeer saue oon las
Two hundride ȝeer serut his sone
And þritty was his lyf in wone
[. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Foure score & eiȝte nachor had lyue
Thare his son two hundride & fyue
[. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þe toþer elde endeþ in thare [leaf 14, back]
Whiche bigan at good Noe
þat tyme was þis world so ȝonge
þat alle men spake wiþ o tonge
þat is ebrewe for to say
þat iewes speke ȝitt to þis day
¶ Iapheth had him sones seuen
A parti synful for to neuen
Gomor. madan. Gena. magog
Tubal. tiras. & mosog
þis Gomor hadde sones þre
Togoriens. Riphat. asine

TRINITY

Four suns had gena :—antechim,
Elisa, tharsis, and dotaym.
Til eillandes þir þam drou;
O þat nacion sprang folk inou.
Cham four suns had him :— [lf 14, col. 1]
Chus, phut, chanan, and mephaim;
O chus com sala, and euila,
Sabata, regma, sagabata;
O cus com nembrot al-sua,
þat in his time wroght mikel waa,
For he was fers, prud, and fell;
Of him sumthing her es to tell.
þis nembrot wit his mikel pride
Wend to wyrk wondres wide,
Ful far a-boute men bere his nam,
Mikel he cuth o sin a scham;
O babilon king stijf in stur
And þer-wit was he gret werrur;
Reuer and man-queller gret
Mikel he liued wit il biyett;
þar was na folk he wond bi
Moght þam were wit his maistri,
Oueral he raxhild him wit rage.
þat tim it was bot a langage,
Hebru þe first þat adam spak;
Fra est he broght a felauscap
vnto þe feld of sennar;
Sexti ouermen þai war
Wit nembrot com þai for to duell,
And tok a conseil þam emell;
A fole conseil tok þai and son
To werrei on þe son and mone;
A fole conseil þer-for said .i.,
And al was ful of felunny,
O þeir grett pride cuth naman tell,
In sennar þai toke to duell.

COTTON

iiij. sones had Iena. on Zechim
helisa tharsis. *and* dotayme.
Til cyllandes þai ham droghe.
of þat nacioun hit sprang I.-noghe.
Cham iiij. sones had he him.
chus phut canan *and* mephaim.
of chus come saba *and* euila. **tour of**
Sabata regma sagabatha. **babilon.**
of chus come nembrothe al-squa.
þat in his time wroȝt mykil wa.
he was proude. foule. fers *and* fel.
of him sum-þing here wil I. tel.
[þ]is nembrothe wiþ his mykil pride
wende to wirk wonders wide
ful ferre a-boute man bare his name
mykil he cowde of syn *and* shame
of babilon kinge stithe in stoure.
and þar-wiþ was he strange werrour
lyer *and* mon-queller grete
mykil he liued wiþ il be-ȝete.
þat was na folk him woned by.
miȝt ham were for his maistry.
ouer al he raxled him wiþ rage
þat time was bot an langage
hebreu þe first at adam spac.
fra est he broȝt a felaw skapt.
¶ vn-to þe felde of sennaar.
sexti werkmen þai ware
wiþ nembroth come þai for-to dwel.
and toke a consail as I. ȝou telle.
a foly consail toke þai *and* sone
to werre bathe on sunne *and* mone
a foli consail þar-fore saide I.
for hit was ful of felony.
of þaire pride con na mon telle
in sennaar þai toke to dwelle.

FAIRFAX

Gena had four sunes, þat was cechim,
Elisa, Tharsis, and dotahim;
Till eillandis þir þai drou,
of þat nacion sprang foli enou.
Cam four sunes had he him,
Chus, Phut, Canan, and Mephaim.
Of chus,—saba and enila,
Sabatha, regma, Sagabata;
Of chus bicam nembrot also,
þat in his time wroght mekil wo,
For he was proud, fers, and fell,
Of him sum thing nou wil i tell.
Þis nembrot wid his mekil pride,
He wend to wirke wondris wide,
Ful fer about men bar his name,
Mekil he cuth of sin and schame.
Of babilon king, stijf in stour,
And þar-wid he was wrang werour,
Reuer and manqueller grett,
Mekil he luued wid ill be-ȝeitt. [1 col. 2]
[1]þer was na folke þat woned him by,
þat miht þaim were fra his merci,
Ouerall he rahut wid gret vtrage.
þat time it was bot a langage,
Ebru þe first þat adam spack.
Fra est he brohut ane euyl pack,
In till þe filde of Sennar,
Sexti werkemen þai wer,
wid Nembroth com þai forto duell,
And tok a consail þaim emell;
A fole consail toke þai and sone,
To werre apon þe sunne and mone,
þair witt was ful of felonny;
A fole consail þarfor said i,
Of þair gret pride couth na man tell;
In sennar þai toke to duell.

GÖTTINGEN

Gena had foure oon cechim
Elisa. tharsis. & dotahim
To eil londes þese þei drouȝe
Of hem sprong foly ynouȝe
¶ Cam foure sones had him
Chus phut. canan & mephaim
Of chus Saba & ielula
Sabatha regma Sagabata
Of chus bi cam nembrot also
þat in his tyme dud mychel wo
For he was proud fers & felle
Of him now wol I telle [2 read with]
¶ þis nembrot wis[2] his foule pride
he wende to worche wondris wide
Fer aboute men bare his name
Myche he couþe of synne & shame
Of babilone kyng stif in stour
And also wrongful emperour
Robber & monqueller greet
Al he lyued wiþ euel bi geet
Was þer noon þat woned him by
þat myȝte of him gete mercy
Ouer al he went wiþ greet outrage
þat tyme was þer but o langage
Ebrew þe furste þat Adam spak
Fro eest he brouȝte an euyl pak
Into þe felde of semare
Sixty werke men þei ware
To dwelle wiþ nembrot þei coom
And toke acounsel amonges hom
A foly counsel toke þei soone
To werre vpon þe sonne & mone
her witt was ful of felony
þerfore a foly counsel seide I
Of her pride couþe no mon telle
In sennare þei toke to dwelle

TRINITY

Nembrot þan said on þis wise :—
"Me think, godmen, þai war vn-wise
Our elders *þat* bifor vs were,
Que*n* þai cutd find on no manere
How to wer þam fra þe flode,
þat dru*n*and al þe werld ou*er*-yode ;
I rede we bigin a laboure
And do we wel and make a toure,
Wit suire and scantilon sa euen,
þat may reche heghur þan heuen ;
Godd we sal conquer wit fight
Again vs sal he haue na might,
Or at lest to hald him still
And lette vs noght to do our will,
[1]þat ai quen we se ani chesun,
Freli may climb vp and dun." [1 col. 2]

nembrothe þai saide of þis syn wise
me þink lordes were no3t wise
our elderres þat be-for vs were
quen þai cowde on na maner.
how to were ham fra þe flode
þat drowned al þe werlde ou*er*-3ode.
¶ I rede we be-gyn a new labour
and make we a sicure tour.
wiþ squyre *and* rewle gode *and* eue*n*
þat may reyche vn-til heyuen
god we sal conquere wiþ fight
a-gayne vs sal he haue na mi3t
or atte þe leste to halde him stil.
and lette vs no3t to do our will
and ay quen we se enchesou*n* [lf 15, bk]
frely we may clymbe vp *and* dou*n*.

De construcc*i*one turris babilon[ie]

¶ þis folfolk þam sammen þan
Brathli þai þis werk bigan ;
Tua and sexti fathum brad,
Was þe grundwall *þat* þai made ;
Quen þai at wil had festend gru*n*d,
þe wark þai raised in a stund,
Wit tile and ter, wit-vtē stan
Oþer mort*er* was þer nan ;
Wit cord and plu*m* þai wroght sa hei,
þe hette o þe sun moght þai noght drei,
þar-for most þai þam hide
Bath wit hors and camel hide, [blyth
And said, "quedu*r* godd be wrath or
His esters sal we see ful suyth ;
Now we haue vs sped sa ferr
Vr wil may he noght vs merr."
Bot dryghtin dere þat ai es hend
A curtais wrak on þam he send.

þis foly folk sammyn þan.
brathely thay this werk be-gan.
ij. *and* sexti fathum brade
was the grundwalle at thai made
quen thay to wille had fest *þe* gronde
þe werke thai raised in a stounde
wiþ tyle *and* wiþ-outen stane.
wors mort*er* was *þer* none [1 babilon. *in margin*]
[1]wiþ corde *and* plu*m*me þai wro3t so hey
þat hete of sunne mu3t þai no3 drey
þar-fore þai dight ham in *þat* tide
wiþ hors skynnys *and* camel hide
and saide que*þer* god be wraþ or bliþe
his estres sal we se ful squythe
now we haue vs sped sa ferre
Our wille may he vs no3t merre
¶ bot ih*es*us c*r*ist þat ys sa hende
a curtayse wrake on ham he sende

COTTON FAIRFAX

Nembrot þaim said on þis wise,
"Me thinc, lordiges, þai war vnwise,
vr eldris þat bifor vs were,
Quen þai coude find *in* na man*er*e,
Forto were þaim fra þat flod,
þat drenkild all þe world ou*er* ȝode.
I rede we bigin a neu labur,
And do we wele and make a tour,
wid squire and scantlion sua euen,
þat it may reche heier þan heuen.
God sal we *con*quere wid fiht,
Again vs sal he haue na mith,
Or at þe last to hald him still,
And lett vs nohut to do vr will,
þat eu*er* qu*en* we se ani chesun,
Freli we may climbe vp and doun."

Nembrot hem seide on þis wise
Me þinkeþ sires þei were vnwise
Oure eldres *þat* biforne vs were
Whenne þei couþ fynde in no manere
For to kepe hem fro *þat* flood
þat dreynt þe world & ou*er* ȝood
I rede we bigynne a newe labour
Do we wel & make a tour
Wiþ squyre & scanteloun so euen
þat hit may reche heȝer þen heuen
God shul we conquere wiþ fiȝt
Aȝeyn vs shal he haue no myȝt
Or at þe lest holde him stille
And lett vs not to do oure wille
þat eu*er* whenne we haue chesoun
Frely may clymbe vp & doun

[*Of the building of the Tower of Babylon.*]

þir folis foltid gadrid þaim þan,
wid grett enuy þis werk bigan,
To and sexti fadum brad
was þe grund-wall þat þai made.
[1]Qu*en* þai at will had fest þe grund,
þe werk þai raisid ane a stound,
wid tyle and ter, widuten ston
oþ*er* morter ne was þar non;
wid corde and plumbe þai wroght so hy,
þat hete of sun*e* miht þai nohut dry,
wid horsis ad wid camayles hide,
þai hold þaim þat hete for to bide,
And said, "queþ*er* godd be wrath or
His estris sul we se als suith; [blith
Nou we haue vs sped sua ferr,
Our will may he noght forbarr."
Bot grete god, *þat* eu*er* es hende,
a curtais vengans on þai*m* gan send,

[1 lf 16, bk, col. 1]

þese foles soone gedered hom
wiþ greet envye þis werk bigon
Two & sixty fadome brade
Was þe grou*n*d wal *þat* þei made
Whenne þei had made þe grou*n*de
þe werke þei reised in a stounde
Wiþ tile & teer wiþouten stoon
O*þer*e morter was *þer* noon
Wiþ corde & plu*m* þei went so heȝe
þe hete of sonne myȝt þei not dreȝe
Wiþ horse & wiþ camel hide
þei hiled hem hete to abide
þei seide wheþ*er* god be wrooþ or bliþe
his estres wol we se swiþe
Now we be þus fer warre
Oure wille may he not forbarre
But grete god *þat* is so hende [leaf 15]
A curteys vengeau*n*ce con he sende

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þai þat suilk vtrage on him soght
For lim ne lijf he reft þam noght,
Bot sua he mengud þam þair mode,
þat naman oþer vndirstode
O his spece wat he wald sai,
þar tunges ware delt fra þat dai;
For scham ilkan þat werk þai left,
Als þai had sare þar fra ben beft;
For-þi þ[at] tour hatt babilone,
þat schending es wit-outen soyne;
þar war al þe speces delt
þat now ouer-alle þe werld er melt.
þe first bot an was and nama,
Now er þar speches sexti a tua.
¶ þis tour was selli mad vpright,
Fiue thusand steppes [it] had on hight,
And aght scor als and fourti þar-to,
Sua made þair maumet þam to do,
Ten mile compas al aboute,
Als stori sais wit-vten doute;
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Cotton and Laud MSS.]
And at þis werk was not sem,
Na naman of his barn-tem.
Hebru þai spek, for-þi hald þai
þat Iuus halds yeit to þis dai.
þis nembrod was þe formast king
þat in maument fand mistr[u]ing;
Lang he rengud in þat land, [If 14, bk col. 1]
In maumet first throut he fand,
þat þan bigan, þat lestes yeit;
Sarzins wil it noght for-leit.
Lik til his fader þat was ded
A wygur was mad wit his red,
And command stithli til his men
Als god þai suld it knau and ken;

ful grete outrage on him þai soȝt
ȝet life ne lime raft he ham noȝt.
bot squa he menged ham þaire mode
þat na mon oþer vnder-stode.
of his speche quat he walde saȳ
þaire tonges ware delt fra þat daȳ.
for shame ilkan a-way þai went
and neuer an wiste quat oþer ment.
for-þi þat tour hat babiloyne.
þat shending ys with-outen soyne
þer ware al þe speche mused
þat now ar in þis werlde vsed.
at first was an and na ma.
now ar þer sexty speches and twa.
þis tour was ferly made vp-riȝt
v. thousand steppis hit had in hiȝt.
and viij. skore and iiij. þer-to.
so made þai mad hede for-to do.
þe story says wiþ-outen doute
x. Mile compas al a-boute
thorow þe grundwal of þis tour
flum rennis wiþ grete voisour
at þis werk was noȝt. Sem.
ne nane of his barne-teme.
hebru speche for-þi halde þai
at Iewes halden ȝet to-day.
¶ þis nembrot was þe formast kyng
þat in Mawmet fande mistrawynge.
lange he renget in þat lande.
and mawmetry first he fande.
at þen be-gan and lastes ȝette
sarasines wille hit noȝt lette.
til his fader þat was dede.
a vigour he made wiþ his rede
and comandet strangli til his mon.
als god þai sulde hit knaw and ken.

þai þat suilk vtrage on him soght,
Lim ne lijf he ne reft þaim noght,
Bot sua he menged þar þair mode,
þat nan of þaim þar vnderstode
Of suilk speche as he wold say,
þair tunges wex diuers fra þat day.
For schame ilkan þat werk for-sok,
And went away, sua sais þe bok.
For-þi þat tour es cald babiloygne,
þat schending es widuten soygne,
þer war all þe spechis delt,
In diuerís landis ouerall es melt,
þat first was bot an and na ma.
Nou er þer spechis sexti and tua.
þis tour was celly mad vp on hight,
Fyf thousand steppis it was right,
And eyt skor and four þar to,
Sua made þir folis þaim to do.
Ten mile compas all aboute,
Als þe stori tellis, widuten doute.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
At þis werk ne was noght sem,
Ne noman of his barn tem.
Ebru þair spece þarfor hald þai, [col. 2]
þat iuus haldes ȝeit to þis day.
þis nembrot was þe first king
þat in maumet fand mistrouing,
Lang he reyned in þat land,
In maumetri first fayth he fand;
þat he bigan lastes ȝeit,
Sarazins wil it noght for-let.
Till his fader þat was dede,
a vigur was made wid his rede,
And comanded stiffli to his men,
As godd þai suld him knau and cen;

GÖTTINGEN

þei þat outrage on him souȝt
Lym ne lif he refte hem nouȝt
But so he menged her moode
þat noon opere vndirstode
Of suche speche as he wolde say
her tonges dyuersed fro þat day
For shame vchone þat werke forsoke
And went awey as seiþ þe boke
þerfore hit hiȝte babiloyne
þat shend þing is wiþouten assoyne
þere were alle þe speches part
Of dyuerse londes to dyuerse art
Furst was but oon & no mo
Now are þer speches sixty & two
þis tour was selly made on hyȝt
Fyue þousonde steppes stood vpriȝt
Also eiȝte score & foure þerto
þus made þese folis hem to do
Ten myle compas al aboute
þat story telleþ out of doute
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
At þis werke was not sem
Ne noone of his barn teem
þerfore ebrew her speche han pay
þat iewes holden to þis day
¶ þis nembrot was þe firste kyng
þat fonde in mawmete mys trowyng
Longe he regned in þat londe
In maumetrie furst feiþ he fond
þat he bigon lasteþ ȝete
Sarasines wol hit not lete.
Aftir his fadir þat was dede
A vigour was made bi his rede
he commaundide alle men
As god þei shulde þat þing ken

TRINITY

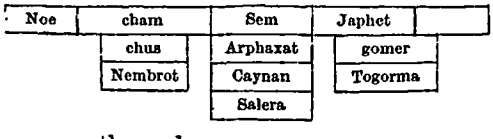
Quat for luue and quat for doute
All men[s]ked it his vnderloute;
þis for-bisening he hild þas oþer
þat sum for fader, and sum for broþer,
Fro freind ded þat þam was dere
did make ymage o metal sere;
For fra þis lagh was þar bigunnen
Son oueral þan was it runnen;
For frendes did ouer al þe land.
All suilk mistring þai fand.
þaa wigurs croup þe warlau in
And leed þat suikful folk wit sin.

quat for loue *and* quat for doute
al folk come hit to loute
¶ þus gaf he ensaumple to þe toþer.
þat sum for fader *and* sum for broþer.
for freyndes dede þat was ham dere
þai made ymages of metel sere.
to chaunce our laghe þus þai be-gunne
and sone oueral was hit runne.
for frendes dede ouer al þe lande.
suche a mys-hope þus þai fande
þa vigours kreppet þe warlaghe in.
and led þa. fals folk wiþ synne.

þe kinradin of than.

¶ Thre suns had thare, þat es abram
Alsua nachor and aram;
Thre suns had nachor þe lele
Hus, and bus, and batuele;
Of hus com Iob, o bus balam,
O batuel rebecca and laban;
Of aram a sun and doghturs tua,
Melcha, loth, and dam sarra;
O þis eild her es now ending
And þe thrid tas biginning.

Thre sones had than. an abraham.
alsqua nachor and aram.
thre sones had nachor þe lele.
vs. *and* bus. and batuel.
of vs come Iob. of bus balam.
of batuel rebec. *and* laban.
and aaram a sone *and* doghters twa.
Melcha lothe *and* dame sarra.
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Fairfax & Laud MSS.]



[*From the Cotton MS.*]

Heber, phalet, ragan, seruth, nachor
& thare de quo abram iam incipiens

[1]Incipit tercia etas seculi de Abraham filio thare. [1 leaf 14, back, col. 2]

þe þrid elde of þe werlde: de abram.

Of abraham now wil we drau,
þat rote es of cristen lau;
I sai for-þi he es þe rote, [boute,
for of his oxspring bred our

Of abraham now wil I. draghe.
þat rote was of þe cristen laghe.
I say for-þi he was þe rote.
for his ospring be-gan our bote.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Quat for luue and quat for doute,
All worschip it als þair vnd*er*loute.
þis euydens biheld þis o*þer*,
þat sum for fa*þer* and sum for bro*þer*,
For freindes dede þat þaim was dere,
þai made ymagis of meteles sere.
Thoru þai*m* þat lau was þar bigun,
Sone ou*er* all þaim was it rune,
For freindes dede ou*er*all þe land,
Suilk mistrouing vp þai fand.
Feindes crepe þas ymagis wid-in,
And lede to folted men wid sin.

What for loue & what for doute
Alle hit worsheped to loute
þis euydens bihelde o*þer*e
þat somme for fadir & als for bro*þer*e
For frendes dede þat were hem dere
ymages þei made of metalles sere
Bi hem þis lawe was þo bigonne
Soone was hit ou*er*-al ronne
For frendes deeþ ou*er* al þe lond
Suche mysbileue vp þei fond
Fendes crepte þo ymages wiþinne
And lad folted men to synne

Thre sunes had thare, on abra*m*
Alsua nachor and aram.
Thre sunes had nacor þe lele,
vs, and bus, and batuele,
Of vs com iop, of bus lalam,
Of batuel, rebecca and laban.
Of aram a sun and dohutyrs thre,
Melcha, loth, and dame sare.
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Thre sones hade thare oon Abraham
Also nachor. and aram
þre sones had nachor þe lele
Vs and bus and batuele
Of vs coom Iob of bus balam
Of Batuel rebecca & laban
Of Aram a son wiþ dou3tres þre
Melcha loth & dame sare fre
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Of þe thrid elde i sal 3ou tell
Quo so will a stound nou duell.

OO abraham nou wil we drau,
þat rote es of þe cristen laue.
I sai for qui he is þe rote, [leaf 17, col. 1]
For of him sprong vr alder bote,

GÖTTINGEN

Of þe þridde elde is now to telle
Who so wol a stounde dwelle

Of Abraham now wol we drawe
þat rote is of þe cristen lawe
I say þerfore he is þe rote
For of him sprong oure alþer bote

TRINITY

þe bout þat broght us in-to mirth ·
Thoru þat haly maiden birth;
Of him and his kin sal we rede
þat wondirlik bigan to sprede.
þat lauedi wex out of his sede
We prai hir for hir maiden-hede,
þat we mai sua þis stori rede
Hir to mensk and us to mede.
þis abram þat ȝee her me neuen
Ful wel was luued wit god of heuen;
Lel he was ai in his sede,
Fild of trout and haly-hede;
He and his wijf þat hight sare
Al ful of charite þai warre.
Tua doghters had aram his broþer,
He spused þat an, nachor þe toþer,
For wit þe lau þat þai liued in
Men suld not spuse bot in þer kin;
For he was theuful bath and hind,
Vr lauerd him hild his priué freind;
Ai luued he sothfastnes and right,
For-þi to him our lauerd hight
A child suld brede of his oxspring,
þat al of thraldom suld bring;
And þat þar suld yeit of his sede
Folk sua selcut mani brede,
þat naman suld cun sume ne neuen
Na mare þen sterns of heuen,
Namar þen grauel in þe see,
Sua vntelland suld þai be;
Bot for þis hight moght be no fabul
He troud wit stedfast throut and stabul,
And als he troud alsua he fand,
Our lauerd him held for treu conuenand;
Bot lang he led him with de lay
To mare þe medes of his fai.

COTTON

þat bote þat broȝt vs in-to mirthe
thorow þat haly maydenes birthe
of him *and* his kyn sal we redo
þat wonderly be-gan to sprede.
þat lauedy wex out of his sede
we pray hir for hir mayden-hede
þat we may so þis story rede
hir to menske *and* vs to mede
¶ abraham þat ȝe here me neyuen.
wele was loued wiþ god of heyuen
lele he was ay in his lede.
ful of trauþ. *and* halyhede
he and his wif þat heȝt sare
ful of chastite þai ware. [1 leaf 16]
[1]¶ ij. doghters had aaram his broþer.
he spoused þat an. nachor þe toþer.
for wiþ laghe. þat he liued in.
men sulde noȝt spouse bot þare kin.
for he was baþ curtays *and* hende
our lorde helde him til his frende
al loued he soþfastenes *and* riȝt.
for-þi til him our lorde hiȝt.
a childe sulde brede of his ospringe.
þat al of þraldome sulde bringe.
and at *þer* sulde of his sede.
þe folk so selcouþ many sprede
þat na mon sulde somne ne neyuen
na mare þen þe sternys of heyuen.
na mare þan þe grauel in þe See.
squa vntellande sulde þai be.
and for þis hote miȝt be na fabil.
he trawed wiþ stedefast hert *and* stabil
and als he trawed riȝt so he fande
our lorde him helde ful trew couenand
[2]But long he lad hym *with* delay
To more the mede of his fay] [2 from Laud MS. 416]

FAIRFAX

þe bote þat broght vs into mirth,	þat bote þat brouȝte vs in to myrþe
Thoru þat hali maydens birth. 2320	þourȝe þe holy maydenes birþe
Of him and his kin sul we rede,	Of him & his kyn shul we rede
þat wonderli bigan to brede.	þat wondirly bigon to brede
þat leuedi wex vte of his side,	Oure lady wex out of his sede
we prai hir for hir maydene-hede,	We pray hir for hir maydenhede
þat we may sua þis stori rede, 2325	þat we may of þis story say
Hir to worschip and vs to mede.	hir to worshepe hir son to pay
þis abraham þat ȝe here me neuen,	Abraham þat we here of neuen
wele was loued wid godd of heuen ;	Was wel loued wiþ god of heuen
Lele he was ay in his lede, 2329	Trewe he was euer in dede
Ful of treuth and halihede.	Ful of feiþ & holyhede
He and his wijf þat hight sare,	he & his good wif sare
Al ful of chastite þai ware :— 2332	Ful of chastite þei ware
Tua dohutyrs of Aram his broþer,	Two douȝtres had Aram his broþer
Spoused þe tan, nacor þe toþer,	he spoused þe toon nacor þe toþer
For wid þe laue þat þai liued inne,	For bi þe lawe þat þei lyued ynne
Men suld noght spouse bot in þar kine :—	Men shulde not spouse but in her kynne
For he was bath meke and hend, 2337	He was boþe meke & hende [leaf 15, back]
vr lauerd him held his priue frend,	Oure lorde him made his priuey frende
Ay luued he sothfastnes and right ;	he loued soþfastenes & riȝt
For-þi til him vr lauerd hight 2340	þerfore oure lord to him hiȝt
A child suld brede of his ospring,	A childe to brede of his ospring
yt all of thraldom suld þaim bring,	þat al of þraldome shulde brynge
And þar suld alsua of his side,	And þer shulde also of his sede
Folk sua selcuth mani brede, 2344	So mychel pepul aftir brede
þat na man suld cune summe ne neuen,	þat no mon myȝte þe somme neuen
Na mare þan þe sternis of heuen,	More þen þe sterres of heuen
Na mare þan þe grauel in þe see,	Ne þen þe graueles in þe see
Sua untelland suld þai be. 2348	So multepliynge shulde þei be
For þis hith miht be na fabil,	He leued þis wiþ herte stabul 2350
He troud wid stedfast herte and stabil,	þis biheest myȝte be no fabul 2349
And als he troud, als he fand, 2351	As he leued so he fond
vr lauerd him held ful treu couenand.	Oure lord helde him trewe couenond
Bot long he led him wid delay, [col. 2]	But longe he ladde him wiþ delay
To mare þe medis of his fay, 2354	To more þe mede of his fay

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Sexti ȝer was abram and fiue
Quen þat his fader was farn o liue,
For him he was mornand in thoght
Ai til our lauerd him com-forth broght,
And said til him wit su[ilka] sune
"Abram l[oke] þou ma þ[e b]une;
þou and tine aght wit þi menyeie [leaf 15, col. 1]
vte of þis kyth and þis cuntré,
ȝee sal weind til a better land;
Ta loth þi broþer sun in hand,
To chanaan ȝee most now drau,
Aland þe quilk i sal yow scau;
þou leue aram, þe land of ire,
Of chanaan þou sal be sire;
þider to weind be noght ferd,
For þar sal be þi kiddli ertd;
al þe folk þar wonnus aboute
to þe þai sal be vnderloute;
þar sal þi nam ouerraised be
And als of airs þat cums o þe;
I sal þam blis þat þe wil blisse
Mi bliscing sal þas oþer misse."
Abram went and wit him loth,
His geing, his catel, ilk crot,
Com and lended, he and þai,
Biside sichen in a valay;
Bot þar-bi felun folk þai fand
þat mikel wasted o þat land.
Als-suith als þai þar cam
Drightin him sceud til abram
And said, "abram þis es þi land
þar þou and tine sal be weldand."
Abram þat o trouth was tru
Bi betel lifted an auter neu;
He blissed godd, þat king o blisse,
And godd him blissed an all his.

COTTON

¶ of sexty ȝere he was *and* fiue.
quen his fader was faren of liue.
for him he was mournande in þoȝt.
ay til our lorde him conforte broȝt.
and saide til him wiþ squilke a sonne.
abraham loke þou make þe bonne.
þou and þine gode wiþ þi meyne
oute of þi kiþ and þis cuntree.
ȝe sal wende til a better lande.
take lothe þi broþer sone in hande.
to chanam ȝe moste ȝou drawe.
a lande þe quilk I. sal ȝou shawe.
þou leue aram þe lande of ire.
of chanaan þou sal be sire.
þidder to wende be þou noȝt ferde.
for *þer* sal be þe kindely erde.
alle þe folk wonis þer a-boute.
to þe þai sal be vnderloute. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1There shalle thy name reysid be
And alle tho Eiris þat come of the]
my folk þou sal rede *and* wysse
and I sal bring ham vn-to blisse.
¶ abraham went forþ *and* wiþ him lote
his þinge. his catel ilka crote.
he come and lendid in aralay.
vnder-neyþe a faire valay.
and þer mony folk þai fande
at mykil wasted in þat lande
als squyþe als her þai cam.
our lorde shewed him til abraham.
and saide abraham þis ys þi lande.
þer þou *and* þine sal be dwellande
abraham þat was of trauþ ful trew
he raysed sone an awter new.
he blessed god þat king of blisse
and god him blessed *and* alle his.

FAIRFAX

Of sexti ȝere he was and fiue,
Quen his fader was faryn fra liue,
For him he was murnand in thoght,
Ay til vr lauerd him confort broght.
And said till him, wid suilk a soune,
"Abraham, loke þu make þe boune,
þu and þi catel wid þi meine,
vte of þi kid and þis contre
ȝe sal wend to a better land;
Ta loth þi broþer sun in hand;
To canaan ȝe most drawe,
A land þe quilk i sal ȝou schau.
þou leue aram, þe land of yr,
Of canaan þu sal be lauerd and sire,
þider to wend be þu noght ferid,
For þar sal be þi kindli erd;
All þe folk þar wones aboute,
Til þe þai sal be vnderloute,
þar sal þi name ouer-raised be,
And all þe ayres þat sal cum of þe.
I sal þaim bliss þat þe wil bliss,
Mi blissing sal þes oþer miss."
Abraham went, and wid him loth,
His meyne, his catel wele i woth,
And com and lendyd, he and þai,
Be side sychen in a valay.
Bot þar bi feloun folk þai fand
þat mekil wastid of þat land.
Als suith als þai diþer cam,
God him scheud to abraham,
And said, "abraham þis es þe land,
þer þu and þine sal haue weldand."
Abram þat of treuth was treu,
Be betel lifted an aunter neu,
He blissed godd, þat king of bliss,
And he him blisced and all hiss.

¶ Of sixty ȝeer he was & fyue
Whenne his fadir was faren of lyue
For him he was in mournynge þouȝt
Til oure lord him coumforte brouȝt
And seide to him wiþ a soun
Abraham loke þou make þe boun
þou þi catel & þi meyne
Out of þis londe þat ȝe fle
ȝe shul wende to a bettur londe
To loth þi broþeres sone in honde
To chanaan ȝe mosten drawe
A lond þat I shal ȝou shawe
þou leue Aram þe londe of ire
Of chanaan to be lorde & sire
þider to wende be not ferde
þere shal be þi kyndely erde
Alle þat wonen þer aboute
To þe shul be vndirloute
þere shal þi name reised be
And alle þo heires þat comen of þe
I shal hem blisse þat þe wol blisse
Mi blessyng shal þe oþere misse
¶ Abraham went & wiþ him loth
Meyne & catel wel I woot
he coom & dwelt he & þei
Bi syde sichen in a valey
But þer felones folk þei fonde
þat mychel wasted of þat londe
Als so soone as þei þidur cam
God him shewed to Abraham
And seide Abraham þis is the land
þat þou & þine shul haue weldand
Abraham of trouþe so trewe
Bi bethel reised an auter newe
He worsheped god kyng of blis
And he him blessed and alle his

Abram turned him to þe south,
To see þat land was him vn-cuth,
Quit he wend haue it in wald
Als þat our lauerd him forwit tald;
Bot son quen he had seised þe land,
þat in þan fel a hunger strang,
Thoru corn wanting or thoru were,
I can not sai o queþer it were;
Abram to sell moght find na sede
Til egypte wend most he nede,
And sare his wijf wit him to lede,
For þai ne wist quar-of þam fede.
Als þai war wendand þider-ward
He hir bisoght o sli forward:—
"Lemman," he said, "sare .i me dred;
þar we weind to þis laules lede
Quen þai þe see for þi fairhede, [col. 2]
to reue me þe þan sal þai wede;
Sai þou for-þi til an and oþer,
þou art my sister and i þi broþer,
Elles þat folk quen þai see
Sal þai me sla for luue o þe."
"Sir," seo said, "sua sal it be."
Wit þis þai com in þat contre,
Bot fra þaa prude folk had hir sen,
All spak of hir, seo was sa scene;
Sua þai rosed hir to þe king
þat he þam did befor him bring.
Bot godd hir þat was hir wit
And hild hir sua vntil hir grith,
þat moght naman o licherie
Hir body neght wit wilanie;
þe king was radd for godds gram
And yald þe wijf to sire abram.
"Qui did þou vs þus in were,
þat said þi wij þi sister were?

abraham turned him to þe souþe
to se þat lande him was vncouþe.
al he wende to haue in walde
als our lorde be-fore. him talde.
bot sone quen he had seised þe lande
þer-in fel an hungre strange.
þorow corne wantinge or þorow weer
I can noȝt say þe. queþer hit were.
¶ abraham to sawe miȝt finde na sede
to egipt wende moste he nede.
and sare his wife wiþ him to lede
þay ne wiste quar-of ham to fede.
als þai ware wyndand þidder-warde
he hir bi-soȝt of suche for-warde
lemman he saide sare I. me drede
þare we wynde our life to lede
quen þai se þe for þi fayre hede
to reue þe me. þat god for-bede
say þou for-þi til ane *and* oþer.
þou art my sister *and* I. þi broþer
and ellis folk quen þai þe se
þai wil me sla for loue of þe.
¶ Sir ho saide so sal hit be.
wiþ þis þai come in þat cuntre.
quen þat proude folk had hir sene.
þai spac of hir ho was sa shene.
so þai rosed hir to þe kinge.
þat he hir dide be-for him bringe.
and god hir keppet þat was hir wiþ.
and helde so vn-til his griþ.
þat muȝt na mon of lecchery.
hir body touche wiþ velany.
þe kinge was ferde for goddis grame
and ȝalde þe wife to sir abraham.
qui made þou vs. þus in were
and sayde ho was þi sister dere.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Abraham turned him to þe south,
To se þat land him was vncuth,
In pes he wend haue it in wald,
Als vr lauerd bifor him tald.
Bot sone quen he had sesid þe land,
þar fell an hunger i vnderstand,
Thoru corn wantyng euerayquer,
I can noght say þe sothlier;
Abraham to selle miht find na sede,
To egipt wende most he nede,
And sare his wijf wid him to lede,
þai had na corn þaim wid to fede.
Als þai war wendand þiderward,
He hir bisoght of suilk a for-ward :—
"Lemman," he said, "sore i me drede,
þar we wend bi þis laithly lede,
For þu art fair, quen þai þe se,
wid miht þai suld þe take fra me.
Say þu þar-for till an and oþer,
þat þu ert mi sister and i þi broþer,
Ellis þat folk quen þai þe se,
þai wil me sla for luue of þe."
"Sir," scho said, "sua sal it be;"
wid þis þai com in þat contre.
Bot fra þat proud folk had hir sene,
All spac of hir, scho was so schene,
And sua þai praised hir to þe king,
þat he hir gart bifor him bring;
Bot god hir kept þat was hir with,
And held her sua widin his grith,
þat miht na man wid lichurye
Hir bodi nehy wid vilanye.
þe king was dred for godes gram,
And bitaught þe wijf to abraham,
[1]And said, "qui put þu vs in were,
þat said þi wijf þi sister were? [1 col. 2]

GÖTTINGEN

Abraham turned him into þe souþ
To se þat londe þouȝte vncouþ
In pees he wende hit have in wolde
As oure lord had him tolde
But soone whenne he had þe londe
An hungur fel I vndirstonde
her corn wantede on vche syde
hard hit was hem to abyde
Abraham to selle fond no sede
To egipte wende most he nede
Sare his wif wiþ him to lede
hadde þei no corn hem with to fede
And as þei þiderwarde went
þis forwarde made þei þere present
¶ lemmon he seide sore I me drede
Now we go bi þis vncouþ lede
For þou art feir whenne þei þe se
Wiþ myȝte þei wol þe take fro me
Say þou þerfore to oon & oþer
þou art my sister & I þi broþer
Elles þe folke when þei þe se
Wol me sle for loue of þe
Sir she seide hit shal be do
þenne coom þei þat cuntre to
Whenne þat folke had hir sene
Alle speke of hir she was so shene
And so hir preysed to þe kynge [leaf 16]
þat he hir made to him brynge
But god hir kepte þat was hir wiþ
And saued hir so in his griþ
þat myȝte no mon wiþ lecchery
hir body touche wiþ vileny
þe kyng was ferde for goddes gram
And delyuered hir to Abraham
And seide why mades þou vs in were
To calle þi wif þi sister dere

TRINITY

Tak her þi wijf and brokar wele,
O þine wil i not haue a dele,
Bot leuer es me o myne þou haue."
þe king him gold and siluer gaue,
And commaunded thoru-out al his land
Men suld him mensk and hald in hand,
And if he wald þar namar leind,
þat he most hamward freli weind;
And al þe god he wit him ledd
to leitt ful strait-lic [he] for bedd.
¶ Abram went ham and his wijf sare,
He luued hir wil mare þan are,
For wirscipp þat sco did him win,
And sco vnsoght saccles o sin.
In-to betel þai com o-nan,
þar he seit first his auter stan;
Bituix him and his neueu loth,
O fee þai had a selly flot;
To pastur commun þai laght þe land
þe quilk þam neiest lay to hand;
Bot fra þair store bigan to sprede
þe pastur þam bigan to knede,
þar-for þair hirds strif and flit,
þair fee nedings þai most flit
Fra þat folk þai war a-mang
þat gretli hild þair store in thrang.
þaa nabethens, þat laithli lede, [If 15, bk, col. 1]
Ful o wrang and wickedhede,
For þai wit þaim moght haf na rest,
þai most þan scail and seke þair best.
þan said abram, þat was na sot,
formast til his neueu loth:—
"þe land his wide þat we ar in,
Godd vs help it for to win;
O þis contre þat es sua wide
þou ches to won on quilk side;

take here þi wife *and* brok hir wele
of þine wil I. noȝt haue a dele.
¶ bot leu*er* ys me of myne þou haue.
þe king him golde *and* silu*er* gaue.
and comanded þorou-out his lande
men sulde him mensk *and* vnd*er*stande
[1]*and* if he walde na mare *þer* lende
þat he most frely ham-warde wende
and al his gode wiþ him to lede
to reue him any he for-bede [If 16, bk]
abraham went hame and sare.
he loued hir þan wele mare þen are
for worshepe þat ho made him win.
and ho hir-selfe wiþ-outen synne.
In-to bethel þai come a-nane [2 from Laud MS. 416]
þer he sette first his aw*te*r stane.
[2By-twene hym and his nevew lot
Bestayle they had y-now y wot]
to comune pasture þai made þ^e^ land*e*
þe quilk next ham lay to hande.
bot fra þaire store bi-gan to sprede
þaire pasture þan be-gan to brede
þat for þaire hirde strife *and* flitte
þaire fee nedegates most þai flitt.
fra þat folk þai ware a-mange.
þat gretely helde þaire store *in* þrange
þa folk ware fulle of misdede.
and maynteined wrang *and* wikkedhede
for þai wiþ ham muȝt haue na rest.
þai most ga ellis to do þaire best.
¶ þen saide abr*a*ham þat was na sotte
formast tille his eme loth*e*.
þis lande ys wide þat we ar in
god gif vs gr*a*ce hit to wynne.
of þis cuntre þat ys sa wyde.
þou chose to wone in que*þer* side.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Ta here þi wijf and brouk hir wele,
Of þin wil i neuer a dele,
Bot leuer me es of mine þu haue."
þe king him gold and siluer gaue,
And commanded thoru vte al his land,
Men suld him onure and hald in hand,
And if he wald þar no langer lende,
þat he most freli hamward wend,
And all þe gode he wid him ledd;
To lett him straitly he forbedd.

Abram went hom & his wijf sare,
He loued hir better þan he did are,
For worschip þat scho gart him wine,
And scho vnsoght sakles of sine.
In to betel þai com on-ane,
þar he sett first his auter stane,
Be-twyx him and loth his neuow
Of bestaile hade þai plente enow.
To pasture commune þai tok þe land,
þe quilk þat lay þaim neist til hand.
Bot fra þair stor bigan to spr[e]de,
þair pastur gan to wax al nedede,
þar-for þair herdis straff for itt,
þair bestis nedlinges most þai flitt
Fra þat folk þai war emang,
þat gretli held þair stor in wrang,—
þa nabethens, þat lothly lede,
Ful of wrang and of wicked hede,—
For þai wid þaim miht haue na rest,
þai most nede part to seke þair beste.
þen said abraham wid wordes hend,
"Loth, mi neuow and mi dere frend,
þis land es wide þat we er inne,
Godd vs help we mith it wine,
Of þis contre þat es sua wide,
þu chese to won on sum syde.

GÖTTINGEN

Take hir here & brouke hir wel
Of þin wol I neuer a del
But leuer me is of myn þou haue
Golde & siluer he him 3aue
And commaundide þour3e his lond
Men shulde him plese & haue in hond
And whenne he wolde no lengur lende
þat he most frely hamwarde wende
And alle þe godis he wiþ him ledde
To lette him streitly he fobede

¶ Abraham went hoom & his wif sare
he loued hir bettur þen he dud are
For worshepe þat she made him wynne
And she vnsou3t sacles of synne
Into bethel þei coom anoon
þere he furst sett his auter stoon
Bitwene him & his nevewe loth
Beestaile þei had ynou3e I wot
To commune pasture þei took þe lond
þat þere lay next her hond
But whenne her stoor bigan to brede
her pasture þo wex al nede
þerfore her herdes stroof for hit
her beestes nede most þei flit
For þat folke þei were among
þat dud her stoor mychel wrong
þe nabethens þat loþely lede
Ful of wronge & wickedhede
þei my3te wiþ hem haue no rest
þei most parte to seke her best
Abraham seide wiþ wordes hende
loth my neuewe & my frende
þis lond is wide þat we are Inne
God vs helpe hit to wynne
Of þis contre þat is so wide
þou chese to won on sum syde

[ff 18, col. 1]

TRINITY

Queder þou ches, on right or left,
I.sal ta me þat þou haues left." 2464
Loth loked toward flum iordaine,
A dale he chés þar be a plaine,
A luuesum land, a leue contré,
þe flum ran thoru ful fair to se; 2468
þe land o gommor þar-bi lijs,
þat was þan lik to paradis
þe time ar it had don þe sake, 2471
Quar-for þar-on godd tok his wrac.
þat land to leind in loth thoght best,
Abram chese him toward þe est.
þe land of sodome had gret blame,
For it was in an iuel fame; 2476
þai war put in a fole plight
þat god and man þam maledight.
Abram lendid him o-nan
Biside þe folk of chanaan, 2480
vnder þe fote of mont mambre,
þar he ches to seit his fee;
þat ilk stede þat hight chebron,
A wondur winsum sted at won; 2484
An aùter raised wit-outen bad,
And sacrifijs þar-on he mad,
þat drightin on him suld min 2487
To-gedir him wi[r]scepp for to win;
þar he seit his tabernacle
þar god for him did sum meracle.
þare had a were ben in þat land,
þat had lasted sumdel lang; 2492
Four kinges werraud a pon fiue,
þe fiue again þe four to-striue.
Bitid a stund þai samen smate
In a dale biside a wate; 2496
Sua lang þai heu on helme and sceild
þe four on fiue þai wan þe feild;

COTTON.

queber þou choses. to þe to take.
I. wil haue quebers þou wil for-sake.
lothe loked towarde flume iordayne
a dale he chese vnder a playne.
a lufsum *and* lefe to se
þe flume þan þorow sa faire to se
þe lande of gomor *per*-by lise
þat þen was like to paradise
ay til þais con god for-sake
quar-fore on ham he to wrake.
þat lande to lendes lothe þozt beste.
and abraham chese him tawarde þe est.
hit hezt sodome of grete fame
for hit was in an euel name.
þai ware sa proude *and* cursed to cal.
þat goddis malisoun had þai alle.
¶ abraham lendid. him a-nan.
be-side þe folk of chanaan.
vnder þe fote a mount fande he
per he chese to sette his see.
þat ilk stede hezt ebron.
a wonder winsum stede atwone
an awter he raised wiþ-out bade
and per-on sacrifise he made.
þat ihesu cristes mizt on him Myn
and ger him worshepe for to wyn.
¶ *per* he sette his tabernacle
per god for him dide sum miracle
per had a were bene in þat lande
of lange time I. vnderstande.
iiij. kynges wered a-pon fiue.
þe .v agayne þe iiij. to stryue.
be-tid a time þai samyn smate
in a dale hit was I. wate.
so lange þai hew on helme *and* shilde
þe iiij. on .v. þai wan þe felde.

FAIRFAX

Quepər þu chese on right or left,
I wil take þat þu has left."
Loth loked tilward flom iordane,
A dale he ches þar bi a plaine,
A lufsum land, a fair contre,
þe flum ran thoru ful fair to se;
þe land of gomor þar-bi lijs,
þat was þan like vnto paradis
þe time ar it had done þat sake,
Til godd þar on uengance gan take;
þat land to won in loth thoght best,
And abram ches him tilward þe est.
þe land of sodome bar gret blame,
For it was in a wicked fame,
þai war putt in sua foul a plight,
þat godd and man þaim maledight.
Abram lendid him in-ane,
Bisyde þe land of canaan,
vnder þe fote of mount mambre
þar he ches to sett his se;
þat ilke stede hight chebron,
A wonder winsum stede to in won.
Ane auter he raised widuten bade,
And sacrefice þar-on he made,
þat dere godd on him suld myne,
To ger him worschip for to winne.
þar he sett his tabernacil,
þar godd for him sone did miracil.
Þar had a were ben in þat land,
And it had lasted sumdel lang,
Four kinges werrid apon fijf,
þe fyue egain þe foure to strijf,
þai smat to-gider at þe latter,
In a dale biside a watir;
[1]Sua lang þai heud on helm a[n]d schild,
þe four on fiue wan þe feilde,

Whepər þou chese on riȝt or lefte
I wol take þat þou hast lefte
loth loked toward flum iordan
A dale he chees to him þan
A lussom londe & fair cuntre
þe flom ran þourȝe feire to se
þe lond of Gomor þerby lys
þat penne was like to paradis
þat tyme ar hit had done þe sake
Til god þeron vengeaunce con take
þat lond to wone In loth þouȝt best
Abraham chees towarde þe eest
þe londe of sodom bare greet blame
For hit was in a wicked fame
þei synned so foule among hom
þat bope hem cursed god & mon
Abraham last & his þan
Bisyde þe lond of canaan
vndir þe foot of mount mambre
þere he chees to sette his se
þat ilke stude hett chebron
A wondir wynsum stud in woon
he made an autere in þat stude
And sacrifice þeron he dude
þat oure lord shulde on him mynne
And make him worshepe to wynne
his tabernacle he sett þere soone
God lete miracle for him done
¶ In þat lond was a werre strong
And hit lasted somdel long
Foure kinges werred vp on fyue
þe fyue aȝeyn þe foure to stryue
þei smoot to gider neuer þe latir
In a dale biside a watir
So longe þei hew on helme & sheeld
þat foure of fyue wan þe feld

[1 col. 2] [lf 16, bk]

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þe fiue gaue bak to wine a-way [col. 2]
And fell to in a pitt o clay;
þai fled and fell vntill a sogh,
And þar þair faas þam foluand slogh;
Siþen þai spred to prai þe land,
Al þai tok þai forwit fand;
Loth þai laght and leed þaim wit,
Was nan þai raght þai *gr*antid grith,
For þai lete þairs was þe land
Fra þai had geten þe ouer-hand;
Herd held þai loth þat ilk day.
A man vnnes wan a-way,
þat com til abram for to tel
O loth chaunce *þat* him bifel;
Abram was þen ful mislikand
Quen he herd þan o þis tyþand;
He did to-geder samen his men,
Thre hundret aght sariants and ten;
And dernlik he did þam bide
Til again a neuentide,
And þan he broght þam til a pase
þat men cald in þand temase,
And þar he delt his folk in tua
þat þai suld noght scapp ham fra.
þis kyngs had o na man doute,
þair folk scaild ai-quare a-boute.
Ab*ra*m *þat* was in trouth st*r*ang,
þat haiþen lede he smat a-mang;
Deliu*er*d p*r*isuns all, and loth,
Wit al þe catell, ilk crot.
Slayn war þe kinges *þat* ilk night,
Thoru þe g*r*ace of godds might;
þe folk o sodom war ful fayn
Que*n* abram was co*m*mu*n* agayn;
þai sagh þair frendes ale and sund,
And wist þair fas war broght to grund.

þe .v. gaf bac to wyn a-way.
and felle in-til a pitte of clay.
þai fled a-way vn-tille a scoghe.
þaire faes folowed ham *and* sloghe.
siþen þai spred to spoly þe lande
al þai toke be-for ham fande.
lote þai toke *and* lad him wiþ
was nane þai toke þai g*r*anted griþ.
þai lete þaires was þe lande.
for þai had gyten þe oue*r*hande
¶ hard þai helde lothe þat day.
vn-neþe wan a mon a-way.
þat come to abraham for-to telle
of lotes chaunce þat him be-felle.
abraham was ful mislikande
quen he herde of suche tiþande
he dide to-gedder samyn his men.
iij. hundreþ .viij. se*r*iauntes *and* ten.
and stalworþly he made ham bide
til agayne þe euen-tide.
and þan he broȝt ham in a plase
þat man calde in þat lande themase
and per he delt his folk in twa.
at þai ne sulde escape ham fra.
þes kinges had of na mon doute.
þaire folk skailed wyde a-boute.
abraham þat was in trauþe st*r*ange
þe hethen men he smate a-mange.
deliuered þaire prayes al *and* lote
wiþ alle þe catel ilka grote.
slayne ware þe kinges *þat* ilk niȝt
þorou þe g*r*ace of goddis miȝt.
þe folk of sodome was ful fayne. [leaf 17]
quen abraham was co*m*myn a-gayne.
þai saghe þaire frendes hale *and* sounde
and wiste þaire faes. waren broȝt to
[*gr*onde

COTTON FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY
þe fyue gaf bac to wine a way,	þe fyue 3af bat to wynne away
And fell into a pitt of clay,	and fellen into a pit of clay
þai fled and fell into a sohw,	*þer*e fel þei dou*n* in swow3e
And þar þair fas foluand þaim slow.	And her enemyes *þer*e hem slow3e
Siþen þai toke to winne þe land,	Siþ þei toke to wynne *þat* lond
þai tok all þat þai bifor þaim fand,	Al *þat* þei biforne hem fond
Loth þai toke and ledd þaim with,	loth þei toke & led hem wiþ
was non þai toke þai graunted grith,	Was noon þei wolde grau*n*te griþ
For þai lett þat þaires was þe land,	þei helde heres was þe lond
Fra þai had getun þe ouerhand.	For þei hadde þe ouer hond
Hard held þai loth þat ilk day,	harde helde þei loth *þat* day
A man unethes miht passe away,	A mon vnneþe my3t passe away
To cum til abram for to tell,	To com to Abraham for to telle
Of lothes chanse hou him bifell.	Of lothes cha*un*ce how hit bifelle
Abram was þan ful mislikand,	Abraham ful euel likonde
Quen he herd of his hard tydand,	Whenne he herde þis tiþonde
He did to gadir samen his men,	he dud to geder to gider his men
Thre hunderd eyt sergauntis and ten;	þre hundride ei3te *ser*uau*n*tis & ten
And priuili he did þaim bide	And pr*i*uely he made hem bide
Til again an euen tide,	Til a3eyn þe euen tyde
And þan he broght þaim to a pas,	And þo he brou3te hem to a paas
Men cald in þat land themas,	Men calde þere þen themas
And þar he delt his folk in tua	*þer*e he delt his folke in two
þat þai suld noght schape þaim fra;	*þat* he o*þer*e shulde not scape hem fro
þir kinges had of na man doute,	þe kyngis hadde of no mon doute
þair folk þai scatrid ouer al a-boute,	her folke þei scatered al aboute
Abram þat in trouth was strang,	Abraham þat was in trouþe strong
þa hethen men he mett ay emang,	heþen men he met among
Diliuyrd þe paas alle and loth,	Fro hem he delyuered loth
with all þair catel, ilka croth.	Wiþ al þe catel vche grot
Slain war þa kinges þat ilke night	Slayn were þo kny3tis þat ny3t
Thoru þe grace of godes miht;	þour3e þe grace of god al my3t
þe folk of sedome was ful fayn	þe folk of sodom was ful fayn
Quen abram was comen egain,	Wheñ ab*r*aha*m* was comen a3ayn
þai sau þair freindes hale and sund,	þey saw her frendes hol & sou*n*de
And wist þair fas war broght to grund.	And wist her foos brou3te to grou*n*de

[1 If 18, bk, col. 1]

Melchisedech, wit-outen baide,
Offrand o bred and wine þan made,
O ierusalem and all þat land
Was prist and king al weldand;
Tru he was, and wise, and hind,
O þair conquest he tok þe tend;
Abram his beneson gaue he
And badd al til him tentand be;
O prai wald abram nathing haue
Bot ilk man he his auen gaue.
Mikel it was þat luffeword þan [If 16, col. 1]
þat abram gat o mani man;
And said it sceud was wit right
Vr lauerd in him suld fill his hight.
¶ Abram went hame and wit him ledd
His folk; wen he was laid in bedd,
Slepped and herd our lauerd steuen
Sothli till him spak in sueuen,
And said, "abram, thar þe noght drede,
I sal þe help in all þi nede
O þat i haue þe hight to mede,
At wyn þou may be traist to spede."
"Lauerd," he said, "hu may þis be,
Quat es þi wil to giue to me?
þou wat child haue i self nan,
Bot mi seruand sun allan
þat serues me, eleazar;
Min air þan wald i þat he war,
Sin þou me gaue na noþer barn."
"Nay," said vr lauerd, "i sal him warn
þat he þi nere sal noght be,
Bot sal þe sede þat coms o þe."
"Abram," said he, "cum now vte,
Behald þou þe þi liue a-boute!
þe barns þat o þe sal bred
Namar sal þou þam cun rede,

COTTON

Melchisedeche wiþ-outen bade.
offerrande of brede *and* wyne þai made
of ierusalem *and* alle þat lande
was he lorde *and* king alweldande
trew he was wyse *and* hende.
of þaire conquest he toke þe teynde
Abraham his benysoun gaf he
and bad alle til him entendaunt be.
of pray walde abraham na-þing haue
bot ilkan he awen gaue
Mikel was þe worshipe abraham wan.
and alle him loued baþ wyfe *and* man.
and saide shewed was in siȝt.
þat in his kyn our lorde walde liȝt.

Abraham went hame *and* with him [led.
his folk quen he was laide in bed.
slepand herde our lorde of heyuen.
soþly til him spac in steyuen.
and sayde abram thar þe noȝt drede
I. sal þe help in alle þi nede.
þat I. haue heȝt þe to þi mede.
to wyn þou may be trayste to spede
¶ lorde he saide how may þis be
quat ys þi wille to gif to me.
þou wate wele childe haue I. nane
bot my seruande sone allane.
þat seruys me eleaȝar
Myne ayre I. walde atte he ware.
Syn þou me gaf nane oþer barne
nay saide our lorde I. sal him warne
þine ayre sal he noȝt be
bot oþer sal þat comys of þe.
¶ abram saide he! come now þer-oute.
be-halde þou þe lift a-boute
þe barnes þat of þe sal brede
na mare saltow ham con rede.

FAIRFAX

Melchisedech, widuten bade,
Offrand of brede and wine he made,
Of ier*usa*lem and all þat land,
was king and preist allweldand.
Treu he was, wise and hend,
Of þair *con*quest he toke þe tend,
Abram his benison gaf he,
And all bad till him tendand be.
Of pray wild abram na-thing haue,
Bot ilk man he his aune gaue.
Mekil it was þat loueword þan
þat abram gat of mani a man;
þai said it was scheud in sight.
vr laue*r*d in him suld þe holde his hit.
Abram went ham a[*n*]d wid him ledd
His folk; que*n* he was laid in bedd
Slepand, he herd vr laue*r*des steuen
Sothly til him spac in sueuen,
And said, "abram, thar þe nogh drede,
I sal þe helpe in all þi nede,
Of þat i haue þe hight to mede,
To win*n*e may þu be traist to sped."
"Laue*r*d," he said, "hu may þis be,
Quat es þi will to giue to me?
þu wat wele child nou haue i nan,
Bot mi seruantes son alan
þat seruis me, Eleazar,
Mi ayr wald i þat he war,
Sin þu me gaf nan o*þe*r barn."
"Nay," said god, "i sal þe warn
þat he þin ayr sal noght be,
Bot a sede þat comis of þe."
"Abram," he said, "þu cu*m* here vte,
Bihald þe skey oue*r* all aboute!
þe barnies þat of þe sal brede,
Na mar sal þu þaim kon rede

GÖTTINGEN

Melchisedech wiþ wille glade
Offryng of wyn & breed made
þat of ierusalemes londe
was kyng & p*r*est & had in honde
Trewe he was wys & hende
Of her conquest toke þe tende
Abraham his benison 3af he
And bad alle to him tenti*n*ge be
Of pray wolde Abraham nou3t haue
But vche mon his owne 3aue
Muche was þe loue word þon
þat Abraham gat of mony mon
þei seide hit was he in si3t
Oure lord in hi*m* wolde holde his hi3t
¶ Abraha*m* went home & wi*th* hi*m* ledde
his flocke & when he was in bedde
In slepe he herde oure lordis steuen
Soþely to hi*m* spake in sweuen
And seide Abraham þar þe not drede
I shal þe helpe in al þi nede
þat I haue þe in dede hi3t
To wyn*n*e þou shalt not faile my3t
Lord he seide how may þis be
What is þi wille to 3yue to me
þou wost wel childe haue I none
But my seruau*n*tis son allone
þat serueþ me eliazar
Myn eire wolde I þat he war
Siþ þou me 3af noon o*þe*r barn
Nay seide god I shal þe warn
þat he þin eire shal not be
But a seed þat comeþ of þe
Abraham he seide com *per* oute
Biholde þe sky al aboute
þe childer þat of þe shal brede
No more shal þou con hem rede

TRINITY

þan sterns on light and sand *in* see,
þat it sal selcut be to see;
Bitraist þis thing *þat* i þe hight,
þe to vndo sal haue na might."
Abram hild þis word in thoght
Vr laue*r*d to serue for-gat he noght:
þan mad abram[1] his sacrifice, [1 MS. adam]
Godd him tald on on quatkin wise;
Quen it was don als was *por*uaid,
A uoice þan thoru a clod said,
"It be efter a wel lang quille,
In egipte suld his sede exile
In tharldon four hundret ȝere,
Bot þai suld bij it siþen dere;
þai þat suld hald þam in *þat* thrang
Wroken on þaim sal be *þat* wrang;
þan suld þe oxspring of abram
Vn-to þair land cu*m* frelik ham
To bruke þair heritage in pais,
Als it was hight be for þaa dais."
Sar was barnles yit wit þis, [col. 2]
þof sco gun ȝern þer-efter wiss;
Sco had hir wit a hand wo*m*man,
þat agar hight, agapcian;
Sco said til abram priueli,
"Nan barns ber, þou seis, mai .i.;
And siþen i mai na barns ber
I sal agar mi maiden ger
Bi-side þe lij, if þou wil sua,
For i am geld þat es me wa;
If ani barn of hir war þine,
I might hald it als for mine."
Sare, als sco had for-wit said,
Wit hir husband agar sco laid.
Agar was made wit child in hi
And heythlik lete of hir lauedi;

COTTON

þen st*er*nes of heyuen: *and* sande of see.
þat hit sal selcouþe be to se.
be-trayste atte na mon: as I. þ^e hiȝt.
þe to vndo: ne salle haue miȝt.
¶ abram helde. þis worde in þoȝt
and thonked our lorde: I wyte hi*m* noȝt.
þen made abr*am* his sac*ri*fise.
god talde his self: of quatkin wise
quen hit was done as was p*ur*uayde
a voyce þorou a cloude saide.
¶ hit sal be-tide wiþ-in a quyle.
In egipte sulde his sede exile.
in þraldome iiij. hundreþ ȝere.
bot þai sulde by hit siþen dere.
þai þat sulde halde ha*m* in *þat* þrange.
wrokyn on ham sulde be *þat* wrange.
þan sal *þat* ospringe of abraham
vn-to þat lande come frely hame.
to haue þaire heritage in pays.
als hit was heȝt be-for þa days
Sare was childeles ȝet wiþ þis.
al if ho ȝorne oft*er* hit con wys.
ho had a seruande a faire wo*m*man.
þat heȝt agar agapcian.
and sayde til abraham preuely
na childer bere: ȝe se may .I.
and syn .I. may: na childer ber.
I. sal agar my mayden ger.
to-gedir lye. salle ȝe twa.
for I. am baren: þat ys me wa.
if any barne of hir ware þine.
me walde þink þat hit ware myne.
¶ sare als ho be-fore had sayde.
wiþ hir housbande: agar ho layde.
agar was made wiþ childe in hye
and hethely lete of hir lauedy.

FAIRFAX

þan sterris on sky or sand in see,
To knau it sal ful selcuth be.
Be traist in þis þat i þe hyt,
þe to reue sal nan haue might."
Abram þis word forgat he noght,
Vr lauerd to serue was all his thoght,
þan made abram his sacrifice,
As godd him teld on quat-kin wise.
Quen it was done and all poruayd,
A uoice þan thoru a cloud said,
"It suld be efter a wel lang quile,
In egipt suld his sede exile,
In thraldam foure hundrid 3ere,
Bot þai suld siþen bi it dere,
þai suld þaim hald in þat thrang,
Wrokin on þaim suld be þat wrang.
þan suld þe ospring of abraham,
vnto þair land cum freli ham,
To hold þair eritage in pais,
As it was hite bifor þas dais."
Sare was barnles 3it wid þis,
And scho gan 3erne þar efter, i-wis.
Scho had wid hir an hand womman,
þat agar hite, egipcian,
Scho said to habram priueli,
"þu seis na barnis bere mai i;
And siþen þat i mai bere na barn,
Agar mi womman i þe warn
Bi þe sal lig, if þu wil sua,
For i am geld, me es ful wa.
If ani barn of hir war þine,
I now it held it als for mine."
Sare, as scho bifor had said,
Biside hir husband agar scho laid.
Agar was mad wid child in hiy,
And lithly lete bi hir leuedi.

GÖTTINGEN

þen sterres or sky or sonde in see
To knowe hit shal ful selcouþ be
Be trust in þis þat I þe hi3t
þe hit to refe shal noon haue mi3t
Abraham þis word for3aat nou3t
Oure lord to serue was al his þou3t
þenne made Abraham his sacrifise [lf 17]
As god him tolde on what wyse
Whenne þis was don & al purueide
A voys þenne þour3e a cloude seide
þat þer aftir a wel longe while
In egipte shulde his sede exile
In þraldome foure hundride 3ere
But þei shulde aftir bye hit dere
þei shulde hem holde in þat þrong
But wroken on hem shulde be þat wrong
þenne shulde þe seed of abraham
A3eyn com to her londe þan
In pees her heritage to holde
As to fore was hett & tolde
Sare was childeles 3itt wiþ þis
þat myche þeraftir 3erned I wis
She serued hir þis womman
þat Agar hett Egipcian
She seide to Abraham priuely
þou seest no childer bere may I
And siþen I may bere no barn
Agar my womman I þe warn
Bi þe shal ligge if þou wol so
For I am bareyn me is wo
If any childe of hir were þine
I wolde holde hit as for myne
Sare as she bifore had seid
Bi hir hosbonde agar leid
Agar was wiþ childe in hy [lf 19, col. 1]
And li3tly let of hir lady

TRINITY

Til abram þan dame sare said,
"Yone lasce þat i biside þe laid,
For-þi þat sco has barn o þe,
Als in despit sco haldes me."
Abram said, "sco es in þi hand,
þou chasti hir sco has þe wand."
Sua chastid sare hir fra þat dai
þat sco was fain to flẽ a-wai,
Bot in hir fleing þar sco yode,
An angel hir befor stode,
In wildernes al bi a well;
Wit hir sli spece gun he spell:—
"Quen," he said, "agar coms þou,
Or quider-ward wilt þou ga now?"
"Fra mi lauedi," sco said, "i gan[g],
For sco me halds fast in thrang."
þe angel hir said, "do wend agayn,
þou sal hir serue wit mode and mayn,
þou wend agayn bou hir for-þi;
O þi sede sal yeit multipli
Mikel folk, and i þe warn
þou es wit child of a knaue barn;
þou kal him ysmael, agar,
For godd will herken to þi car;
He sal be cruell, fers, and wrath
Agains alkin lede brath;
Egain [him] all, o-gain all he,
A wight man þan sal he be."
Again ham til hir lauedi went
And serued hir wit god entent.
Son after þis, þat i herd tell,
Was sco lixter of ysmael;
Quen he was born abram had þan
Sex and fourscor yeir ouergan,
And o þis child he wex sa blith
Alls þof his fader wär broght o liue.

COTTON

til abram þen dame sare sayde
allas I. hir be-side þe laide.
for-quy ho ys wiþ barne wiþ þe
al in dispite ho letes of me.
abram sayde þou vnderstande.
chasty hir þou has þe wande.
¶ squa chastid sare hir: *fra* þat day
þat ho was gane to wende away,
bot in hir fleynge: *þer* ho ȝode.
an angel hir be-fore stode.
In wildernes alle by a welle
wiþ hir suche speche con he spel.
quidder agar he sayde comys þou.
or quidder-warde wil þou ga now.
fra my lady ho sayde I. gange
for ho me haldis in mykil þrange
¶ þe angel sayde: þou wende agayne
þou sal hir serue wiþ mode *and* mayne
wende agayne *and* boghe for-þi.
of þi sede sal ȝet multiply.
Mikel folk: *and* þi warne. [leaf 17, back]
þat þou art wiþ an knaue barne.
þou calle him ysmael agar.
for god sal herkin to þi care.
he sal be cruel fers *and* wraþe
agayne alle ledis he salle be braþe
agayne him alle: alle halle.
a wiȝtter mon sal naure be.
¶ agar hame til hir lauedy went.
and serued hir wiþ gode entent.
Sone efter þis þat I. here telle.
was ho liȝter of ysmael.
quen he was borne abram was þan.
vj. *and* iiij. skore ȝere ouergan.
and of þis childe he wex so bliþe
as his fader ware broȝt to lyue.

FAIRFAX

[leaf 16, bk, col. 1]

Til abram dame sare þan said,
"3on wenche þat i bi-side þe layd,
For scho has a barn bi þe,
Gret despit scho lathes of me."
Abram said, "scho es in þi hand,
þu chastis hir, þu has þe wand."
So chástisd sare hir fra þat day,
þat scho was fain to fle away;
Both in hir fleing as scho 3ode,
An angel com bifor hir stode,
In wilde*r*ness right bi a welle,
Wid hir suilk speche gan he spelle.
"Agar," he said, "queþen comes þou,
Or queþe*r*ward wil þu ga nou?"
Scho said, "fra mi leuedi i ga,
For me scho dos ful mekil wa."
þe angel said, "þu wend egain,
þu sal hir serue wid mith and main.
Wend again, bou hir for-þi,
Of þi sede 3eit sal multipli
Ful mekil folk, and i þe warn,
þu art wid child wid a knaue barn.
þu cal him ysmael, agar,
For godd sal coue*r* þe of þi care;
He sal be fers and cruel bath,
Again all ledis wonde*r* wrath,
Egain him all, egain all he,
A wonde*r* with man sal he be."
Agar ham til hir ladi went,
And seruid hir wid gode entent.
Sone efter, as i 3ou tell,
was scho lither of ysmael;
Quen he was born habram had þan,
Four skor and sex 3er oue*r* gan,
And of þis child he was sua blith,
As his fade*r* were broght to liue.

GÖTTINGEN

To Abraham dam sare saide
þat wenche þat I bi þe layde
For she is wiþ childe bi þe
Greet spit she leteþ bi me
Abraham hir sone vnswerde
Chastise hir þou hast þe 3erde
So chastised sare hir þat day
þat she was fayn to fle away
But in hir fli3te as she 3ode
An aungel coom biforn hir stode
In wildernes bi a welle
þus gan he to hir spelle
He seide Agar whennes comes þou
And whodirwarde woltou go now
Fro my lady she seide I go
For me she doþ mychel wo
þe aungel seide wende a3eyn
Hir to serue þou be feyn
Wende a3eyn I saye for þi
Of þi seed 3itt shal multepli
Muchel folke and I þe warn
þou art wiþ a knave barn
þou calle him Ismael Agare
God wol coue*r* þe of þi care
He shal be fers & cruel boþe
A3ein alle ledes wondir wroþe
A3ein him alle. a3ein alle he
A wondir wi3te mon shal he be
Agar hoom to hir lady went
And serued her wiþ good entent
Soone aftir for to telle
She was li3ter of ismaelle
Whenne he was born abraham had þon
Foure skore & six 3ere ouer gon
Of þis childe he was as bliþe
As his fadir were brou3t to lyue

TRINITY

[1 If 16, bk, col. 1]

[1] de addisc*i*one no*min*is abram

Quen abram was fiuescor *and* nine
til hi*m* þa*n* spak our laue*r* drightin :—
" Abram," he said, " for me þou ga
I sal ga forwit þe al sua ;
Multipli þi sede i sall."
He luttand thanked him wit-all.
þan did our laue*r*d at ek his name,
And said he suld hatte abraham ;
Abram forwit als he was calld
þ*at* nam suld he na lang*er* hald.
þis nam sua mikel es to rede
Als fader o mani serkyn lede.
" And if þou halds mi techeyng ;
O þe sal com bath p*r*ince and king
þ*at* sal þou weld and haue þis co*n*tre,
Als i haue forwit hight to þe ;
þ*at* þou has had in pelrimage
þine sal it haue in heritage,
Al þe kyngrike o þis land
At haue and hald to þam lastand.
Bot now i wil a couenand new,
O þe and þine be halden tru ;
A theuful takynyng for to ken
At tuin yow wit fra oþer men.
Hald 3ee þe couena*n*d o þis wi[s],
Do your knauebarns to circu*m*ces
þe aghtand dai þ*at* þai are born,
þ*at* is to sai þ*at* þai be scorn
O þ*at* ilk lime for-with
þat þai are kend fra wo*m*me*n* wit ;
Lok 3ee do þus, als i sai þe,
Als 3ee your sauls wil saued be ;
Qua es not sua þai mai be bald,
þai sal not o mi folk be tald ;

COTTON

quen he was .v. skore 3ere *and* .ix.
til him spac our lorde of heyuen.
abram he sayde þe-for me ga.
and I. salle ga wiþ þe al-squa.
Mu[l]tiply þi sede I. salle
he louted dou*n* *and* þonked hi*m* wit*h*-
þen.dide our lorde eke his name [alle
and saide he sulde hat abraham.
[1 Abraha*m* hast þou yore by cald
That name no lengg*er* shalt þou hald]
þis name ys so mykil to rede [1 from Laud MS. 416]
as fader of mony diu*er*se lede.
and if þou halde my teyching
of þe salle come baþ p*r*ince *and* king
þou salle haue al þis cuntree.
als I. be-fore he3t. hit þe.
þat þou has hadde in pilg*r*image
þou sal hit haue in heritage.
al þe kingerike of þis lande.
to haue *and* halde ay lastande
¶ bot now I. wille a couenande new
of þe *and* þine be-halden trew.
a selcouþe takeni*n*ge for to ken.
to knaw 3ow fra oþer men.
halde 3e þe couenaunde on þis wise
3our knauebarnys 3e ci*r*cumsise
þe aghtande day at þai ar borne
þat ys to say þat þai be shorne.
of þat lime at 3e wele ken.
ham to knaw. fra wymmen.
loke 3e do þus ! as I. say þe
als 3our sawles saued sal be
qua ys no3t squa ! þai may be balde
þai sal no3t of my folk be talde.

FAIRFAX

[*Of the addition to Abrahaim's name.*]

Quen he was fiue skor ȝere and nine,
God spac to him a littel tine,
"Abram," he said, "for me þu ga,
I sal ga bifor þe alsua,
Multipli þi sede i sall."
He louted and thankid him wid-all.
þan did vr lauerd to eke his name,
And said he suld hate abra[ha]m;
Abram as he bifore was caled
þat nam suld he na langer hald.
So mekil es þis name to rede,
As fadir of many serekin lede;
"And if þu hald mi teching,
Of þe sal cum bath prince and king,
þat sal weld al þis contre,
Als i bifore has hith vnto þe;
þat þu has had as in knaulage,
þin sal it haue in eritage,
All þe kingdam of þis land
To haue and halde til þaim lastand.
Bot nou i wil a couenand nou
Of þe and þine be halden treu,
An hali takning for to ken,
To part ȝou wid fra oþer men.
Hald ȝe couenand on þis wise,
To ȝoure knaue barnis to circumsise
þe eytend day fra þai be born,
þat es to say þat þai be schorn
Of þat ilke lym quar-with
þat þai er kend fra wimmen kith.
Loke þat ȝe do als i say þe,
As ȝe ȝour saulis wil saued be.
who es noght sua þai may be bald,
þai sal nogh of mi folk be tald;

Whenne he was fyue skore ȝere & nyne
God spak to him a litil tyme
Abraham he seide for me þou go
I shal go for þe also
Multeplie þi seed I shal
He louted & þanked him of al
þenne dud oure lord to eche his name
And seide þou hettest now abrahame
Abraham hastou ȝore be calde
þat name no lenger shaltou halde
þi name is þus myche to rede
As fadir of mony folke in dede
And if þou holde my techyng
Of þe shal com prince & kyng
þat shul welde al þis cuntre [leaf 17, bk]
As I bifore haue hette to þe
þat þou hast had in knowleche
þine as heritage shul hit reche
Al þe kyndome of þis lond
To haue & holden in her hond
But now I wol a couenant new
Of þe & þine be holden trew
An holy token for to ken
To parte ȝou from opere men
Holdeþ forwarde on þis wise
ȝoure knaue childre ȝe circumcise
þe eiȝteþe day fro þei be born
þis is to say þat þei be shorn
On þat ilke lymme wher wiþ
þei be knowe fro wymmen kiþ
Loke ȝe do as I say þe
As ȝoure soulis shul saued be
Who so is not so. þei may be bolde
þei shul not of my folke be tolde

þou and þi childer it sal bigin
And þat wons þi house wit in.
Lok he fra þe be don a-wai
þe man þat wil noght hald þis lai;
For-qui þe werk of circumcising
Bers in it-self gret for-biseyng.
Ne þi wijf, þat now hat sara, [col. 2]
Sco sal fra now hat sua na mare,
Hir nam it sal be eked sua,
þat sco fra now be cald sarra;
Suilk a sun sal sco þe bere
þat king scal brede and caiser;
He sal serue me al to queme,
Ful wel þis lagh sal he yeme."
þe couenand was wel fest wit þis
Our lauerd him went in-til his blis.
¶ Abram tok for[th] his men
And did als drightin can him ken;
Him self and ismael he scare,
And siþen all his þat car-men were.
O thritti yeir fra he was born
Was ysmael wen he was schorn;
His fader nineti and nine þat day
þai vnder-fang þis neu lai,
Quarbi þai ar all kid and knaun,
þe folk þat o þar kind er draun.
Quen it was hate a-pon a tide
Abram satt his hus be side,
Bi-side þe wale of mont mambre,
Loked him far and nere; sagh he
Toward him com childir thre,
Liknes o god in trinité;
Bot an allan he honired o þaa,
Als anfald godd and in na ma;
þe trinité he sagh bi þat sight,
And gestend þam wit him þat night.

COTTON

þou *and* þi childer ȝe sal be-gynne.
and þai þat wonis þi hous wiþ-in.
loke fra ȝe be done[1] as I. sai. [1 MS. away. as I. sai.]
þe mon þat wil noȝt halde þis lay
do him out of ȝour company.
and lete him stande to his foly.
¶ al-so þi wife þat now hat sare.
ho sal fra now. hatte squa na mare
hir name hit salle be eked squa.
þat ho fra now: salle hatte sarra.
suche a sone ho salle þe ber
þat kinge salle of brede *and* cayser.
and he salle serue me ful queme
and wele my laghe. he sal hit ȝeme
þe couenaunde was wele. fest w*i*th [þis]
our lorde went vp. vn-til his bl[is]
¶ abraham toke forþ his men.
and dide as criste con him ken.
his-self *and* ysmael he shere
and siþen al ys þat caremen were.
xiij. ȝere fra he was borne.
was ysmael quen he was shorne
his fader .v. skore bot ane þat day.
quen þai toke þe new lay. **sodome**
quar-by þai ar kid *and* knawen. **gomor**
þe folk þat of þat kinde ys drawen
Quen hit was hate a-pon a tide
abraham satte his sone bi-side
be-side þe dale of monte manbre
lokid him fra. *and* nere saghe he.
liknes of god in trinite
towarde him come childre þre.
bot an allane: he honoured of þa.
als ane-falde gode *and* na ma.
þe trinite saghe he: bi þat siȝt.
and gestened ham wiþ him al niȝt.

FAIRFAX

þu and þi childer it sal biginne, [If 19 bk, col. 1]
And al þat wons þi hous widin.
Loke fra þe be don away
þe man þat wil noght hald his lay,
For-qui þe werk of circumsising,
Beris in it-self gret for-bisining.
Ne þi wijf þat nou hat sare
Fra nou sua sal scho hat namar,
Hir name it sal be ekid sua,
þat scho sal be called sara.
Suilk a sun scho sal þe bere,
þat sal be king and caiser,
He sal serue me to queme,
þis laue ful wele þan sal he ȝeme."
þe couenand was wel fest wid þis,
vr lauerd went him to heuen blis.
Abraham tok wid all his men,
And did as god him did ken,
Himself and ismael he schare,
And siþen all his þat carmen ware.
Of thritti ȝere fra he was born,
was Ismael quen he was schorn;
His fader nyneti and nien þat day,
þai vnder-tok þis neu lay,
Querbi þan er þai all kid & knaun,
þe folk þat of þair kind er draun.
Qven it was hat apon a tide,
Abraham satt his huus bisyde,
Biside þe dale of mont mambre,
He loked him fra and nere; sau he
To-war him come childer thre
In liknes of godd in trinite.
Bot an alone he onered of þa,
Als anfald god and in na ma.
þe trinite sau he bi þat sith,
And gestind þaim wid him þat nith;

þou & þi childer hit shul bigynne
And al þat woneþ þi hous wiþynne
Loke fro þe be done away
þe mon þat wol not holde his lay
For þe werke of circumcisyng
Bereþ greet bitokenyng
Ne þi wif þat hette sare
Fro now shal she hett so no mare
Hir name shal be eched so
Bi hir shal mychel good be do
Suche a son she shal þe bere
þat shal be kyng & caysere
He shal serue me to queme
þe lawe ful wel shal he ȝeme
þis couenaunt was faste wiþ þis
Oure lord went to heuen blis
¶ Abraham toke his men in sauȝt
And dud as god him hadde tauȝt
Him self & ismael he share
And siþen alle his þat men ware
Of þritty ȝeer fro he was born
was Ismael when he was shorn
his fadir nynty & nyne þat day
þei vndirtoke þis newe lay
Wherby þei are kud & knowen
þo folke þat of her kynde are drawen
¶ Whenne hit was hoot vp on a tide
Abraham sat his hous bi syde
Biside þe dale of mount mambre
he loked him fro & þenne say he
Toward him com childre þre
In likenes of god in trinite
But as oon he honoured þo
As o god & no mo
þe trinite say he bi þat siȝt
And gestened hem wiþ him þat nyȝt

First he self þair fete wesse,
And siþan þam fedd wit calf flesse,
Buttur and brede þai ete alsua;
þan asked þai quare was sarra.
Abraham said, "yonder wit-in."
þa[n] said þat lauerd, "i wil yow min
At mi gain-com, if i haue lijf,
A sun sal haue sarra þi wijf."
Sarra þar-bin quare sco satt
Herd þis word and logh þar-at,
And said in hething, "quare we sal
Cum again to childer tale!"
For eild sco wend to bere na barn.
"And quat thing es," he said, "may
þat godd ne may his will of do? [warn
Bi i eftsones cum yow to,
þou sal haue barn in litel quile, [lea 17, col. 1]
thar þe noght in hethyng smylle."
Sco said, "for soth smild i noght,"
And if sco did it hir for-thoght.
quen þai war rest wel vp-ras þai
And abraham þam ledd þe wai.
þe louerd loked tilward sodoman,
And þus he said til abraham:—
"Abraham," he said, "fra þe
Wil i noght helle mi priueté;
þou and þine es me sua dere
þat i will ȝee mi consail here;
O sodome haue i herd þe cri,
þe smike it reches to þe scki;
þe word es wers þan man mai neuen,
þe reke es raght vn-to þe heuen;
To see wil i me-self ga,
Als es þe cri, if it be sua
þar-of sal i ta wengance strang,
Ant þer-to sal it be noght lang."

first him-self þaire fete he wesshe
and þan ham fedde wiþ calf flesshe
butter *and* brede þai ete alsqua. [nota *in margin*, hou god et botter & botter (*sic*)]
þen asked þai quare was sarra.
abraham sayde ho ys wiþ-in.
and sayde þai hardly soþ to Myn.
at salt gayne come if I. haue life
a sone sal haue sarra þi wife
¶ Sarra wiþ-in þer ho satte.
herde þis worde: *and* loghe þer-atto
and saide in heþing queþer we sale
come agayne to childer tale [1 leaf 18]
[1] for I ne may ber na barne for elde
bot ihesus criste atte alle may welde
na mon may warne his wil to do.
I warne þe wele leue riȝt so.
þou salle haue a barne in a quile
ne þar þe noȝt wiþ heþing smyle
¶ ho sayde þat ho smyled noȝt
and if ho dide hir hit for-þoȝt.
quen þai ware rest up-rase þai.
abraham ham led þe riȝt way.
¶ þe lorde loked towarde sodomam
and þus he saide til abraham.
abraham he saide now fra þe.
wille I. noȝt hide my priuite.
[þou] *and* þine ar me sa dere **sodome**
I wille þat ȝe my consail here **sanke here**
of Sodome haue I. herde þe cry
þe stink hit rekys to þe sky.
þe worde ys wors þen mon may neuen
þe reke hit reychis vn-to heyuen.
to se I. wil my-seluen ga.
to here þe cry if hit be squa.
þer-on sal I. take veniaunce strange
þar-to salle hit noȝt be lange.

First him self þair fete he wess, [col. 2]
And syden þaim fedd wid calf fless,
Butter and bred þai ete al-sua,
þan asked þai quare was sara? 2716
Abraham said, "3onder widin."
þan said þat lauerd, "i wil þu minne
At mi gaincum, bi mi lijf,
A son sal haue sare þi wijf." 2720
Sare wid ine þar scho satt,
Herd þis word and lohu þar-att,
And said, o skorn, "quar we nu sal
Com e-gain to childer tale!" 2724
For eld scho wend to bere na barn.
"And quat thing es," he said, "may
þat godd ne may his will all do? [warn,
Bi i efsoins cum þe to, 2728
þu sal haue barn in a litil quile,
Ne thar þe noght for skorning smile."
Scho said, "for-soth ne smile i noght;"
And if schoe did it, hir ouerthoght.
Quen þai wore restid, vp ras þai, 2733
And abraham þaim ledd þe way.
vr lauerd loked to sodomam,
And þus he said to habram, 2736
"Abraham," he said, "fra þe
wil i noght leyne mi priuite,
þu and þine er me sua dere
þat i wil 3e mi consail here. 2740
Of sodom haue i herd þe cri,
þe stinc it rises vnto þe sky,
þe world es wers þan man mai neuen,
þe reke it rechis into heuen. 2744
To se wil i mi seluen ga,
Of þat cri if it be sua;
þar sal i take vengans strang,
And þar-to sal it noght be lang." 2748

GÖTTINGEN

Furst him self her feet wesshe
And siþ hem fed wiþ calues flesshe
Butter & breed þei eet also
þei asked sare where is sho
Abraham seide 3ondir wiþ ynne
Oure lord seide I wol þou mynne
At myn 3eyncome bi my lif
A son shal haue sara þi wyf
Sare wiþynne þere she sat
herde þis word & low3e þer at
And seide on scorne wher-we shal
Bicom a3eyn to childer smal
For elde she wende to bere no barn
But no þing she þou3t may warn
But þat he may his wille do
Bi þat he com a3eyn vs to
þou shalt haue chide in litil while
þar þe not for scorne smyle
She seide for soþe smyle I nou3t
And if dude hit hir for þou3t
Aftir þis rest vp roos þei
And abraham led him inwey
Oure lord loked to sodomam
And þus seide to Abraham
Abraham he seide fro þe [leaf 18]
Wol I not hele my priuete
þou & þine are me so dere
þat I wol 3e my counsel here
Of Sodom haue I herde þe cry
þe stinche recheþ to þe sky
þe world is wors þen men neuen
þe reech recheþ into heuen
To se wol I my seluen go
Of þat cry if hit be so
þere wol I take vengeaunce strong
þerto shal hit not be long

TRINITY

"Lauerd," said abraham, " þi nare
Sal þou þine auin sua-gat for-fare?
It semes not to be þi will
For þe wik þe dughti spill; 2752
þi rightwisnes may not thole
For þe wike þat þou þe dught cole."
Our lauerd said til abraham :— 2755
" Wenis þou i wil sua for-do man
If þou þar findes fiue sith tene,
Fifty or fourte o þi lele men,
Tuenti mai fall, or tuis fiue, 2759
Ne sal þai alle haue þar for liue?"
þus said our lauerd; bot þar was nan
Was funden lele, bot loth allan. 2762
Our lauerd went forth, and abraham
til his huse þan went him ham.
¶ At euentide, in to sodome, 2765
To loth huse tua angels come;
þai fand loth sitand be þe yate,
Gayns þam ras fra þen he sate; 2768
He praid þam in gods nam[e]
þai wald to gestening com hame,
Als for þat night, and þai said nai,
Bot in the stret þar duell wald þai:
And loth til his huse þam ledd, 2773
Wit suilk als he hade þam feedd.
Bot ar þai to þeir bedd ware boun [col. 2]
þe folk þam gedir o þe tun,
þaa foles feluns þat war fuus, 2777
All vmlapped loth huse,
yong and ald, bath barn and man,
All thoght þam late þai þeder wan;
On loth þai cried þaa huse a-boute,
And bad þat he suld send þam oute
þe gestes him com wit nighter tale,
For soth, þai said, knau þam we sale.

COTTON

lorde saide abraham þi nare.
sal þou þine hande-werke for-fare.
hit semys noȝt to be þi wille.
for þe wikked þe gode spille. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1Thy rightwysnes wille not so
ffor the wyckyd the good to slo]
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
¶ if þou *þer* findes. fiue sithe ten
xl. or .xxx. trew men.
xx. may falle or twyes fiue.
sal þai alle þar-fore. haue liue
þus saide our lorde. bot was *þer* nane
fundyn lele bot lothe allane.
our lorde went forþ *and* abraham
til his hous he went him hame.
at euen-tide to sodome.
to lothes hous ij angels come.
þai fande lothe sytande bi þe fire
agayne ham he rase *with*-out ire
he prayed ham in goddis name.
al niȝt to dwelle wiþ *him* at hame.
als for þat niȝt *and* þai saide nay.
bot in þe strete dwelle walde þai
neuerles til hous he ham ledde.
and wiþ suche as he had he ham fed
bot or þai to þaire bed ware boun
þe folk ham geddered of þe tou*n*.
þa fals felounes þai ware corous
alle vmbelappit lothes hous.
ȝonge *and* alde baþ barne *and* man.
al þoȝt ham late þai þidder wan.
¶ on lothe þai cried þat hous aboute
and bad ham he sulde sende ham out
þe þeues þat him be niȝt come
for-til bringe ham til þaire dome

FAIRFAX

[1] "Lauerd," said abraham, " þin are,
Sal þu þin aun sua forfare? [1 If 20, col. 1]
It semis noght it es þi wille,
For the wick þe gode to spille.
þi rightwisnes may noght thole sua,
For þe wic þe gode to sla,
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
If þu þar findes fiue sithes ten,
Fourti or thritti of þi lele men,
Tuenti may fall, or tuis fyue,
Ne sal þai all þar-fore liue?"
" yis," said vr lauerd, bot was þar non
was funden lele, bot loth alon.
vr lauerd went forth, and abraham
vnto his hous went him ham.
At an euyntide into sodom,
To lothes hous tua angeles com,
þai fand loth sittand bi þe ȝate,
Again þaim he ras fra þar he sate.
He praid þaim in godes name,
To gestin þaim suld cum hame.
As for þat night, & þai said nay,
Bot in þat strete duell wold þay.
Bot loth to his hous þaim ledd,
wid suilk as he hade he þaim fedd.
Bot ar þai to bedd war boune,
þe folk þaim gadrid vte of þe toune,
þe foule feluns wid wic entent,
Aboute lothes huus þai went,
ȝong and alde, bath child and man,
All thoght þaim late þai diþer wan.
On loth þai crid þat hous aboute,
And badd he suld send þaim vte,
þe gestis him cam bi nighter tall,
For soth, þai said, knau þaim we sall.

GÖTTINGEN

¶ Lord seide Abraham þin are
Shal þou þine owne so forfare
hit semeþ not to be þi wille
For þe wicked þe gode to spille
þi riȝtwisnes wol not so
For þe wicked þe gode to slo
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
If þou þere fynde fyue siþe ten
Fourty or þritty trewe men
Twenty or elles twyes fyue
Shal alle þerfore haue her lyue
ȝus seide oure lord but þere was noon
Trewe founde but loth al oon
Oure lord went forþ þon
Abraham to his hous hoom
At oon euentide two aungels coom
To Lothus hous in to sodom
þei fond loth sittyng bi þe ȝate
To hem he roos fro þere he sate
He preyed hem in goddes nome
To gestene wiþ him & com home
As for þat nyȝte & þei seide nay
But in þat strete dwelle wolde þay
But loth to his hous hem ledde
Wiþ suche as he hadde hem fedde
But or þei to bedde were boun
Folke gedered out of þe toun
Foule felouns wiþ wicked entent
Aboute lothus hous þei went
ȝonge & olde childe and man
hem þouȝte late þei þider wan
On loth þei cryed þe hous aboute
And bad he shulde sende hem oute
þe gestes him cam bi nyȝt tale
For soþe þei seide knowe hem we shale

TRINITY

þat soruful sin on þam þai thoght
Wit þaim to haue don, if þat þai moght.
Bot loth befor, ar þai war warr,
Fast þe dors þan did he sparr;
3ern on þaim he cried merci!
þat þai suld lete þair fule foly.
"I haue," he said, "doghtres tua,
Tas and dos your will wit þaa;
Mi gestes late 3ee liue in pees,
For scam ne dos þam na males.
þe 3erner þat loth þam be-soght,
þe mare on him with strenght þai soght;
Bot al his praier had ben als noght
If godd self his might had wroght,
þat made þat sinful folk sa madd,
þat þai ne wist war þai war stad;
Our lauerd might þam made sua blind
þat dor on huse ne might þai find;
þair aune wite þan wist þai noght,
Quen þai come ne quar þai thoght.
To loth it spak þis angels þan—
"Has þou her," þai said, "ani man,
Sun or doghter, mik or mau,
to þe langand, or hei or lau,
þou lede þam suith out o þis tun,
Are þat hit be sunken don."
Loth went and til his maues spak,
þar vte þat suld his doghters take.
"Rises vp," he said, "and fle 3ee sone,
þis tone to day sal be for-done."
Bot al þat loth to þaim can sai
þam thoght it was not bot in plai.
Bot arli, ar men well moght see,
þe angls badd loth do him flee.
"Vp loth," þai said, "and þi meyne,
þat 3ee ne be tint wit þis cite."

COTTON

þaire sorful sin on ham þai so3t.
to do ham harme hit helpet no3t.
bot lothe be-hinde or þai ware war.
faste þe doris he dide ham bar.
3orne on ham: he cried mercy.
atte þai sulde lete þaire foule foly
I. haue he saide doghters twa.
take an *and* do 3our wil of þa.
My gestes lete 3e liue in pes.
for shame ne dose ham na males
þe 3orner lothe ham be-so3t.
þe mare on him wiþ strenght þai wro3t:
bot alle his prayer had bene no3t
ne god him-self his mi3t had wro3t
þat made þa sinful folk so madde
at þai wiste neuer quere þai were stad
our lordes mi3t made ham so blinde
þat doer on hous mi3t þai no3t finde
þaire awen witte wiste þai no3t
queyþen þai come ne quat þai so3t
¶ to lothe spac þat angel þan.
has þou here þai sayde any man.
Sone or doghter eme or maghe
or any trew frende be þi saghe
þou lede ham squyþe out of þe toun.
or þat hit be sunkyn doun.
lothe went *and* til his maghes spac.
þat out þai sulde his doghters tak.
Rise vp he sayde *and* fle 3e sone
þis toun to-day sal be for-done.
bot al þat lothe mi3t til ham say.
ham þo3t hit was no3t bot in play
bot erly at morne quen men mi3t se
þe angel bad lothe him do to fle.
vp lothe þai saide *and* þi meyne
þat 3e ne be-tint in þis cite.

FAIRFAX

þair sari sine on þaim þai soght
wid þaim to haue don it if þai moght.
[1]Bot loth be-heinde or þai were war,
Fast þe doris þan did he bar, [1 col. 2]
3erne on þaim he crid merci,
þat þai suld lete þair foli.
And said, "i haue here dohutris tua,
Takes þaim and dos 3our will wid þa.
Mi gestis lat 3e ley in pes,
For godis luue do þaim na malis."
þe mare *þat* loth þaim dus bisoght,
þe mare þai *presid* and sesid noght,
All his praier mith noght help,
Warn godes might þar wald 3elp,
þat made þa sinful folk so madd.
þai wist neu*er* quar þai war stad,
vr lau*er*des miht made þai*m* so blinde,
þat dor ne hous coud þai noght finde;
þair aune witt ne wist þai noght,
Que*þen* þai cam ne quat þai soght.
Til loth it spac an angel þan,
And said, "has þu here any man,
Son or dohutir or ani mohw
To þe longand, hy or law,
þu lede þaim suith vte of þis tun,
Ar þan it be sunken dun."
Loth went and til his mohwes spac,
þar vte *þat* suld his dohutris tac,
"Rise vp," he said, "and fle 3e sone,
þis cite to-day sal be for-done."
Bot al *þat* loth til þaim miht say,
þai*m* thoght it was noght bot a play.
Bot arli or men miht wele se,
þe angelis bad þat loth suld fle,
þai said, "loth fle wid þi meyne,
þat 3e be noght tint wid þis cite."

GÖTTINGEN

Her sory synne on hem þei sou3t
To haue done hit if þei mou3t
But loth ar þei were ware
Faste þe dores gon he bare
3erne on hem he cryed mercy
þat þei shulde leue her foly
He seide I haue here dou3teres two
Take & do 3oure wille wiþ þo
My gestes lete 3e lye in pees
For goddes loue wiþoute males
þe more loth on hem sou3t
þe more þei p*r*essed & ceesed nou3t
Al his preyere my3t not availe
Nadde ben goddes good co*un*saile
þat made þo synful folk so mad
þei nuste where þei were bi stad
Oure lord made hem so blynde
þat dor ny hous coupe þei not fynde
her owne witt wist þei nou3t
whe*þen* þei coom ne what þei sou3t
To loth spak on aungel þen
And seide hastou here any men
Son or dou3ter þat þou owe
To þe longynge he3e or lowe
lede hem swiþe out of þis tou*n*
Ar þat hit be sonken dou*n*
loth went & to his frendes spake
þe*r*oute *þat* shulde his dou3tren take
Rise vp he seide & fle 3e soone
þis cite to day shal be for done
Al *þat* loth my3t to hem say
hem þou3t hit was not but play
But erlyer men my3t se
þe au*n*gels bad loth to fle
þei seide fle wiþ þi meyne [leaf 18, back]
Lest 3e be lost wiþ þis cite

TRINITY

Quèn þai sagh loth be to litand, [lf 17, bk]
þai tok him-self be þe hand,
Hijs wijf and his doghtres tua,
þat moght vp lok was þar na ma.
Quen þai had led þam fra þe doute
þat þai þe time war broght wit-oute,
Bi þat began þe light o dai,
þai badd þam ai hald forth þar wai,
Bot þai ne wild þam self for-fare,
to loke bi hind þam neuer mare;
"Ne mak ȝee in þe plain na duell,
Till ȝee be comme in to þe fell;
O-manges þaim ar ȝee be tane
And for þair felunne be slaine."
"Lauerd," said loth, "wit þe leue o þe,
In littel segor wald i be."
"Haste," he said, "þan þeder yaar,
for i do noght til þou come þar."
Bi þat þe sun risen was
Strang cri in þaa tuns ras.
Our lauerd raind o þam o-nan,
Dun o lift, fire and brinstan;
Sodome and gomor wit al þe land
þat our a-boute þam lai ner hand,
Wit all þe woning þat þar was,
es noþer leued, ne tre, ne gress,
Ne nathing of þat land vn-sonken,
Suilk als þai brued now ha þai dronken.
Sir loth wijf þis cri sco hard,
Hir langed to see how þai fard,
For ferli sco was fus to find;
Als sco loked hir be hind
A stan sco standes be þat way,
And sua sal do to domes-day.
In a salt stan men seis hir stand
þat bestes likes o þat land,

COTTON

¶ quen þai saghe lothe vprisande.
þai toke him-self first bi þe hand
his wyfe *and* his doghters twa.
þat muȝt vp-loke: was *per* na ma.
[1] ¶ quen þai ware led: fra al þe doute
þat þai þe toun broȝt ware *with*-out
be þat bi-gan þe liȝt of day. [1 leaf 18, bk]
þai haldeforþ ay þe way.
and bot þai walde ham-self for-fare
to loke be-hinde þai sulde na mare
ne make ȝe in þe playne na dwel
til ȝe come to þe hey felle.
a-mong ham come ȝe noȝt gayne.
and for þaire felonyȝe to be slayne.
¶ lord saide lothe wiþ leue of þe
in litel segor walde I. be.
haste þe fast wiþ-outen mare.
for I do noȝt or þou come þare.
be þat þe sunne risen was.
Strange cry in þe toun a-ras.
our lorde rayned on ham ilkane.
doun of þe lift fyre *and* brimstane
¶ Sodome *and* gomor wiþ al þe lande
þat lay a-boute *per* nere hande.
wiþ al þe wonynges at *per* wesse
nys nauþer left tre ne gresse.
ne na-þinge of þat lande vn-suukyn
suche as þai brew suche haue þai dronkyn
¶ Lothes wife þis cry ho herde.
hir langed to se how þai ferde.
for ferly madhede con ho finde.
and als ho loked hir be-hinde.
as stane ho standes bi þe way
and euer salle do til domesday.
in a salt stane men seyse hir stande
þat bestes likkis of þat lande.

FAIRFAX

Quen þai sau loth be to lytand,
þai tok him seluen first bi þe hand,
His wijf all and his dohutris tua, [If 20, bk, col. 1],
þat miht vp loke was þar no ma.
Quen þai had ledd þaim fra þe doute,
þat þai þe toun war broght widute,
Be þan bigan þe light of day,
þai badd þaim hold forth þair way,
And bot þai wold þaim-self forfare,
To loke bihind þaim neuer mare.
"Make 3e in þe plain na duelling,
Til 3e bi comen to 3one felling,
Amanges þaim þat 3e ne be tan,
And for þair folijs to be slain."
"Lauerd," said loth, "wid leue of þe,
In littel segor wald i be,
þu hast þe þan diþer 3are,
For i do noght or þu cum þare."
Bi þe time þat þe sune ras,
Strang cri in þa tounes was,
vr lauerd rained on þaim onnon,
Fra þe sky fir and brimston.
Sodome and gomor wid al þe land,
þat aboute þaim lay nerhand,
wid all þe woninges þat þar was,
Es nouþer left, tre no griss,
Ne na thing of þat land vnsunke;
Suilk as þai breu nou haue þai drunke.
Lothes wijf þis cri scho herd,
And longed to se hou þai ferd,
For ferli fain wald scho find;
And als scho loked hir bihind,
A stan scho standis bi þe way,
And sua sal do to domes-day.
Als a salt stan men seis hir stand,
þat bestis lickes of þat land,

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne þei seȝe loth be lettonde
þei him toke bi þe honde
his wyf & his douȝtres two
þat myȝte vp loke þer was no mo
Whenne þei were fro þe doute
And brouȝte feire þe toun wiþoute
Bi þenne bigan þe liȝt of day
þei bad hem holde forþ her way
And but þei wolde forfaren be
To loke bihynde hem forbede he
No dwellyng here þat ȝe make
Til ȝe þe ȝondir feld to take
lest ȝe be take þese among
And slayn al for her wrong
¶ Lord seide loth wiþ leue of þe
In litil segor wolde I be
þou haste þen þider ȝare
For I do nouȝt til þou com þare
Bityme þat þe sonne ras
Stronge cry in þo tounnes was
Oure lord let reyne on hem anoon
Fro þe sky fyre & brimston
Sodom & gomor wiþ al þe lond
þat aboute hem lay nyȝe hond
Of alle þo wonyngis þat þere was
Is nouþer lafte tre ny gras
Ny no þing of þat lond vnsunke
Suche as þei brew þo þei drunke
Loth wif þis cry herde
And longed to se how þei ferde
Wondres fayn wolde she fynde
And as she loked hir bihynde
A stoon she stondeþ bi þe way
And so shal do til domes day
As a salt stoon men seen hir stonde
þat beestis licken of þat londe

TRINITY

þat anes o þe wok day,
þan es sco liked al a-way,
And þan þai find hir on þe morn,
Hale als sco was ar be-forn.
¶ þar þaa fiue cites war won to be
es noght now bot a stinkand see,
þat semes als a lake of hell;
Na liuand thing mai þar-in duell,
For if ani fische þar-in bigane,
Wit leding o þe flum iordane,
þe lijf it es for-don wit stink
Fra it in to þat watur sink.
Men findes lumpes o þe sand,
O þer nan finer in þat land,
þat standes euer and iþenli
A cloyd þar fra vp to þe sky;
If þou a brand þar-in wil cast,
þe fire it haldes þar stedfast,
thoru brennyng of þe brinstane,
Quare-of þar es sa mikel wan.
þar-bi groues sum apell tre,
Wit appuls selcut fair to se,
Quen þai ar in hand, als a fisc bal,
To poudir wit a stink þai fal.
¶ All cristen men, i rede yow take
Ensaumple bi þis waful wrake,
þat al for licheri was tan,
Sua wile was neuer funden nan;
þat it was wil it was wel sene,
Be þe wrak þat was sa kene.
Hate and stikand es þe lake,
And fire and brinstan was þe wrak;
Oute of kind þe sin was don,
For-þi þair kind it was for-don;
Fleis þat sin ouer all þis werld,
þe wrak þat folus, als 3ee herd,

[col. 2]

COTTON.

þat onys in þe woke day.
þan ys ho likked al a-way.
and siþen þai finde hir on þe morne
hale as ho was her be-forne.
Þare v. 3ates ware wonte to be
nys no3t now bot a stinkand see.
þat semys als a lake of helle.
na lyuand þing may *þer*-in dwelle.
if any fisshe *þer*-in be-gan.
wiþ ledinge of þe flume iordan.
þe life of hit ys lost wiþ stink
fra hit in-to þat wat*er* sink.
¶ Men findes lumpes on þe sande
ofter nan finer in þe lande
þer standes euer *and* Iþenly
a clowde *þer*-fra vp to þe sky.
if þou a brande *þer*-in wille cast.
þe fire haldes hit stille *and* stedefast
þorou brinnyng of þe brimstane
quar-of þer ys sa mykil wane
¶ þar-by growes an appeltre.
wiþ appels selcouþe faire to se
In hande þai ar as a pis balle
to pouder wiþ a stink þai falle
al cristen men I. rede 3e take
ensaumple bi þis waful wrake
þat alle for licchery was tane.
sa vile was funden neu*er* nane.
¶ at þis was vile hit was wele sene
bi þe wrake þat was sa kene.
hate *and* stincande ys þe lake.
and fire *and* brimstane ys þe wrake
oute of kinde þe sinne was done
for-þi þaire kinde was fordone.
fle þat syn ou*er* al þis werlde
þis harde wrake now haue 3e herde.

FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
And anis in þe wouke day,		And ones in þe wike to say
Is scho licked all a-wai,		Is she clene likked away
And siþen þai find hir on þe morn, [col 2]		And siþ þei fynde his on þe morn
Hal als scho was þar biforn.	2860	hool as she was biforn
þar þa fiue cites war won to be		*þere* þo fyue citees were wont to be
Nou es noght bot a stinkand se,		Is nou3t now but stynkynge see
þat semis als a lake of hell,	2863	þat semeþ as lake of helle
Na lyueand thing may þar-ine duell;		No lyuyng þin may *þer*ynne dwelle
If ani fiss þar-ine be gan,		If any fisshe *þer*ynne be gon
wid leding of þe flom iordan,		Bi ledyng of þe flu*m* iordon
þe lijf it es for-done wid stinc		þe lif is soone fordo wiþ stynke
Fra it into þat watir sink.	2868	Fro hit into þat watir synke
Men findis lompis on þe sand		Men fyndeþ lu*m*pes on þe sand
Of ter, nan finer in þat land.		Of teer no finer in þat land
þar standis eu*er* wond*er*li,		þere stondeþ eu*er* wondirly
A cloud þar fra vp to þe sky;	2872	A cloude *þer* fro vp to þe sky
If þu a brond þar-in wil cast,		If þou a bro*n*d *þer*ynne wolt cast
þe fire it holdis þer stedfast,		þe fire hit holdeþ *þere* studfast
Thoru brining of þat brymston,		þour3e bren*n*yng of þat brymstoon
Quarof þar es sua mekil won.	2876	Wherof *þer* is mychel woon
þar-bi it groues sum appil tre		*þer*by groweþ su*m* appel tre
wid applis selcuth fair to se,		Wiþ apples selcouþe faire to se
Quen þai in hand er like a bal,		Whe*n*ne þei in honde are like a bal
To poud*er* wid a stinc þai fall.	2880	To poudir þour3e *þat* stynke þei fal
All cristen me*n*! i rede 3e take		Alle cristen men I rede 3e take
Ensample bi þis waful wrak,		Ensau*m*ple bi þis woful wrake
þat al for lycheri was it tan,		þat al for lecchery done was
So foule was neu*er* funde*n* nane;	2884	þe foulest þat eu*er* coom on plas
þat it was wic it was wele sene,		þat hit was wicked was wel sene
Bi þat wrake þat was sua kene.		Bi þat wreche þat was so kene
Hot and stinkand es þe lake,		hoot & stynkynge is þat lake
Fir and brimstan was þe wrake,	2888	Fyre & brymston was þe wrake
vte of kind þe sine was don,		Out of kynde her synne was done
For-þi þair kind it was for-don.		*þer*fore her kynde lost was soone
Fleis þat sine ou*er* al þis erde,	2891	Fleeþ þat synne al þis werd
þe wreche þat foluis haue 3e herd,		For þis wreche þat 3e haue herd

Godd wit schild ȝe do þat sin,
þat ȝee in hell fire for-brin;
And if ȝee sin algat sal do
þe sin o kind ȝee hald yow to,
þe kindly sin and wit womman;
Bot sibbe ne spused tak yee nan,
Sua ferr your lust yee folu noght,
þat yee for-gete him þat yow wroght.
Mani man, for ouer-wele,
þam-self can noþer faand ne feil,
Bituixand þai sink in þat wele
þar neuer man sank þat was o sele;
Sua did þe wreches o sodome.
For welth þai duted neuer þe dome,
þair welth þam did of all and alle,
Als dos man oft in filthes fal,
Bot þan com dome, witouten spare,
To þaa þat lang was spared are;
Sua tin þai þam wit-outen end
þat wil noght þam in time mend.
Loth, ȝee herd me ar of tell,
For dred he drou vnto a fell;
In a caue he did him þare
Wit hijs doghteres and namare.
¶ Abraham went him, on þe morn,
To þat sted þar he be-forn [1 lf 18, col. 1]
Had fra our lauerd tane his leue,
And sagh þat can him sare greue.
Tilward þaa cites loked he,
þat sari sight was on to se;
He sagh þat cuntre, al bidene,
þat sua feir had forwit bene,
Wit sparcand reke and couerd abouen,
Als it war a brinand ouen;
For it was rightwis godds wreke
þar again durst he not spek.

COTTON

¶ ihesu criste ȝou kepe fra syn.
þat ȝe in helle fire ne bryn.
if ȝe syn al-gate wil do
þe syn of kinde draghe ȝou to.
þe kindely syn *and* wiþ wommon.
bot sibbe *and* spoused ȝe lete an.
¶ so ferre ȝour luste folow ȝe noȝt
þat ȝe for-gete him þat ȝou wroȝt
mony mon for þaire awen wil
þaire body *and* þaire saule wil spil.
bi-twix at þai sink in þat wele
þer neuer man sanc þat was of sele.
¶ so did þe wrecches of sodome
for welþe dred þai noȝt þe dome
þaire welþe ham sloghe baþ an *and* al
for hit dose mony in syn to fal.
for þen come dome wiþ-out spare
to ham he lange had spared are
squa do þai ham wiþ-outen ende
þat wille noȝt ham in time amende
¶ loth ȝe herde me er-of telle
for drede he droghe vn-to þe fel
In a caue he hidde him þare
and his doghters *and* na mare.
Abraham went him on þe morne
to þat stide he was be-forne
he had fra our lorde his leue
he saghe þat con him sare greue
towarde þa cites loked he [leaf 19]
þat sary siȝt was on to se
he saghe þe cuntree al bedene
þat be-fore so faire had bene
wiþ spark *and* rike al couered a-bouen
als hit ware a brynnande ouen.
for hit was goddis riȝt-wis wreke
þar agayne durst he noȝt speke.

FAIRFAX

God forbede 3e do þat sin
þat 3e in hell þarfor brin.
And if 3e sine nede sal do, [leaf 21, col. 1]
þe sine of kind 3e hald 3u to,
þe kindli sin and wid wo*mm*an,
Bot sibb ne spousid ne take 3e nan.
Sua ferr 3our lust ne foluis noght,
þat 3e forgete him þat 3ou wroght;
Mani a man for ou*er* wele,
Himself can ne*þer* fonde na fele,
Betuix and þai sink in þat pitt,
þat neue*r* ma*n* sank þat þaim miht flitt.
Sua did þe wreches of sodome,
For þai ne douted noght þe dome,
þair welth þaim made of þai*m* all,
In sine and soru forto fall;
Bot þan com a dom widute*n* spare,
To þaim þat lang were sparid are,
Sua þai þaim tyne widuten end,
þat wil þaim noght in time amend.
Loth 3e herd me ar of tell,
For drede he drou him to þe fell,
In a caue he hid him þare
And his dohutris, and no mare.
Abraham went him on þe morn
To þat stede þe he biforn
Had fra vr laue*r*d tan his leue,
And sau þat sore gan him greue,
To þa cytes loked he,
A sorful sight was on to se.
He sau þat contre al bidene,
þat sua fair bifor had bene,
wid spark and reke coue*r*d aboue*n*,
Als it war of a brinand ouin;
For it was godes rightwis wreke,
þar again durst he noght speke.

GÖTTINGEN

God forbede 3e do þat synne
þat 3e in helle þe*r*fore brynne
But if 3e nede synne shal do
þe synne of kynde holde 3ou to
þe kyndely synne wiþ wo*mm*on
But sib ne spoused take 3e noon
So fer 3oure synne folweþ nou3t [leaf 19]
To for3ete him þat 3ou wrou3t
Mony men for ou*er* wele
him self coupe nou*þer* se ny fele
Til þei synke into þat pit
þat no man may hem þennes flit
So dud þese wrecches of ioye tome
þei douted not goddes dome
her welþe made hem oon & alle
In synne & sorwe for to falle
þen coom a doom in hastite
To hem þat longe had spared be
So shal de3e wiþouten ende
þat in tyme wol not amende
¶ loth 3e herde telle of eer-
Into þe felde he drou3e for feer
In a caue he hud him þo
He & his dou3tris & no mo
Abraham went on þe morn
To þat stude þe*re* he was biforn
had of oure lorde taken his leue
And say þat sore gan him greue
Towarde þo citees loked he
A sorweful si3te hit was to se
he say þat cuntre al bidene
þat so fair biforn had bene
Wiþ sparcles & smeke coue*r*ed abou*en*
As hit were a brennyng ouen
For hit was goddes ri3twis wreke
þe*r* a3eyn durst he not speke

TRINITY

¶ Bot loth him held þat caue wit-in,
He and his doghtres tuin;
For þai nan bot þair fader sau
þai wend all men ware don o dau,
Thoru þat ilk waful wrak.
þe elder to þe yonger spak,
"Sister, to þe in dern i sai,
þou seis þe folk er all a-wai;
Bot loth our fader es carman nan,
Bot we tua left es na womman;
I think man-kind sal perist be,
Bot it be stord wit me and þe,
þe werld es broght til end, me think;
Giue we our fader inogh to drink,
And, wen he es drunken witerly,
We sal in bedd ga lig him bi,
For moght we any barn[e]s brede
Me think þe werld þar-of had ned."
Als sco for spak, right sua þai wroght,
þe fader his auen dede wist noght;
He fand noght wen he bi þam lai,
Bot bath alson wit child were þai;
Amon. and moab. wer geten sua,
Tuix fader and doghters tua;
O þaim becom sua wiked lede,
þat noþer drou to dughti-hede;
Til a sted þat hight damas
þiderward þair wonnyng was;
O mani man, þof þai war gode,
þai reft þam aght and spilt þair blode.
¶ Abraham had his hert ful sare,
Fra þeþen he tok talent to fare;
Til a contre cades he flitt,
Abimalech was lauerd of hitt;
His sister he cald sarra his wijf,
For þarę for hir suld rise na strijf.

COTTON

Lothe him helde þat caue wiþ-in.
bot he *and* his doghters twyn.
for þai nane bot þaire fader sawe
þai wende al men ware done of daw.
þorou þat ilk waful wrake
þe elder to þe ȝonger spake
Sister to þe in derne I. say.
þou sese þe folk ys al a-way.
bot lothe our fader ys carmen nane
bot we twa left nys na womman.
¶ I. þink mankinde sal lorne be
bot hit be stored wiþ me *and* þe
þe werlde ys broȝt to ende me þink
gif we our fader I-noghe to drink
and quen he ys drunkyn witerly.
we salle in bed ga ly him by.
for muȝt we any barnes brede
me þink þe werlde þer-of had nede
als ho forspac so þai wroȝt
þe fader his awen deide wist noȝt
ne fande noȝt quen he bi ham lay.
bot baþ alsone wiþ barne ware þai.
¶ Amon *and* moab ware gytin squa.
bi-twix þe fader *and* his doghters twa
of ham come so wikked lede.
þat neuer droghe til dughti hede.
til a stede þat heȝt damas.
þidderwarde his wonynge was.
of mony mon þat ware ful gode
þai robbed ham *and* spilt þair blode
Abraham had his hert ful sare.
fra þeiþen toke him talent to fare
to a contre walde he flit.
abymalec was lorde of hit.
his sister sarra calde he his wife.
and abraham dred him for strife.

FAIRFAX

Loth him held þat caue wid-ine,
Himself and his dohutris tuine.
Bot þair fader þat þai þar sau [col. 2]
þai wend all men war don o dau,
Thoru þat ilk waful wrake. 2933
þe elder to þe ȝonger spake,
"Sister, to þe in derne i say,
þu seis þis folk es all away, 2936
Bot loth vr fader and we ta,
Aliue es nou left na ma;
I leue manking sal perischt be,
Bot it be storid wid þe and me, 2940
þe world es broght to end me thinc.
Giue we vr fader enogh to drinc,
Quen he es drunken witterli,
we sal in bedd ga ligg him bi, 2944
For miht we ani barnis brede,
Me thinc þe world þar-of had nede."
Als þai had spokin, right so þai wroght,
þe fader his aune dede wist noght,
Ne wist noght quen he bi þaim lay,
Both bot wid barn sone war þay.
Amon and Moab war getin sua, 2951
Bi-tuix loth and his dohutris tua;
Of þaim it com sua wicked lede,
þat neiþer drou to worthi dede.
Til a stede þat hith damas
þiderward þair woning was, 2956
Of mani man, þou þai were gode,
þai reft þair catel and sched þar blode.
Abraham syhid in his hert ful sare,
Fra þaim him tok talent to fare,
Till a contre cadades he flitt, 2961
Abimalech was lauerd of itt.
His sister he cald sarra his wijf,
þat for hir suld rise na strijf, 2964

¶ Loth him helde þe caue wiþynne
himself & his douȝtres twynne
But her fadir þat þei þere sawe
þei wende alle men were don of dawe
þourȝe þat ilke woful wrake
þe elder to þe ȝonger spake
Sister in priuete to þe I say
þou seest þis folke is al away
But loth oure fadir & we two
Alyue now is lafte no mo
I leue monkynde fordone be
But hit be stored bi me & þe
þis world is brouȝte to ende me þinke
ȝyue we oure fadir ynouȝe of drinke
Whenne he is dronken witterly
In bed we shul go lye him by
For myȝte we any barnes brede
Me þinke þe world þerof had nede
As þei had spoke so þei wrouȝt
þe fadir his owne dede wist nouȝt
he wist not whenne he bi hem lay
But boþe wiþ childe soone were þay
Amon. & moab were geten so
Bitwixe loth & his douȝtres two
Of hem coom so wicked lede
þat nouþer drowȝe to worþi dede
To a stude þat hett damas
þidurwarde he wonyng was
Of mony men þat were gode
þei refte catel & shedde blode
¶ Abraham siked in herte sore
Fro þenne he wolde þat he wore
To a cuntre cadades he flit
Abimalech was lord of hit
his sister he calde sara his wif
þat for hir shulde rise no strif

He dred þe folk was ful o pride, [col. 2]
Quils he war lendand þam biside;
Bot herd it es to kepe, iwise,
þe thing þat ilk man wald war his,
And, namlik, i sai it o þat thing
þat ȝernd es o gret laueding.
Abimalech ne fined noght
to þat sarra was to him broht.
Bot godd on night com to þe king,
In slepe, and said him sli talking—
"þou king," he said, "loses þi lijf,
þou has anoþer man[ne]s wijf."
"Lauerd," he said, "wil þou me sla,
I wist not for soth þat it was sua;
þai tald bath here, til an and oþer,
Sco was his sister and he hir broþer;
And alsua, lauerd, wel þou wat
þat I. haf halden clene hir stat."
"I wat," he said, "þat þou art clene,
War it not sua if i ne had bene,
Fra toche of hir i saued þe,
þat þou suld not sin in me;
Yeild hir to hir husband schet,
For hir husband es a prophet;
And if þou dos anoþer red
þou and þine all sal be dede."
¶ Vp ras þe king, on nighter tale,
And cald his men be for him hale;
O þis warning he þam tald,
And þai þam dred both yong and ald.
He did to cal habraham son,
And said, "qui has þou þusgat don?
Quat haue i don, or mi kingrike,
þat þou suld þus us be-suik?"
"Parfai for i me vm-bithoght
Yee war men þat godd duted noght;

he dred þe folk ware ful of pride
þe quylest he dwelled ham bi-side
¶ bot harde hit ys to kepe I.-wys
þe þinge þat ilkman walde ware his
and namely say I. of þat þinge
þat ȝorne ys couet of lordinge
abymalec stynt he noȝt
til atte sarra was til him broȝt.
¶ bot god of heyuen come til þe king
slepande saide suche talkyng.
þou kinge he saide þou leses þi life
þou has a-noþer monnys wife.
¶ lorde he saide wil þou me sla.
I. wiste noȝt at hit was squa.
and he talde wele þe tane *and* þe toþer
ho was his sister. *and* he hir broþer.
¶ a lorde he saide wele þou wate
þat I. haue halden clene hir state
I. wate wele þat ho ys clene
ware hit noȝt squa if I. ne had bene
fra touche of hir I. saued þe
at þou sulde noȝt syn in me.
gif hir til hir housbonde skete.
for his housbonde ys a prophete.
and if þou do agayne my rede
þou *and* þine sal be dede.
¶ vp-rase þe king on niȝtter-tale
and calde vp his men grete *and* smale
of þis warnyng sone he ham talde
and þai ham dred baþ ȝonge *and* alde
and dide to calle abraham ful sone
and sayde quy has þou þus-gates done
quat haue I. done þe to mysliko
at þou sulde þus-gates me bi-squyke
¶ parfay for I. me wele be-þoȝt
ȝe ar men doutes god riȝt noȝt.

COTTON FAIRFAX

He dredd þe folk was ful of pride,
Quiles he was liuand þaim biside.
Bot hard it es to kepe, i-wis, [If 21, bk, col. 1]
þat thing *þat* ilk m*a*n wald war his,
And namli i say it of *þat* thing,
þat 3ernid es of gret lording;
Abimalech ne fyned noght,
Til sarra was bifore him broght,
Bot god on nyth com to þe king,
In slepe, and said suilk takening,
"þu king," he said, "þu schortis þi lijf,
þu has ano*þer* manes wijf."
"Laue*r*d," he said, "wil þu me sla
þat wist noght *þat* it was sua?
þai tald bath til an and o*þer*,
Scho was his siste*r* & he hir bro*þer*.
And alsua, laue*r*d, wele þu wate,
þat i haue clene halden hir state."
"I wot," he said, "*þat* þu art clene,
It war noght sua had i ne bene.
Fra touche of hir i saued þe,
þat þu suld noght sinn*e* i*n* me:
þu 3eild hir to hir husband wight,
He es a pr*o*phete, hali and right.
And if þu do ano*þer* rede,
þu and þine sul all be dede."
Up ras þe king bi night*er*tale,
And cald his men bifor hi*m* al hale,
Of þis warning he þaim tolde,
And þai þai*m* dredd bath 3ong and olde.
He did to call abraham sone,
And said, "qui has þu dusgat done,
Quat haue i don, or mj king Rike,
þat þu suld vs þus bisuike?"
"Parfay for i me vmbithoght,
þat goddes au 3e douted noght.

GÖTTINGEN

he dredde þe folke ful of pride
Whil he lyued hem bisyde
But harde hit is to kepe I wis
þing *þat* vche mon wolde were his
And namely suche a þing
As is desired of greet lordyng
Abimalech fined nou3t
Til sara was to fore him brou3t
But god on ny3t coom to þe kyng
In sleep & seide þis tokenyng
Wolt þou kyng short þi lyf
þou hast ano*þer* monnes wif
Lord he seide wolt þou me slo
þat wist not *þat* hit was so
þei tolde boþe to oon and o*þere* [If 19, bk]
She was his sister & he hir bro*þere*
And also lord wel wost þou
She is clene as she was ar now
I woot he seide 3itt be 3e clene
hit were not so had I not bene
Fro touche of hir I saued þe
þat þou shuldes not synne in me
3elde hir to hir husbonde wi3t
he is a pr*o*phete holy and ri3t
And if þou do any o*þere* rede
þou & þine alle shul be dede
Vp roos þe kyng anoon bi ny3t
And calde his men in to his si3t
Of þis warnynge he hem tolde
þei were aferde boþe 3onge & olde
he dude to calle Abraham soone
And seide whi hastou þus done
What haue I done a3eyn þi like
þat þus woldes me biswike
Sir he seide I me biþou3t
þat goddes awe dredde 3e nou3t

TRINITY

Your harm sa wend i best to fle
And said mi sister suld sco be."
Til abraham þan gaue þe king,
In wirscipp, mani riche thing,
And him he made þan his *priue*
And taght to weld al *þat* contre.

[1]De ortu & int[*er*]p[*re*]tacione ysaac
[1 leaf 18, back]

¶ Bi þis come sarra to þe tide,
O birth sco moght not ou*er*bide;
þan ysaac þair sun was born,
þat lang was hight to þ*am* biforn;
Was circum*c*ised þe aghtand dai,
Als was þair heing *in* þair lay.
Isaac wel es for to sai [col. 1]
A man þat takens ioy and plai.
For, for þe birth of ysaac,
Gret ioi can his frendes mak.
þat freli child, þat ful of hap,
Quen he was spaned fra þe pap,
His fader slou bath scepe and nete,
And made a fest to frend[e]s gret[e];
Mete and drinc he gaue þam all
þat wald cu*m* al til his call.
¶ Ysaac was yonger þan ysmael.
Bitide apon a dai it fell
þat þir breþer þam plaijd samen,
Sarra beheled and thoght na gamen.
Sco sceud abraham, "yon bastard
Do him a-wai, þat he ne has partd
Wit mi sun of our heritage,
For elles, me thinc, þou dos out*rage*.
I wil, q*uat*-sum man thinc or sai,
His moder and he be don a-way."
Abraham hit tok til hert,
And thoght þis wordes war to smert;

for doute of harme þus saide we.
þat my sister sulde ho be.
tille abraham þen gaf þe kinge.
for worshepe mony riche þinge.
and made him his counsalour prine
and bad him rewle al þat cuntree.

Be þis was done wiþ-in a tide
of birþ miȝt sarra na leng*er* bide
and þer ysaac þaire sone was borne
þat lange was heȝt ham be-forne
and was c*i*rcumsised þe viij. day.
þat waste þe heuinge of þaire lay
ysaac ys als myche for-to say.
a name þat takenys ioy *and* play.
for. for þe birþ of ysaac.
grete ioy con his frendis make.
þat frely childe *and* ful of hap [lf 19, bk]
quen he was sponed fra þe pap.
his fader sloghe baþ shepe *and* nete
and made a feste til frendis grete
mete *and* drink he gaf ham alle
þat walde come vn-til his calle.
ysaac was ȝonger þen ysmael.
¶ be-tidde apon a day hit felle.
at *þer* breþ*er* played samme.
sarra be-helde *and* þoȝt na gamme
ho saide ysmael þou bastard*e*
of our gode þou getes na part.
he playes wiþ my sone of heritage
and þat me þink grete outrage
I. wil quat men þink or say.
his moder *and* he be-done a-way.
[1]Abraham this toke to hert [1 from Laud MS. 416]
And thoght her wordis full smert]

COTTON FAIRFAX

ȝur harm so wend i best to fle,	ȝoure harm wende I so best to fle
And said scho suld mi sister be."	And seide she shulde my sister be
Til abraham þan gaue þe king, [col. 2]	To Abraham þo ȝaf þe kyng
In worschip mani a riche thing, 3004	In worshepe mony a riche þing
And made him mast of his priue,	And made him moost to him priue
Bitok him to weld all þat contre.	Toke him to welde al þat cuntre

[*Of the birth of Isaac, and of Ishmael.*]

Bi þis com sarra to þe tyde [bide,	¶ Bi þis coom sara to þe tide
Of birthe, scho miht na langer	Of birþe myȝte she no lengur abide
þat ysaac hir sun was born, 3009	þenne was ysaac hir son born
þat lang was hith him biforn;	þat was longe bihet to forn
And circumsised þe eytend day,	And circumcised þe eiȝteþe day
It was þair heuing in þair lay. 3012	Aftir þe custom of þat lay
þe name of isaac es to say	þe name of ysaac is to say
A man þat takines ioy and play,	A mon þat tokeneþ ioye & play
And for þe birth of ysaac,	And for þe burþe of ysaace
Gret ioy gan his freindis mak. 3016	Greet ioye dud his frendes make
þat ferly child, þat ful of hap,	þat wondir childe ful of happe
Quen he was spaned fra þe pap,	Whenne he was wened fro þe pappe
His fadir slow bath schep and net,	His fadir slowȝe sheep & neet
And made a fest to freindes gret;	And made a feest to frendes greet
Mete and drinc he gaf þaim all, 3021	Mete & drynke he ȝaf hem alle
þaim bihoued cum to his hall.	þat wolde com to his halle
Isaac was ȝonger þan ismael,	Isaac was ȝongir þen isniael
Be-tid apon a day it fell,	On a day bitidde & fel
þat þise breþer þai plaid samen, 3025	þat þese breþeren pleyed same
Sarra biheld and thoght na gamen.	Sara bihelde & þouȝt no game
Scho said, "abraham, ȝon bastard,	She seide abraham þat bastard
Do him away þat he haf na part	Do him awey he haue no part
wid mi sun of vre eritage, 3029	Wiþ my son of oure heritage
Or ellis me thinc þu dos vtrage.	Or elles þou dost greet outrage
I wil, quat-sua men thinc or say,	I wol what so euer men say
His moþer and he be done away."	his modir & he be done away
Abraham it toke to herte 3033	Abraham þis toke to herte
And thoght hir wordes to smert,	And þouȝte hir wordis ful smerte

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

For his sun him ful heui thoght
til þe angel had him word broght.
"Abraham," he said, "giue þe not ill,
þou most now do þi wijf[es] will
O þi maiden and o þi barn,
Hir bidding do sal þou not warn;
For ysaac sal bere þe nam
O þi sede, sir abraham;
þof ysmael be noght o spus
O him sal gret men cum and crus."
Sun on þe morn, quen it was dai,
Bath war þai don vnto þair wai;
Oute of þe hus was pute agar,
Hir sun a-pon hir bak sco bar;
Water and brede, wit outen mare,
Sco trused hir wit, and weped ful sare.
Now gas sco for þat wreche allan,
Wandran[d] in wildernes hir an.
þam wanted brede, þeir water es gan,
Hope o lijf ne had þai nan.
Biside a wel, vnder a tre,
þe barn sco laid, did hir to fle,
For soru þar-of moght sco not se,
Bot waited quen it ded suld be;
¶ Quils sco hir mened of hir mode
Comfort had sco son ful gode.
An angel com and said, "agar,
Quat dos þou, wi mas þou sli car?
Drightin has herd þi barn cri,
Rise and tak it up for-þi;
þou lede him yonder er yon lind,[1]
For þar a wele þan sal þou find;
On þat tre hinges frut ful gode,
For þe and þi child fode;
Her þan sal þou wit him won
And foster her þou sal þi son."

[1 *originally* blind] COTTON

[1here-fore he was in hevy thoght
Tylle an angille hym word broght
Abraham he seid thynk not ylle
þou must do thy wyfes wille
Of thy maydyn and hir barne
hir byddyng shalt þou not warne
ffor Isaac shalle bere þe name
Of thy sede sir Abraham [1—1 from Laud MS. 416]
Of ysemaell out of spowsage
Shalle many come kene & sage
On the morne when yt was day
Bope were they done a-way1]
¶ out of þat hous was putte agar
hir sone a-pon hir bak ho bare.
dry brede wit-out mare
ho trusset wiþ hir *and* wepet ful sare
now gase ho forþ þat wil of wane
wandrande in wildernes allane.
ham wantes brede hir water ys gane
hope of life ne had þai nane.
hir barne ho laide *and* dide hir fle.
for sorou on hit durste ho noȝt se
bi a welle vnder a tree.
and waytet quen hit dede sulde be
¶ þe quylist ho hir mynde of hir mode
conforþ had ho sone ful gode.
an angel come *and* saide agar.
quat dos þou quy makis þou suche car
crist has herde þi barne cry
Ris *and* take hit vp for-þi
lede him ȝonde ar to blinde.
for þare a tree sal þou finde
a-pon þat tree hinges frute ful gode
for þe *and* for þi childes fode.
here þou salle wiþ him wone.
and foster here þou sal þi sone.

FAIRFAX

For his sun him heuy thoght,
Til þe angel him bodword broght,
"Abraham," he said, "gif þe noght ill
Nou most þu do þi wijfes will.
Of þi mayden and of þi barn, [f 22, col. 1]
Hir bidding do sal þu noght warn,
For ysaac sal bere þe name
Of þi sede, sir abraham.
þou ismael be noght of sposage,
Of him sal cum men kene and sauage."
Apon þe morn quen it was day,
Bath þan war þai done away,
Out of þat hous was put agar,
Hir sun apon hir bac scho bar,
watir and bred widuten mar
Scho tok hir wid, and spac ful sare.
Nou gas þat wreche wille of wane
wandrand in wildernes alane,
þaim wantand bred, þair water es gan,
Hop of þair liues had þai nan.
Bi a welle vnþer a tre
þe child scho laid and gan to fle,
For soru þar-on mith scho noght se,
Bot waited quen it dede suld be.
Quilys scho menyd in hir mode,
Confort com hir sone ful gode,
An angel com and said, "agar,
Quat dos þu, qui mas þu car?
Godd has herd þi childes cry,
Ris and tak it vp for-þi;
Lede him ȝender and haue in minde,
þere a welle þan sal þu find,
And a tre wid frouit ful gode
For þe and for þi childes fode.
Here þan sal þu wid him won,
And forster here þu sal þi sun."

Herfore he was in heuy þouȝt
Til oon aungel him worde brouȝt
Abraham he seide þinke not ille
þou most do þi wyues wille
Of þi mayden & hir barn
hir biddyng shal þou not warn
For ysaac shal bere þe name
Of þi seed sir Abrahame
Of Ismael out of spousage
Shul mony com kene & sauage
On þe morwe whenne hit was day
Boþe were þei done away
Out of þat hous was put Agar
hir son on hir bak she bar
Watir & breed wiþouten more
She toke hir wiþ & wept ful sore
Now goþ þat wrecche wille of wone
In wildernes wandrynge allone
her breed wantide he watir is gon
hope of her lyues had þei noon
Bi a welle vndir a tre
þe childe she leide & gon to fle
For sorwe she myȝt not þeron seen
But waited whenn hit dede shulde ben
And whil she mened þus hir mode [f 20]
Coumfort coom hir soone gode
An aungel coom & seide Agare
What dostou whi makestou care
God haþ herde þi childes cry
Ris & take hit vp for þi
lede him ȝondur & haue in mynde
A welle þere þou shalt fynde
And a tre wiþ fruyt ful gode
For þe & þi childes fode
here shal þou wiþ him wone
& foster forþ here þi sone

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þe barn sco dide drinc o þat wel,
In þat wast þan can þai duell;
Togeder duell þai samen þar,
Til ysmael was waxen mare;
Ananli liuelade þar þai ledde,
O wildernes þan war þai fedde;
For quen he throded was to yoman,
He was archer wit best of an;
Siþen quen he was of age and witte
A wijf he spused of egipte,
And wond als a wildren man,
In a desert þat hight faran.
¶ þis abraham o mikel bade
Was, and of clene liuelade.
O lagh our lauerd him gaue þe lade,
Of him his patriak he made,
And said, "abraham, i sal þe giue
þe lagh þat þou agh in to liue."
"Lauerd," he said, "mi self and mine,
At þi wil lauerd all es þine,
I and mi wijf ar al þin aun,
And þar-of ar we wel a-knaun;
þi biding wil we do fulfayn,
For we sal neuer do þer again,
Quat sal i do, lauerd, þou me tell."
"Bot þou sal wend vnto yon fell,
þar sal þou find mi messager,
þou mak of erth þer an auter;
Bath of þi corn and of þi fee
þar sal þou offrand mak to mee."
"Gladli, lauerd, als þou has said."
Son was abraham puruaid;
O corn, o crop, aght an[d] catell,
To godd his tend þar gafe he lele;
It brend, þe reke raght vp euen,
þe smel was suette þat soght til heuen.

þe childe ho did drink of *þat* welle
and in þat waste con ho dwelle.
¶ To-samyn dwelled þai þare.
til ysmael was waxen mare.
wiþ myche care þaire liuelade led
of wildernesse þen ware þai fed.
and he þat xij. 3ere was gane
þen was he archer best of ane.
and quen he was of elde *and* witte
a wife he spoused of egipte.
and woned als wildrin man.
in þat desert at he3t pharan.
¶ þis abraham of mykil bade
was of a clene liuelade.
of laghe our lorde gaf hi*m* þe lade.
of him his patriarche he made
and saide abraham I. sal þe gyue
þe laghe atte þou sal in liue.
¶ lorde he saide my-self *and* myne.
atte þi wille lorde al ys þine.
I. *and* my wife ar alle 3our awen.
and þar-of ar we wele knawen.
þi bidding wil we do ful fayne
for salle we neuer do þar a-gayne.
quat salle I. do lorde þou me tel.
þou salle wende vp on 3one hil.
þare sal þou finde my messager
and make of erþe an awter.
baþ of þi corne *and* of þi fee
þar sal þou offerande make to me
¶ gladly lorde astow now saide
and sone abraham. was puruayde
of corne *and* crop *and* catele
to god his teynde *þer* gaf he lele
hit brinde þe reke ra3t vp til heyuen
þe smelle was squete *and* stode ful eyuen

COTTON FAIRFAX

þe child scho did drinc of þat welle,		She dud þe childe drynke of þe welle
And in þat wilderness gan þai duell,		In þat wildernes gon þei dwelle
Lang duelled þai samen þare,	3073	Longe dwelled þei so þore
Til ismael was waxin mare.		Til Ismael was waxen more
An elenge lijf þare þai ledd	[col. 2]	An elynge lif þere þei ledde
In wildernes þan war þai stedd;		In wildernes were þei fedde
For quen he was waxyn to man,	3077	Whenne he to man waxen was
An archer was he best of an.		Archere was he beste in plas
Sone quen he was of elde and witt,		Whenne he hadde good elde kipte
He spoused a wijf of egipt,		he spoused a wif egipte
And wonid þar as a wild man,		And woned þere as wilde man
In þat desert þat hight pharan.	3082	In þat desert þat hett pharan
Þis abraham was of mekil bode,		¶ þis abraham was of longe abode
And als of ful elene liuelade,		And also of ful elene liflode
Of lau vr lauerd him gaf þe lade,		Oure lord him 3af his lawe to hede
Of him his patriarche he made,	3086	And made him patriarke in dede
And said, "abraham, i sal þe giue,		he seide Abraham I shal þe 3yue
þe lau þat þu aue in to liue."		þe lawe þat þou owe in to lyue
"Lauerd," he said, "mi self and mine		Lord he seide my self & myne
At þi wille, lauerd, all es þine.		At þi wille al is þine
I and mi wijf es al þine aune,	3091	I & my wif are þyne owen
And þat er we ful wele apon knaune;		þat are we wel aknowen
þi bidding we wil do ful fain,		þi biddyng wol we do ful fayn
Ne sal we neuer do þar egain.		Shul we do neuer þer a3ay
Quat sal i do, lauerd, þu me tell?"		What shal I do lord þou me telle
"Bo þu sal wend in to 3one fell,	3096	þou shal go into þat felle
þar sal þu find mi messager,		þere shal þou fynde my messangere
þu make of erde þar an auter,		Of erþe make þou oon autere
Bath of þi corn and of þi fe,		Boþe of þi corn and of þi fe
þar sal þu offrand make to me."	3100	þere shal þou offringe make to me
"Gladly, lauerd, als þu has sayd;"		Gladly lord as þou hast seide
Sone was abraham puruayd,		Soone was abraham purueide
Of corn and crop and oþer catell		Of crop of corn & oþere catel
To god his tyde þar gaf he well:	3104	To god his tiþe 3af he wel
It brint, þe reke ras vp ful euen,		hit brent reche roos vp ful euen
þe smel was suete and soght to heuen.		þe smel was swete & sou3te to heuen

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

In þat siquar þat i of mene
þe werd was gode, þe folk was clene.
[1]Sua god ne bes it neuer i-wiss,
Sua mikel welth, sa mikel bliss; [1 leaf 19, col. 1]
þof man moght neuer sa mikel weild
Sua fast it draus to dun heild;
In wrechedom er now all went,
To lare o godd gif þai na tent;
þe barn bers now þe wil a-wai,
To foli giues him man to dai.

In þat cuntre þat I. of mene
þe folk was trew þe werlde was clene:
so gode bes hit neuer I. wisse
so mykil ioy so mekil blisse. [welde
[1Thogh man might nevir so muche
So fast yt drawyth to doune helde]
for now in wicchedome þe werde ys went.
to lare ne god men gyues nan entent
þe barne beris þe wite a-way.
fole hede ys giuen al men to pay.
[1 from Laud MS. 416]

De immolacione ysaac [leaf 19]

¶ Herkens o godd þat all weldand,
How he wald faand his lel seruand.
Wel luued abraham ysaac,
His seli sun, wit-outen saac.
He lered him first drightin do dred,
And siþen all gode theus o lede.
He began to luf him sua
þat he moght na quil him for-ga.
Als was his wil, our lauerd dright
To faand abraham don he light,
Til abraham þat lauerd spac.
"Quar es þi sun," he said, "ysaac?"
"All at þi will, lauerd," said he,
"I will þou offer him to me."
"Blythly, lauerd, þou me him gaue,
Gode skill es þat þou him haue."
¶ Quat he was to his lauerd tru
þat moght na reunes do him reu,
þat he ne wald leuer his child[1] cole
þan of his lauerd wrath to thole,
þat child þat was sa mani yere,
Ar it was send, soght wit praiyer;

[1 *originally* schild] COTTON

how abram offerred Isaac his sone.

Herkyn of þis al weldande.
how he walde fonde his lel
wele loued abraham ysaac [seruande
his cely sone wiþ-outen lak.
and taȝt him first god to drede
siþen alle gode thewes of lede.
he be-gan to loue him squa
þat na quyle miȝt he fra him ga
¶ doun our lorde to erþ he liȝt
to fonde abraham him þoȝt riȝt
til abraham our lorde spac. [leaf 20]
quar ys he saide þi sone isaac
I. wille certayne þat hit so be.
atte þou offre. him to me.
¶ bleþely lorde þou me him gaue.
best skille ys at þou him haue.
quat he was to his lorde trew
þat miȝt na sorow make him rew
þat he ne ware leuer his childe cole
þen his lorde wraþ þole. [2 from Laud MS. 416]
[2This childe was by-hete many a yere
Ar he were sent sowght with praiere]

FAIRFAX

In þat time þat i of mene,
þe folk was gode, þe world was clene,
So gode ne bes it neuer i-wiss,
Sua mekil welth, so mekil bliss.
[1]þou man miht neuer sua mekil welde,
So fast it draus to doune helde. [1 If 22, bk, col. 1]
In wrechedam es nou al went
To lere na gode giue þai na tent,
þe child beris nou þe wit away,
Foli es gouyn to man to day.

In þat tyme þat I of mene
þe folke was good þe world was clene
So good beþ hit neuer I-wis
So mychel of welþe so mychel of blis
þouȝe man myȝt neuer so mychel welde
So faste hit draweþ to doun helde
To wrecched doom al is went
To lerne god ȝiue fewe entent
þe childe bereþ now þe witt away
Foly is gomen now a day

Of ysaac nou wil i neuen [heven].

Herkin of godd þat al es weldand,
[2That louyd was with god in

Hou he wild proue his lete seruand,
wele louede habram Isaac, [2 from Laud MS. 416]
His sely sun widuten sak,
He lerid him first godd for to drede,
And syden all gode theues in lede.
He bigan to loue him sua,
þat he miht him naquile for-ga,
vr lauerdes will, all mithi king,
It was to proue habram wid sum thing.
Til abraham vr lauerd spac,
"Quere es þi sun," he said, "ysaac?"
"All at þi will, lauerd," said he,
"I wil þat þu offre him to me."
"Gladli, lauerd, þu me him gaf,
Gode resun it es þat þu him haf."
To vr lauerd he was sua treu,
þat miht na pite do him reu,
þat he ne hadd leuer his child to spill,
þan wirk egain his lauerdes will,—
þat child þat was sua many ȝere,
Or he was sent, sohut wid prayere;

Of ysaac now wol we neuen
þat loued was wiþ god of heuen

Hereþ of god al weldonde
Wel loued Abraham Isaac [how he asayed his trewe *ser-uonde*
his sely sone wiþouten lac
he tauȝte him furste god to drede
And so to leue al wickedhede
he bigon to loue him so
þat myȝte he no while him for go
Oure lorde wolde as myȝty kyng
Asaye Abraham wiþ som þing
To Abraham oure lord spak
And seide where is þi son Isaak
Al at þi wille lord þenne seide he
I wol þat þou offer him to me
Gladly lord þou me him ȝaue
Good skil hit is þat þou him haue
To oure lorde he was so trewe
þat myȝte no pite make him rewe
But he had leuere his childe spille
þen do aȝeyn his lordis wille [3 If 20, bk]
[3]þis childe was bihett mony a ȝere
Er he were sent souȝte wiþ preyere

"And now wend i wit-outen wene
þat suld mine air ha bene."
Bot now es he asked, on þis wise,
Til godd til make of sacrifise.
þat þof it grisli war, or gril,
He left noght do his lauerd wil,
Bot asked him, wit-outen bade,
How suld þe sacrifice be made.
And he bigan him for to tell.
"Yonder vp," he said, "on yon fell
Sal þou bren þi sun for me."
"Gladli, mi lauerd, sua sal it be."
Now sal i tell yow how it was.
þe child he kest a-pon a nass,
He bad cum wit him knaues tua,
Bot þai ne wist quider þai suld ga;
He welk þat fell ner dais thre
To sek þe sted quar he wald be.
[1] Quen he þe sted sagh þar he tight,
þe child he dide o þe ass light, [1 col. 2]
And tok him wit him and na mare;
His men he bade ha bide him þare,
His consail will he naman tell;
þe barn he broght a-pon þe fell,
Suerd and fire forgat he noght,
And yong ysaac þe elding broght.
"Sir," he said, "quer sal we take
þe beist of sacrifice to make, hic immolatur
Sin we wit hus now broght has nan."
He said, "drightin sal send us an."
Wit þis he stod þe child nerhand,
And dernlik he drou þe brand
þat þe child was not parceueid
Ar þe suerd him hade deceueid;
He liftd his hand him to smyte,
Bot godds help him come fultite,

COTTON

sum tyme he wende wiþ-out wene
þat his ayre he sulde haue bene.
bot now he askis on þis wise.
how he sulde do his sacrifise.
bot al if hit was grisly *and* gril.
he left noȝt his lordes wille.
bot asked him wiþ-outen bade.
how sulde þat sacrifise be made.
¶ *and* he be-gan him for-to telle.
vp hey a-pon ȝone felle.
sal þou bren þi sone for me.
gladly lorde so sal hit be.
¶ now sal I telle ȝou how hit was
þe childe he kest a-pon an asse.
and bad come wiþ him knaues twa
bot þai wiste neuer quidder to ga.
he welk þat felle wel days þre
to seche þat stede quare he sulde be
quen he had funden hit ful riȝt.
of þe asse þe childe dide he liȝt
and toke him wiþ-outen mare
his men he bad a-bide him þare
¶ his counsayle walde he na mon tel
þe barne he broȝt a-pon þe fel.
þe squorde *and* fire for-gatte he noȝt
and his sone him eldyng broȝt.
sir saide þe childe quar sal we take
a beste þis sacrifise to make.
syn þat we haue broȝt nane.
he saide our lorde may sende vs an
wiþ þis he stode his childe nerehande
and derfly he droghe his brande.
[þat] þe childe was noȝt perceyued
[or] þe squorde had him disseyued
¶ he lift his hande him for to smyte
bot goddis help come him ful tite

FAIRFAX

And nou he wend widuten wene,
þat he suld his ayr haue bene.
Bot nou es he askid on þis wise
Til god to make of sac*ri*fise,
And þou it ware grisli and grill,
He left noght vr lau*er*des will,
Bot asked him, widuten bade, [col. 2]
Hou [t]he sacrifise suld be made.
And he bigan him for to tell,
"3onder, hey apon 3on fell,
Sal þu brin þi sone for me."
"Gladli, lau*er*d, sua sal it be."
Nou sal i tell 3ou hou it was;
þe child he kest apon an asse,
And tok wid him knauis tua,
Bot þai ne wist que*þer* to ga.
He welk þat fell [ner] dais thre,
To seke þe stede quare he wild be.
Quen he cam þar has hi*m* tyht,
Of þe ass þe child did he to lyht,
And toke him wid hi*m* and no mare,
His meyne he bad abide him þare,
His consail wild he na man tell.
þe child he broght apon þat fell,
Suord ne fir forgat he noght,
And 3ong ysaac a fagett broght.
"Sir," he said, "quar sal we take
þe best, 3our sacrifise to make,
Si*þen* we wid vs broght hi*þer* nan?"
"Godd," he said, "sal send vs an."
wid þis he stod þe child nerhand,
And pr*i*ueli he drou his brand,
þat þe child were noght per*c*ayued,
Ar þe suord him had dicayued.
He lift his hand him for to smite,
Bot godes angel com ful tite,

Abraham wende wiþouten wene
þat he shulde his heire haue bene
Now is he asked on þis wise
To god to make of sacrifise
þou3e hit were grisly & grille
he lafte not oure lordes wille
But asked him wiþouten abide
how he hi*m* shulde sac*ri*fise þat tyde
And he to telle þo bigon
3ondir he3e hille vpon
Shal þou brenne þi son for me
Gladly lorde þenne seide he
Now shul 3e here how hit wasse
þe childe he caste vpon an asse
And toke wiþ him knaues two
But þei nuste whider to go
þat felde he welke dayes þre
To seche þe stude þe*re* he wolde be
Whenne he coom þe*re* as he ti3t
Of þe asse þe childe dud he li3t
Toke him wiþ him no mon more
his meyne he bad abide hi*m* þore
his cou*n*sel wolde he no mon say
Whi he þat childe brou3te þat way
Swerde ny fuyr for3at he nou3t
3onge ysaac a fagot brou3t
Sir he seide where shal we take
þat beest oure sac*ri*fise to make
Siþ we wiþ vs brou3te noon
God he seide shal sende vs oon
Wiþ þis he stood þe childe ny
And drow3e his swerde pr*i*uely
þat þe childe were not war
Ar he had done þat char
he lifte his hond him to smyte
But goddes au*n*gel coom ful tite

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Ar þat he moght haue giuen þe dint ;
His suerd be-hind þe angel hint
And bade him þar biside him tak
A scepe his sacrifice to mak :
He loked bi him tuyx þe thorns,
And sagh it hing þar wit þe horns ;
þis angel held ai still þe suerd
And spak of comforth suilk a word.
" Abraham," he said, " hald still þin
And to þi sun do þou no harm,
Our lauerd forbedes þe to sla
þi dere sun þou loues sua ;
þou loues him mare, wit-outen wene,
þan þi son þat es now sene ;
Bath þou luues him well and dredes
Ful wel he sal þe yeild þi medes,
3ee sal his blissing haue for-þi ;
Mikel he sal yow multipli.
For luue o þi freli fai
Sal ilk lede com to þi lai ;
Godd has þe visited here to-dai,
þi dede in minnyng sal last ai,
þi buxsumnes, als folk sal find,
þat sal be bred out of þi kind."
O þis letting was he ful glad
And did als him þat angel badd.
þat scepe he slogh, and siþen it brent,
And hamward on his wai went.
þe fader can þen þe son for-bede
Til animan at tell þis dede.
[1]" Fader," he said, " be þou ful bald,
For me sal it neuer be tald."
þai went again to bersabee
þar þai had left þair meigne.

or þat he miȝt haue gyuen þe dint
his squorde bi-hinde an angel hent
and bad him þare bi-side to take.
a shepe his offerrande for to make
¶ he loked bi-side him in þe pornes
he seey þe shepe hinge bi þe hornes
þis angel helde ay stil þe squorde
and spac til abraham squilk a worde
abraham he saide halde stil þine arme
and do þou now þi sone nane harme
þi lorde for-bedes þe to sla.
þi sone at þou louys squa.
þou louys god mare wiþ-out wene
þen þi sone þat ys wele sene.
baþ þou louys him *and* þou dredis
ful wele salle he quyte þi medis
ȝe salle his blessinge haue for-þi.
mykil he salle ȝou multiply.
for loue of þi frely fai.
sal ilk mon come to þi lay.
god has viside þe to-day
þi dede in Mynnynge sal be ay.
þi buxumnes al folk sal finde
þat sal be brede out of þe kinde.
¶ of þat lettinge was he glad.
and dide as þe angel badde.
þat shepe he sloghe *and* siþen hit brent
and hamwarde on his way he went.
þe fader con þan þe sone for-bede.
til any mon to telle þis dede.
fader he saide be þou ful balde
for me hit salle neyuer be talde.
þai went a-gayne to bersabe.
þer þai had laft þaire meyne.

[1 leaf 19, bk, col. 1]

Ar he mith giue him þe dint,
His suord bihind him he hint,
And [bade him] þare bi-side him take
A schep his sacrifise to make.
He loked bisyde him *in* þe thornis,
And sau it hange þar wid þe hornis.
þis angel held ay still þe suord, [Of 23, col. 1]
And spac of confort suilk a word.
"Abraham, hald still þin arme,
And to þi son þu do na harme,
vr lau*er*d þe for-bedis him to sla,
þi dere son, þat þu loues sua;
þu loues hi*m* mare widvte*n* wene
þan þi sone, þat es nou sene.
Ful wele þu loues him a*nd* dredis,
And wele he sal ȝeild þe þi medis.
ȝe sal his blissing haue for-qui,
Mekil he sal ȝou multepli,
For luue of þi ferli fay,
Sal ilk a lede cu*m* to þi lay.
God has þe uysited so to-day,
þi dede in mening sal last ay;
þi buxumnes all folk sal find
þat sal be bred out of þi kind."
Of þis letting he was ful glad,
And did as þe angel him bad,
þat schepe he slow a*nd* siþe*n* he brent,
And hamward on his way he went.
þe fade*r* gan þe sone for-bede,
Til ani man to tell þis dede,
"Fade*r*," he said, "be þu ful bald,
For me ne bes it neue*r* tald."
þai went again to bersabe,
þare þai had left þair meyne.

Ar he myȝt ȝyue þe dynt
his swerde bihynde hi*m* he hint
And bad him þe*re* biside him take
A sheep his sacrifise to make
he loked bisyde him In þe þornes
And say hit honge bi þe hornes
þe au*n*gel helde stille þe swerd
And seide of cou*m*fort siche a word
Abraham holde stille þin arm
To þi son þou do no harm
Oure lord forbedeþ him to slo
þi dere son þa*t* þou louest so
þou louest hi*m* more wiþoute*n* wene
þen þi son þa*t* is now sene
Wel louestou him & drede
Wel shal he quyte þi mede
ȝe shul his blessyng haue for why
Mychel he shal ȝou multeply
For loue of þi feiþful fay
Shal vche lede com to þi lay
God haþ to day þe visited so
þi dede shal neue*r* of mynde go
þi buxomnes al folke shal fynde
þa*t* shul be bred of þi kynde
¶ Of þis lettyng he was ful glad
And dud as þe au*n*gel him bad
þe sheep he sac*ri*fised & brent
And siþen homwarde he went
þe fadir gon þe son forbede
To any mon to telle þis dede
Fadir he seide be ful bolde
For me beþ hit neue*r* tolde
þei went aȝeyn to Bersabe
þere þei hadde lefte her meyne

De etate & fine Sarre vx*or*is abrahe

[leaf 19, back]

¶ Sex̄ scor and seuen yeir liued sarra
And deid wit-outen childer ma,
þan ysaac na*n*ma sco bar,
And abraham can for hir car;
In ebron groue hir abraham,
þar formast was grauen adam.
Abraham wald in his lijf
þat ysaac had wedded a wijf,
And wald sco war if sua moght be
Bath of his kind and his contre;
Men suld her seke wit-in *þa*t land
þare his frendes were wo*n*and.
A sargiant call þan comand he
þat mast wist of his *pri*uete,
þat had ben als of his fostring,
Ai siþen he was a barn ying;
Apon his kne he did him suere
þat he suld be lel errand berer,
And þat he suld giue hal entent
For to ful-fil his comament.
"Frend," he said, "þou wend in hij
vntil mesopotani,
þar þou wat our frendes won,
To seke a wijf to mi sun;
And if sco mai be funden þare
þou bring hir ham wit mikel fare;
Bot i wil þat þou bring him nan
þat es kind of chanaan."
¶ "Sir," said sargant, "q*uat* sal i do,
þe mai þat ȝee wald haue, if sco
Wil not hider com wit me?"
"O þi trout þan mak i þe fre,
For ysaac, wit na forward,
Wil i þat weind þaderward."

COTTON

Sex skore *and* vij. ȝere liued sarra.
and dyed wiþ-outen childer ma.
þen ysaac na ma sho bare.
and abraham con for hir care.
In ebron dalue hir sir abraham.
þer formast was dollyn alde adam.
¶ abraham walde in his liue
þat Isaac had wedded a wiue.
and walde ho ware if so miȝt be.
baþ of his kinde *and* his cuntree.
and made ga siche hir in þat lande
quere his frendis was mast dwell*and*
a seriaunt calde *and* comande he.
þat maste wiste of his priuate.
þat had bene als his fosteringe.
ay syn he a barne was ȝinge.
[1]a-pon his kne he made him squere.
atte he sulde lele errande bere. [1 lf 20, bk]
and atte he sulde gif hale entent.
for to ful-fille his comaundement.
¶ frende he saide þou wende here-by.
vn-til mesopothamy.
þer þou wate my frendes wone.
to seke a wife vn-to my sone.
and if ho may be funden þare.
þou bringe hir hame wiþ mykil fare
for i wille at þou bring him nane
þat ys of kinde of chanan.
¶ sir saide þe *scr*iaunt quat sal I. do
if þe mayden þat ȝo walde haue if ho
wil noȝt hidder come wiþ me.
of þi trauþ I. make þe free.
for isaac wiþ na forwarde
wil I. þat wende þidder-warde.

FAIRFAX

[*Of the death of Sarah, and the search for Isaac's wife.*]

Sex skor ȝere and seuen liued sara,
And died widuten childer ma;
þan ysaac no ma scho bare,
And abraham for hir had care,
In ebrõn hir grof abraham,
þar first was grauen hali adam.
Abraham wald in his liue,
þat ysaac had wed a wiue,
[1] And wal scho ware, if sua miht be,
Bath of his kind and of his contre;
Men suld hir seke wid-in þat land,
þar his frendes ware weldand.
A sergaunt þan comandid he,
þat mast wist of his priuete,
þat had ben ay at his finding,
Euer siþen þat he was child ȝeing;
Apon his kne he did him suere,
þat he suld þan lele erand bere,
And þat he suuld giue hal talent,
To fulfille his comandment.
"Frend," he said, "þu wend in hy
vn-til mesopothani,
(þar þu wat vr frendes won,)
To seke a wijf vnto mi sun.
And if scho may be funden þare,
þu bring hir ham wid mekil fare;
Bot i wil þu bring him nan
þat es of þe kind of canaan."
"Sir," said þe sergant, "qual sal i do?
þe may þat ȝe wild haue, if scho
wid noght hider cum wid me?"
"þan of þi trouth i make þe fre,
For ysaac, wid no forward,
wil i þat he wend thyderward."

[1 col. 2]

¶ Sara had six score ȝeer & seuen þo
And deȝed wiþouten childre mo
þen Isaac no mo sho bare
And Abraham for hir hadde care
In ebron buryed hir Abraham
þere furste was buryed olde Adam
Abraham willed in his lyue
þat Isaac hadde weddede a wyue
And wolde she were if hit miȝt be
Of his kynde & his cuntre
Men shulde hir seche in þat land
þere his frendes were weldand
A seriaunt soone commaundide he
þat moost knew of his priuete
þat euer had bene at his fyndyng
Fro he was a childe ȝing
Vpon his kne he dud him swere
þat he shulde trewe eronde bere
And þat he shulde ȝyue hool entent
To fulfille his commaundement
Frende he seide wende in hye
vnt[o] mesopothanye
þere þou woot oure frendes wone
To seke a wif to my sone
And if she may be founden lele
Bringe hir hoom wiþ mychel wele
But bringe þou him no womman
Of þe kynde of canaan
Sir he seide what shal I do
þis ilke mayde if þat sho
Wiþ no catel com wiþ me
þenne of þin ooþ I holde þe fre
For Isaac wiþ no forward
Wol I he wende þiderward

[1 f 21]

"Blithli, sir, it sal be don."
þe sargant made him bun fulsun, 3244
Bun was he made til his buskyng,
Wit tresur grette and riche ring,
Suilk als maiden had of mister,
Al þat ten camels mogȝt ber, 3248
Ring and broche, war selli prude,
Bath gold and stan for maiden scrude,
þat qua him sagh moght vnderstand
He stird was of a riche land. 3252
to mesopotany suith come he, [col. 2]
And son he fand þe soght cite.
Quen he him fra sagh nere þe tun
Biside a well he lighted dun; 3256
þar he made his oresun,
And þus wit drightin can he run.
¶ "Lauerd," he said, "þat al wel mai
þat now lauerd leues night and dai,
for quas luue he wild not warn 3261
To sacrifise his auen barn,
At seke a wijf to wam i fare;
Lauerd," he said, "send me squilk a
And sua mi seruis sitt at seme, [fare,
þat to þi wirschippe mai be queme;
And suilk a wijf til ysaac 3267
þat mai be gainand him to take,
Him to ioy and menske to þe;
Lauerd þou grant þat it sua be,
And do me be þis well here
Traist to be o my praiyer; 3272
For be þis well sal i habide
Quat o mi nerrand mai be tide;
Her sal i bide til þat i see
þe maydens come fra yon cite, 3276
þair watur at þis well to drau,
þar sal i mi womman knau;

¶ Bleþely sir hit sal be done
þe seriaunt made him boun ful sone
boun was made til his buskinge
tresour I.-noghe wiþ riche ringe.
suche as maydenes had mister
al atte camels x. muȝt bere.
ringe *and* broche ware selly. proude
golde *and* stane for mayde shroude
þat qua him saghe muȝt vnderstande
þat he was of a riche lande.
¶ to mesopothani squyþe come he.
and sone he fande þat riche cite.
quen he saghe he come nere þe toun.
bi-side a welle he sette him doun.
þer he made his orisoun.
and þus wiþ wordes con he roun.
¶ lorde he saide þat alle may.
þat my lorde lyues on ȝ nigt *and* day.
for þi loue he walde noȝt warne
to sacrifise his awen barne.
to suche a wife to quam I. fare.
gif me grace if þi wille ware.
þat my seruis so site *and* seme.
at to þi worshepe mai be-queme.
and suche a wife þou sende Isaac.
þat may be confort him to take.
him to ioy *and* menske to þe.
lorde þou grante hit squa may be
and do me bi þis welle here.
traiste to be of my prayer.
for bi þis welle I salle a-bide.
quat of myne errande may be-tide
here salle I. bide til atte I. se
þe maydenes come out of þe cite
atte þis welle water to draw.
þar salle I. my wommon knaw.

COTTON FAIRFAX

"Gladli, sir, it sal be don."
þe sergaunt made him redi son;
And boune was mad to his busking,
Tresur gret wid precius thing,
Slik als maydens has of mister,
All þat ten chamelis miht ber,
Ring and broche þat war selli proud,
Gold and ston for mayden schrud,
þat qua him sau miht vnderstand
He comen was fra a riche land.
To mesopothamie suith cam he, [If 23, bk, col. 1]
And sone he fand þe soth cyte,
And quen he com nerehand þe toun,
Bi a welle he lithed doun;
A prayer made he in þat place,
And þus he bisoght god of his grace,
"Lauerd," he said, "þat all welde may,
þat my lauerd honurs euer and ay,
For quas loue he wild noght warn,
To sacrifice his aune barn,
Til quam to seke a wijf i fare,
Lauerd þu send me an sum-quar,
And sua mi seruis sett at seme,
þat to þi worschip may be quene,[1]
And suilk a wijf to ysaac [1 *read* queme]
þat may be gaynand him to tak,
Him to yoi and mensk to þe;
Lauerd, þu grant it sua may be.
And graunt me bi þis welle here,
Traist to be of my praiere,
For bi þis welle sal i abide,
Quat of mine erand may bytide;
Here sal i abide til þat i se
Maidens cum fra þis cyte,
þair watir at þis welle to drau,
þar sal i mi womman knau;

GÖTTINGEN

Gladly he seide hit shal be done
þis mon made him redy soone
Faste he hyȝed to his goyng
Wiþ tresour greet & preciouse þing
Suche as maydenes han of mistere
Al þat ten cameles myȝte bere
Ringe & broche þat were proude
Golde & stoon for maydenes shroude
þat who him say myȝte vndirstonde
he comen was fro a riche londe
To mesopothanie soone coom he
And soone he fonde þat cite
Whenne he coom neȝe honde þe toun
Bi a welle he liȝt doun
A preyere made he in þat place
And þus bisouȝte god of grace
lorde he seide þat al welde may
þat my lord honoureþ euery day
For whoos loue he wolde not warn
To sacrifise his owne barn
To whom to seke a wif I fare
lord þou sende me oon sum whare
And so my seruyse set to seme
þat to þi worshepe may be quenie
And suche a wif to ysaace
þat may be good him to take
him to ioye & menske to þe
lord þou graunte þat hit so be
And graunte me bi þis welle here
Trusti to be of my preyere
For bi þis welle wol I bide
What of myn eronde wol bityde
here wol I be til þat I se
Maydenes com fro þis cite
her watir at þis welle to drawe
þere shal I my womman knawe

TRINITY

Sco þat sal bete me my thrist
I sal hir hald als for þe best."
Had he noght rested bot a thrau,
O maidens sagh he cum on raw;
þe formast was vnlaghter milde,
Hir semed na wight to be wilde,
Ne was sco not oletes light;
Rebecca was þe nam sco hight,
Hir fader was cald batuel.
Hir semed all hir werkes wel,
Sittandlik hir watur toke.
þe sargant yern can on hir loke,
þat bath avisi was and wise,
And said til hir o þiskin wise;—
"Maiden," said he, "þou giue me drinc,
For i ha ben sumdel in suinc;
I am a man farand þe way,
Mi hernes dun heir did i lai,
O my passage was i in doute,
For naman knau i here aboute;
Me war lath if i might me were
þat men scath did me on my geyre."
"Leue freind," sco said, "þine asking
Es noght bot a litell thing, [1 leaf 20, col. 1]
þou sal it haue wit ful god will;
And þine camels sal drinc þair fill,
For wantes vs here na uessell,
Ne mele, ne bucket, ne funell."
Sco drogh þam all inogh to drinc,
Left sco nawight for na suinc;
Bot aï þe quils he ne fan
To be-hald þat leue maidan,
How all hir dedes can hir seme.
þe sargant thoght it selli queme.
"Say me now," he said, "be þi hand,
Has þou any fader liuand?"

COTTON

ho þat salle bete me of þreste
I. salle halde hir for þe best.
¶ had he noȝt rested bot a þraw
of maydenes saghe he come on raw
þe formaste was vnlaghter milde
hir semed noȝt to be wilde.
was ho noȝt of lates liȝt
rebecca was þe name ho hiȝt.
hir fader was calde batuel.
hir semed alle hir werke ful wel.
sitandly hir water ho toke
¶ þe seriaunt on hir ȝorner con loke.
he was baþ war *and* wise.
and saide til hir on suche a wise.
mayden saide he þou gif me drinke
for I. haue sumdel bene in squynke
.I am trauaillande in my way.
my hernes doun here con I. lay.
of my passage was I. in doute.
for na mon knaw I. here a-boute.
me ware laþ if I. muȝt were
men me skaþe dide on my gere.
¶ leue frende saide ho þine askinge.
hit nys potte a litel þinge.
þou sal hit haue wiþ ful gode wil
and þi camels salle drink þaire fille.
for wantes vs here na vessel.
ne meel ne boket ne fonel.
ho droghe alle I.-noghe to drinke.
left ho na wete for na squynke.
¶ bot ay þat quyle walde he noȝt blyn
to be-halde þat maydyn.
how alle hir dedis con hir seme.
þe seriaunt þoȝt hit selly queme.
say me he saide may bi þe hande
has þou fader any liuande.

FAIRFAX

Scho þat sal bete my threst,
I sal hir hold as for þe best."
Had he noght rested bot a thrau,
Of maydens sau he com a rau,
þe formast was unlauthir milde,
Hir semed na thing to be wilde,
Ne was scho noght of lath thing liht,
Rebecca was hir name scho hiht,
Hir fadir was cald batuel.
Hir semed all hir werkes wel,
Sittandli hir watir tok, [col. 2]
þe sergant fast gan apon hir loke,
þat was bath witti and deuyse,
And said to hir on þis kin wise;
"Mayden," he said, "giue þu me drinc,
For i haue þe sumdele in suink,
I am a man farand þe way,
Mi harnays dun here did i lay,
Of mi passage was i in doute,
For na man kneu I here aboute;
Me war loth if i miht me were,
Men did me harm of mi gere."
"Leue fremd," scho said, "þin asking
Ne es noght bot a littel thing,
þu sal it haue wid gode will,
And þin chameyles sal drinc þair fill,
For vs ne wantis here na vessel,
Bolle ne bockett, ne na fonel."
Scho drow þaim al enogh to drinc,
Left scho noght for hir suynk,
And euer ilk fote miht he noght blinne,
To bihold þat fair maydene,
Hou all hir dedis bigane hir seme,
þe sergaunt thoght þaim selcuth queme.
"Say me," he said, "bi þi hand,
Has þu ani fadir liueand?"

GÖTTINGEN

She þat shal bete my þrest
I shal hir holde as for best
he nadde rested but a þrowe
Of maydenes he say com a rowe
þe formast was vnlauȝter mylde
hir semed no þing to be wilde
Was she not of semblaunt liȝt
Rebecca hir name hiȝt
Batuel het hir fadir snel
hir semed alle hir werkes wel
Sittyngly hir watir she toke
þis mon faste dud on hir loke
he was witty & deuyse
he seide to hir on þis wise
Mayden he seide ȝyue me drynke
Mychel I haue on þe to þinke
I am a mon faryng þe wey
Myn harneys dud I here doun ley
Of my passage I was in doute [f 21, bk]
For no mon knew I here aboute
Me were loþ If I myȝte were
Men dud me harm on my gere
Frend she seide þin askyng
Nis not but litil þing
þou shal hit haue wiþ good wille
And þi camailes to drynke her fille
For here vs wanteþ no vessel
Bolle ny boket ny no fonel
She drouȝe hem alle ynouȝe of drynk
Lefte she not for no swynk
þis opere mon myȝte not blin
To biholde þis fair maydin
how alle hir dedes dud hir seme
þis mon þouȝt hem to queme
Maide he seide bi þi honde
hastou any fadir lyuonde

TRINITY

"Sir, ya," sco said, "and mod*er wit* al,	Sir ȝa ho saide wiþ alle.
Til hous gladly þai wil yow call;	til house gladly þai wil þe calle.
Fodder and hai þou sal find bun 3317	p*rou*ande *and* hay þou sal finde bou*n*
Na rou*m*mer sted in al þe tun."	na romer place in alle þis tou*n*.
De nupcijs ysaac & rebecce [leaf 20]	
And he hir gaue a gift onan,	*and* he hir gaf. a gift onane.
A gold ring þat wit brightnes scain,	a golde ringe wiþ a briȝt stane.
Thancand god, til erth he fell. 3321	þancande god to erþe he felle. [leaf 21]
þe may ran ham, tiþand to tell,	þe maydyn ranne hame tiþand*us* to tel
Sco had a broþer þat hight laban,	ho had a broþ*er* þat heȝt laban.
He ran oute son a-gains þe man; 3324	he ranne him forþ a-gaynys þis man.
Wit talking war þai sa*m*men knaun,	wiþ talkinge ware þai sa*m*myn knawen.
To riche gestning war þai draun;	to riche gestes ware þai drawen.
þan wist þai bi þis messagere	¶ þen wiste þai bi þis messager.
Abraham was þam sib ful nere. 3328	abraham was ham sibbe ful nere.
Ete ne drinc noþer he wald	ete ne drink nau*þer* he walde.
Til he þam had his errand tald,	til he his message had ham talde.
Til þat þe sikernes was tan.	til þat sicurenes was tane.
Licknes to corbin had he nan! 3332	liknes to þe rauen had he nane.
Sa welworth suilk a messager,	wel worþ suche a messager.
To send a nerrand for to ber,	to sende a message for to ber.
þat reckes of him self als noght, 3335	þat rekkes of his self riȝt noȝt.
To do his lau*er*d nedes be wroght.	til his lordes dede be wroȝt.
þe mariage þen did he mak	¶ þe mariage dide he *þer* make
Bituix rebecca and ysaac;	bi-twix rebecca *and* ysaac:
Ilkan gaue he giftes sere,	ilkane gaf he giftes sere
Efter þat þai worthe were, 3340	ofter at þai worþi were.
And cled þe may wit riche weede,	*and* cled þat mayden wiþ riche wede
Als þe lagh was o þ*at* lede,	als þe laghe walde of þat lede.
Ilk man gaue he su*m*kin thing,	ilk mon gaf he sumkyn þinge.
And batuel made fair wäiting. 3344	*and* batuel made faire gestenynge.
On morn wit godds beniscon	on morne wiþ goddes benysoun
Was mai rebecca lede o ton;	was rebecca led of touñ.
Hir foster mod*er* wit hir sco ledd	hir foster moder wiþ hir. ho led
And rade til þai come ner þe stedd,	*and* rade til þai come nere þat stede

COTTON FAIRFAX

"Sir," scho said, "ȝa, and moþer wid al,	ȝe she seide & modir wiþ al
Til hous gladli þai wil þe call,	To hous gladly þat wol þe cal
Fodder and hay þu sal find boune,	Fodder & hey þou shal be boun
Nan fayrer Innes in all þe toune."	No feirere In in al þis toun

[*Of the marriage of Isaac.*]

And he hir gaf a gifte on-ane,	he hir ȝaf a ȝifte anone
A gold ring þat brihtly schane,	A golde ring þat briȝte shone
Thankand godd te erde he fell;	þankyng god to erþe he fel
þe mayden ran hom tiþand to tell.	þe mayde ran hoom of him to tel
Scho had a broþer hight laban,	She had a broþer het laban
And he ran forth egain þe man,	he ran forþ aȝeyn þe man
wid taking wer þai samen knaun, [leaf 24, col. 1]	Bitokne soone were þei knawe
To riche gestnyng was he draun.	To riche gestenyng was he drawe
þan wist þai bi þis messager,	þenne wisten þei bi þis messangere
Abraham him was sibb ful nere;	Abraham was sib him ful nere
Ete no drinc nouþer he wolde,	Ete ne drinke nouþer he wolde
Til he him had his erand told,	Til he hadde his eronde tolde
Til þat þe sekirnes was tane,	And þe sikernes was made
Licnes to reuyn had he nane.	Likenes to rauen he not hade
Suh wele worth suilk a messager!	Wel be suche a messangere
To send a message for to bere,	his message forþ to bere
þat reckes of him seluen right noght,	þat of him self recchoþ nouȝt
Til þat his lauerdes nedes be wroght.	Til his nedes be ful wrouȝt
þe mariage þan did he make,	þe mariage dud he þenne make
Bi-tuene Rebecca and ysaac,	Bitwene rebecca and Isaake
Ilkan gaf he giftes sere,	To vchone ȝaf he ȝiftis sere
Efter þat þai worthi were,	Aftir þat þei worþi were
And cledd þe may wid riche wede,	And clad þe may in riche wede
Als þe lau was in þat lede.	As was lawe in þat lede
Ilk man gaf he sumkines thing,	To vchon he ȝaf sum þing
And Batuel mad him fair gestning.	Batuel made him good gestenyng
At morn wid goddes benisun,	A morwe in goddes benesoun
Rebecca was ledd vte of þe tun,	Rebecca was ladde of toun
Hir moder als wid hir scho ledd,	hir modir as witt hir lad
And rad til þai com nere þat stedd,	Til þei coom nyȝe þere hir rad

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

þar þe wonning was of abraham; [col. 2]
And ysaac was not fra hame,
Ysaac him yode to rone,
Thoght on thing he had to done;
He yode þar walkand be þe strete
And come agains þam to mete.
þan said rebecca, "quat man es he
þat cumand tilward us i se?"
He drogh hir ner and still spak,
"Yon es mi lauerd ysaac,
Yon es þi keiser sal be þin,
Of him now sal þou ha sesin;
Til his behoue haue i þe soght,
In seli time, and wit me broght."
þe sargant did hir dun to light;
For to tak hir better dight,
Sco belted hir bettur on hir wede,
Wit mantel clad o bouen o rede;
And þof sco scamful was, i-wiss,
Sco tint na contenance wit þis.
Rebecca and ysaac er samen
Mette, wit mikel gle and gammen;
Wit mikel mirth thar naman wene,
Was broght til hus þat maiden schene;
And þen þai made þe mariage
Als fel to riche heritage.
þe mikel luue o rebecca
þan feld þe soru o dame sarra;
Suilk er in þis liue ful thikc,
Forgetes þe deid for þe quick;
Bot þai it did for sum reson,
And thoru significacion. Hic incipit ysmael
¶ Ysmael had wijfs thrin
þat kinges tuelue þar come of him,
þai held, als men war mightiest,
þe landes þat war til-ward þe est,

COTTON

þer wonynge was of abraham.
and ysaac was noȝt fra hame
¶ Isaac went him forþ to rone.
and þoȝt on þing he had to done.
he ȝode walcande bi þe strete.
and bi þe way he con ham mete.
þan saide rebecca quat mon ys he
þat comande tawarde vs I. se.
¶ he droghe hir nere and stilly spac.
ȝonde ys my lorde sir Isaac.
ȝonder ys þe mon þat sal be þine
a better body drank neyuer wine
til his by-houe I. haue þe soȝt.
and in sely time þe broȝt.
¶ hir seriaunt dide hir doun to liȝt.
on fote ful semely was ho diȝt.
ho belt hir better on hir wede.
wiþ mantel cled a-bouen of rede
al if ho shamful was I.-wys.
ho tynt na countenance wiþ þis
¶ rebecca and ysaac ar mette samme.
wiþ mykil mirþ ioy and gamme.
wiþ squete wordis þaire way þai went
til hous þai broȝt þat maydyn gent
and þen þai made þat mariage.
as felle to riche heritage.
þe mykil loue of rebecca.
stynt þe sorow of dame sarra.
and so ar ȝet in life fulle þike
for-ȝetyn þe dede. for þe quike.
bot þai hit dide for sum resoun.
and for sum significacioun.
Ismael had wiues þrinne.
þat kinges xij. come of him.
þat helde as men alder myghtest
þe landes lyand towarde þe est.

FAIRFAX

þar wonand was sir abraham;
And ysaac was noght fra ham,
ysaac went him forto ro,
And thoght on thinges he had to do,
He ȝede þar walkand bi þe strete,
And com egaynes him to mete.
þan said Rebecca, "quat man es he,
þat tilward vs comand i se?"
He drow hir nere and still spac,
"ȝon es my lauerd, sir ysaac,
It es þe kayser þat sal be þin,
Of him nou sal þu haue sesin.
Til his bihoue i þe soght,
In seli time and wid me broght."
þe sergaunt did hir dun to liht,
In better aray hir forto dyht,
Scho hir arayed in better wede,
A mantel aboue clad in rede;
And þou scho schamful was, i-wis,
Scho tynt na contenanse wid þis.
Rebecca and ysaac er samen
Mete wid mekil gle and gamen,
wid mekil mirth thar no man wene,
was broght to hous þat mayden schene.
And þan þai made þe mariage
þat fell vnto riche eritage.
þe mekil loue of Rebecca
Feld þe soru of dame sarra;
Suilk er in þis lijf ful thic,
For-getis þe dede for þe quic:
Bot þai it did for sum resun,
And thoru significacion.

Ismael had wiues thrin,
þat kinges tuelue com of him,
þai held as men war mihtiest,
þe landes þat lay in to þe est,

GÖTTINGEN

þere wonynge sir Abraham was
Isaac was not fer fro plas
As Isaac went him to ro
And þouȝt of þingis he hadde to do
he ȝeode walkynge bi þe strete
And coom aȝeynes hem to mete
Rebecca seide what man is he
þat towarde vs comynge I se
he drouȝe hir neer & stille spak
þat is my lord sir ysaak
hit is þe caisere shal be þin
Of him shal þou soone haue seisyn
To his bihoue I þe souȝt
In sely tyme & wiþ me brouȝt
þis seriaunt dud hir doun to liȝt
In better aray for to diȝt
She hir in better wede arayed
A mantil of reede aboue she layed
And þouȝe she shemeful was I wis
She lost no countenaunce wiþ þis
Rebecca & Isaac are samen
Mett wiþ myche ioye & gamen
wiþ mychel myrþe for to mene
was brouȝte to house þat may shene
þenne þei made þe mariage
þat fel to riche heritage
þe mychel loue of rebecca
Falde þe sorwe of dam sare
Suche are now a lyue ful þicke [leaf 22
Forȝete þe dede for þe quike
But þei hit dud for som resoun
And þourȝe significacioun

Thre wyues had Ismael
Twelue kynges coom of him to tel
þei helde as miȝtiest þat day
þe londes þat in þe eest lay

TRINITY

Gret ferly was þe kin to tell
Was multiplid of ysmael. De secundis nupcijs abra hain cum cethura
¶ Abraham, efter dame sarra,
tok a wijf hight cethura; 3388
Of hir he had a sun madan
And a noiþer hight madian;
Noght for na lust of licheri
Bot þat his sede suld multipli, 3392
Als godd him had lang be-for hight,
Tok wijf for-þi þat sua was right.
Bituix his childer he delt his aght,
His land til ysaac he taght. 3396
For he was born o mariage, [leaf 20, back, col. 1]
Wit right he had his heritage.
A hundreth yeir seuenti and fiue
Quen abraham had left his liue; 3400
He deid in trouth and halihede,
His suns dughti ware o dede;
þai wepe his ded and sua did ma,
And laid him be his wijf sarra; 3404
In drightin was his fayth ai fest.
Our lauerd vs bring in til his rest;
Suilk a rest in for to cum
þat we mai wit him-self won. 3408
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

De ysaac filio abrahe [leaf 20, back]

Now es god at vnder tak
þe store tell of ysaac:
vr lauerd þat es o bunte bun
Til him he gaue his benesun. 3412
Wiss he was, drightin he drede,
Gladli his biding he didd.
Wit-outen child his wijf was lang,
And þat thoght ysaac ful strang. 3416

þe kinde ware ferly grete to tel.
what multiplied of ismael.
Abraham ofter serra
toke a wife þat hezt cethura.
of hir he hadde a sone madan.
and a-noþer hezt madian.
nozt for þe luste of lecchery
bot for his sede sulde multiply.
als god him be-fore had hizt
he toke a wife *and* þat was rizt.
¶ his childer twa. he gaf his aght.
his lande tille Isaac he taght.
for he was childe of first mariage.
wiþ rizt he had his heritage.
a hundreþ 3ere seuenti *and* fiue.
quen abraham had lad his liue.
he dyed in trauþ *and* halyhede
his sones dughti ware of dede.
and weppet his dede *and* squa dide ma.
and laide him bi his wife sarra.
In crist was his faythe ay fest
our lorde vs bringe in-til his rest.
suche a reste in to come
þat we may wiþ his-seluen wone
wiþ him to wone wiþ-outen ende.
þer ioy *and* blis nys nozt at amende.

þe stori of Isaac abraham sone

Now ys gode atte vnder-take.
and þe story telle of Isaac.
our lorde þat ys of bounte boun.
til him he gaf his benysoun.
ful wyse he was god to drede. [lf 21, bk]
gladly his bidinge euer he bede.
wiþ-outen childe his wife was lange
and þar-of þuzt isaac ful strange.

Gret farli was þe kin to tell,
was multeplied of ysmael.
abraham efter dame sarra,
Tok a wijf hight cephura,
Of hir he had a sone hith madan,
And a-noþer hight madian;
Noght for lust of licheri,
Bot for his sede suld multipli,
Als godd him had biforand hiht,
Tok a wijf, for sua was riht.
Tuix his childer he delt his auht,
His land to ysaac he bitauht,
For he was born of mariage, [lf 24, bk, col. 1]
wid riht he bade his eritage.
An hundred ȝere seuenti and fyue,
Quen abraham had ledd his lyue,
He deyed in treuth and in halihede.
His sones dohuti were of dede;
þai wepe his dede and sua did ma,
And laid him bi his wijf sara.
In godd was euer his feith feste,
vr lauerd vs bring in to his reste!
Suilk a rest in for to cum,
þat we may wid him seluen won. *Amen.*
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Wondir hit were þe kyn to tel
þat multeplied of Ismael
Abraham aftir dam sara
Toke a wif het Cephura
Of hir he gat a son madan
And anoþer het madian
Not for lust of lecchery
But his seed to multeply
As god him had to fore hiȝt
he toke a wif for hit was riȝt
Bitwene his childre he delt his auȝt
his londe to Isaac he bitauȝt
For he furst borñ was in mariage
Bi riȝt he hadde his heritage
An hundride ȝeer seuenty & fyue
Whenne Abraham had lad his lyue
he deȝed in trouþe & holy hede
his sones douȝti were of dede
þei wepte his deeþ & so dud mo
Bi sara þei leide him þo
In god was euer his feiþ fest
Oure lorde bringe vs to his rest
Suche a reste to to come
þat we may wiþ him seluen wone
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

Nou es gode to vndertake,
þe stori to tell of sir ysaace.

Ovre lauerd, þat es of bounte bone,
Til him he gaf his benisone,
wijs he was & godd he dredd,
And gladli his bidding he didd.
widuten child his wijf was lang,
And þat thoght ysaac ferli strang,

GÖTTINGEN

Now is good to vndirtake
þe story to telle of sir ysaake

Oure lord þat is of godenes boun
To ysaac ȝaf his benesoun
wyis he was & god he dradde
And gladly dud þat he him badde
Wiþouten childe his wif was longe
þat þouȝte him ful stronge

TRINITY

He praid til him þat al mai mend
þat he wald him sun child send,
For his wijf he dred ful sare
Sco suld be geld for euer mare.
þe gode childer geten o grace
Vnnethes cu*m* þai forth in place,
Bot quen þai forth cu*m*, well es kend
þ*at* þai o godds grace er send.
Child vnnethes had dame sarra
Rebecca / Rachel / And anna alsua,
No yeit þe haly helizabeth,
To haf hir hirth come sco not eth,
[[1]That was Iohn the baptyst
That to men shewid Cryst]
Alsua semis, q*ua* right can deme,
Bes o rebecca barn-teme.
Sco had þam noght, for-þi i sai,
Ar þai war soght so mani dai,
Godd hight þam childer no for-þi
þat of his sede suld multipli.
And said, "ysaac, ai sal i be
Als wit þi fader alsua wit þe."
Ysaac gaue to godd his tent
And praid he suld him childer sent;
Sua lang he praid þat his p*rai*yer
Wel was herd wit drightin dere.
His wijf þ*at* lang had child for-gane
Now sco bredes tua for ane,
Tuinlinges þ*at* hir thoght na game*n*,
þ*at* in hir womb oft faght samen.
[2]Sua herd wit-in hir wamb þai faght
þat sco ne moght rest, dai ne naght;
At pray to godd ai was sco prest
To rede hir q*uat* þ*at* hir was best,
þat hir war best he wald hir rede;
Hir lijf was lickest to be ded.

he prayed him þat al may mende
þat he walde a childe him sende.
for his wife he dred ful sare.
ho sulde be baren for euer-mare.
þe gode childer getyn of grace.
vnneþe come þai forþ in place.
bot quen þai forþ come wele ys kend
at þai wiþ goddis grace ar sende.
childe vnnethes had dame rebecca.
I. mai noȝt telle ȝet of þa.
ne ȝet þe hali elizabethe.
to haue hir birthe come ho. noȝt ethe
of seint Iohñ Baptist.
þat til man sende Ihesu criste
al-so semys qua riȝt con deme
al þes sal be of rebecca teme
bot ho had ham noȝt for-þi I. say.
or þai ware soȝt sa mony a day.
god heght ham childer. noȝt for-þi.
þat of þaire sede sulde multiply.
and saide Isaac I. sal be.
als wiþ þi fader al-so wiþ þe.
¶ Isaac to god gaf his entent̄
and prayed he sulde him childer sent.
so lange he prayed at his prayer
was wele herde wiþ criste so dere
his wife þat lange had childe for-gan.
now ho bredis twa for ane.
of twynlynges þat hir þuȝt na gam.
þat in hir wombe ar stadde samme
so harde wiþ-in hir wombe þai faȝt
atte ho ne mote reste: day ne naȝt
wiþ alle hir hert ay was ho prest
to pray to god quat hir ware best
quat hir was best he sulde rede.
riȝt was ho like ho sulde be dede

He praid to him þat all may mende,
þat he wild him sum childer sende,
For his wijf he dredd ful sare,
Scho suld be geld for euermare.
þe gode childer getin of grace,
vnne[the]se cum þai forth in place,
Bot quen þai cum forth, wele es kend
þat þai of goddes grace er send.
Child vnethes had dame sare,
Rebecca, Rachel, and anna,
Ne ȝit þe hali Elizabeth,
To haue hir birth com scho nohut eth,
Of saint iohn þe baptist,
þat til man scheud iesu crist.
Alsua semes, qua right can deme,
Bes of Rebecca barn-teme,
Scho had noght þaim for-þi i say,
Ar þai were sohut many a day.
Godd hiht þaim childer noght for-þi,
þat of his sede suld multipli,
And said, "ysaac, i sal be,
Als wid þi fader, alsua wid þe."
Ysaac gaf to godde his tende,
And prayd he suld him childer send,
Sua lang he praid þat his praier
Wele was herd wid god sua dere.
His wijf þat lang child had forgan,
Nou scho bredis tua for an;
Of tuynlinges hir thoght na gamen,
þat in hir wombe faght oft samen,
Sua hard in hir wombe þai faght,
þat scho ne had rest day ne naght.
To pray to godd ay was scho prest,
To consail hir quat were best,
Quat hir war best he suld hir rede,
Hir lijf was lickes to be dede;

GÖTTINGEN

he preyed him þat may al mende
þat he wolde him childre sende
For of his wif he dredde sore
She shulde be bareyn euermore
þe gode childre geten of grace
vnneþe coom þei forþ in place
But whenne þei coom wel is knowe
þat þei of goddes grace are sowe
Childe but oon had dam sara
Rebecca hadde rachel & anna
Nor ȝitt holy Elizabeth
To haue hir childe coom not eeth
þat was Ion þe-baptist
þat to men shewed crist
Also semeþ riȝt to deme
Beþ of rebecca barn teme
She hadde hem not soþ to say
Ar þei were souȝt mony a day
god het hem childre not for þi
þat of her seed shulde multepli
And seide I shal ȝitt be
As wiþ þi fadir so wiþ þe
Isaac ȝaf to god his tende
And preyed he shulde childre sende
So longe he preyed þat his preyere
wel was herde wiþ god so dere
She þat longe had childe forgone
Now she bredeþ two for oone
Of twinlinges hir þouȝte no gamen
þat fauȝte ofte in hir wombe samen
So faste in hir dud þei fiȝte
þat she had rest day nor nyȝte
To preye to god ay was she prest
To counsel hir what were best
What were best hir to rede
hir lif was licly to be dede

TRINITY

Strang weird was giuen to þam o were
þat þai moght noght þair strif for-bere,
Til þay had o þam seluen might
To se quarfor þat þai suld fight.
Fra biginning o þe werld
O suilk a wer was neuer herd,
Ne suilk a strijf ō childir tuin
þat lai þer moder wamb wit-in;
þair strut it was vn-stern stith,
Wit wrathli wrestes aiþer writh,
Bituix vn-born a batel blind,
Suilk an was ferli to find.
He þat on þe right side lai
þe toþer him wraisted oft away;
And he þat lay a-pon þe left
þe toþer oft his sted him reft.
¶ þe leuedi was ful ferli drad,
Als womman þat ful hard was stad.
Bot oure lauerd o suthfastnes
Had don hir in to sikernes,
Thoru his werrai prophecie,
Quat suld be þaa childer vie,
O þair weird and o þair lijf,
And quat for besening bar þe strijf;
For-þe buxsum baret sco bare,
And kneu comforth suld com o care;
Hir breding was ful selcut sarē,
Bot hir chiltting was mikel mare.
þan wex þe fight mare þan be-forn,
Quilk o þir tua suld first be born;
Strait es for to stere þe stat
þar might o kind es funden mat.
O þir tua breþer, þat i mote,
þe less þe mare laght be þe fote
In trauelling and drogh a gain,
Ful herd it was þair moder pain.

COTTON

¶ strange wired. was ham giuen of were
at þai muȝt noȝt þaire strif for-bere
til þai had of ham-seluen miȝt
to se quar-fore þai sulde fiȝt
fra þe be-gynnynge of þe werde
of suche a weer was neuer herde
ne suche a strife of childer twyn.
atte lay þaire moder wombe with-in
þaire strife hit was sturen *and* stiþe
aiþer wraisted oþer oft siþe.
bi-twix vnborne a batail blinde
suche an ware ferly for-to finde.
¶ he þat a-pon þe riȝt side lay.
his broþer wraisted him a-way.
and he þat lay a-pon þe left
his broþer stede oft he reft.
¶ þe lauedy was ful ferly drad.
as wommon þat harde ware stadde.
bot our lorde of soþfastnes.
hadde done hir in sikernes.
þorou his verray prophase
of quatkin life þa childer sulde be.
of faire wirde *and* of þaire life.
and al-so quar-fore was þat strife.
for-þi buxumly baret ho bare.
and knew conforte sulde come of care
hir breding was ful selcouþe sare
bot hir childinge was mykil mare.
¶ þen wex þe fiȝt mare þen be-forne
queþer of ham sulde er be borne.
straite ys for to stere þe state.
þer miȝt of kinde ys fundyn mate
of þer twa breþer þat I. mote.
þe lesse þe mare laȝt bi þe fote.
In traualyng *and* droghe him a-gayne.
ful harde hit was þaire moder payne

FAIRFAX

Sua wonder strang it was, þair were,
þat þai miht nohut þair strijf forbere
Til þai had of þaim seluen might
To se quere-for þat þai suld fight.
Fra þe biginyng of þe world, 3457
Of suilk a were was naquar herd,
Ne suilk a strijf of childer tuine,
þat lay þair moder wombe wid-ine.
þair strut it was vnsterne stithe, 3461
wid wrethly wraystes oþer wreche,
Betuix vnborn a batayle blind,
Suilk on was ferli to find. 3464
He þat on þe right side lay,
His broþer oft him wraisted away,
And he þat lay apon þe left, 3467
His broþer oft his stede him reft.
þe leuedi was ful ferli dradd, [leaf 25, col. 1]
As womman þat ful hard was stad,
Bo[t] vr lauerd of sothfastnes
Had don hir into sekernes, 3472
Thoru his verra propheteye,
Quat suld be þa childer enuye,
Of þair werre and of þair lijf, 3475
And quat ensample bar þair strijf.
For-þi buxum baret scho bar,
And kneu confort suld cum of care.
Hir breding was ful selcuth sare,
And hir childing mekil mare, 3480
þan wex þe fight more þan beforn,
Queþer of þaim suld first be born.[1]
¶ Strang es for to schere þe schar,
þe miht of kinde es funden mare;
Of þir tua breþer þat i of mote, 3485
þe less þe mare laght bi þe fote,
In trauayling, and drew egayn;— [lf 25, bk, col. 1]
Ful hard it was þair moþer pain. 3488

GÖTTINGEN

wondir strong was hir were
þei wolde not þat strif forbere
Til þei had of hem self myȝt
To se wherfore þei shulde fiȝt
Fro þe bigynnyng of þe werd [lf 22, bk]
Of suche a werre was neuer herd
Ne suche a strif of childre twynne
þat lay þe modir wombe wiþinne
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Trinity & Laud MSS.]
Bitwene vnborne a batail blynde
Suchon was wondir to fynde
he þat on þe riȝt syde lay
his broþer ofte him wrast away
And he þat lay on þe left
his broþer ofte his stud him reft
þe lady was ful myche a drad
As wommon þat was harde stad
But oure lorde god þat es
hade done hir in to sikernes
þourȝe his verrey prophecie
þat shulde be þo childre uye
Of her were and of her lif
And what ensaumple bare þat strif
þerfore buxomly she hit bare
And knew coueryng to com of care
hir bredyng was ful sore
And hir childynge mychel more
þo wex þe fiȝt more þen to forn
whiche shulde be firste born
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Trinity & Laud MSS.]
Of þese two breþeren þat we mote
þe lasse þe more toke bi þe fote
In trauelynge & drowȝe aȝeyn
Muchel was þe modir peyn

TRINITY

[1] Lines 2569 to 2622 have been here repeated by mistake, and then crossed through.

þe first was born was rogh as hare,
þe toþer child was smeth and bare.
He þat was rugh was rede wit-al,
Esau þai did him call.
Iacob hight þe yonger broþer,
His moder him luued mare þan þat
[1]For-þi ne was he noþer q*uar* sent
Bot to þe huse ai tok he tent,
þe hus to kepe and ma þe mett,
Mast to þat mist*er* was he sett.
þe fader luued esau for fode,
For-qui þat he was archer gode,
And, que*n* he wald, ai was he bun
To fete his fader venison,
And he was als þe for-mast born.
He delt als wit tilth o corn,
He cuth well als o waith sere,
O best o wode, o foghul riuere;
His fader þat old was and vnfere
Oft he fed wit gode dinere.
God was þe werld in þat sesun
And mikel it bar o benisun,
On god men þat well held þe lai
On childer þat he it wald on lai;
O blesing mai man bisin take
Bi childer of þis ysaac,
How yonger o þir tua
þe blissing stal his broþer fra;
Bot first es gode þat it be tald
How esau his forbirth sald.
¶ Esau went for till hunt,
A day, su*m* he was oft wunt,
Bath on fer and ner he soght,
Bot þat dai wayth þan gatt he noght,
For haf man neue*r* sa gode graith
It es noght ilk dai, dai o waith,

[toþer.
[1 leaf 21, col. 1]

COTTON

þe first was borne was rughe of hare
þe toþer childe was ballede *and* bare
¶ he þat was rughe *and* rede wiþ-alle
esau to name þai con him calle.
Iacob heȝt þe ȝonger broþer.
þe moder him loued mare þen þe toþer
for-þi was he nawre-quare sent
bot to þe hous toke ay entent
þe hous to kepe *and* make þaire mete
þer-to was he maste to sette
¶ þe fader loued esau for fode.
for-quy þat he was archer gode
and quen he walde ay was he boun
to fette his fader venysoun.
and he was als þe formast borne
and delt ay wiþ tilþe of corne.
he was happy to gammys sere
of beste of wode of fowels of riuer.
his fader wex alde *and* vnfere
and oft he made him gode dinere
[2]¶ gode was þe werlde in þat sesoun
and mykil hit bare of benysoun
of godemen at helde þe lay.
on childer atte he loued ay.
of blessinge may men ensaumple take
bi þe childer of þis Isaac.
how þe ȝonger of þe twa.
þe blessinge stale his broþer fra.
bot first ys gode atte hit be talde
how esau his forbirthe salde.
Esau went forþ to hunt.
a-pon a day as he was wont.
baþ fer *and* nere he soȝt
bot þat day waiþe fande he noȝt
for haue man neuer so gode graiþe
hit ys noȝt iche day oþer waiþe[3]

[2 lf 22]
esau salde his lande to Iacob.

FAIRFAX

[3 MS. waire]

þat first was born was rohw wid har,		þe firste born was rowȝe of hare
þe toþer child was sleyth and bar;		þe oþere childe sleiȝte & bare
He þat was rohw was rede wid-all,		he þat was rowȝe was reed wiþ alle
Esau þai did him to call;	3492	Esau men dud him calle
Iacob hight þe ȝonger broþer,		Iacob hett þe ȝonger broþer
His moder him loued mare þan þe toþer.		þe modir him loued more þen þe toþer
For-þi was he noquer sent,		þerfore nowhere was he sent
Bot to þe hous ay tok he tent,	3496	But to þe hous toke he tent
þe hous to kepe and tent þe mete,		To tente þe mete & hous to kepe
Mast to þat mister was he sett.		þerto was he good and meke
þe faþer loued Esau for fode,	3499	þe fadir loued esau for fode
For-þi þat he was an archer gode,		For he was an archer gode
And quen he wald ay was he bone,		Whenne he wolde euer was he boun
To gete his fadir venisun.		To gete his fadir venisoun
And he was als þe formast born,		And als he was as formast born
He delt al wid tylth of corn,	3504	he dalt al wiþ tilþe & corn
He delt alsua w[id] oþer thinges sere,		wiþ oþere þingis delt he sere
Of best, of wode, of foul, of reuere;		Wiþ beestes wode foule of ryuere
His fader þat ald was and vnfere,		his fadir olde & vnfere
Oft he fedd wid gode dinere.	3508	Ofte he fedde wiþ good dynere
Gode was þe world in þ[a]t sesun,		Good was þe world in þat sesoun
And mekil it uayled þe benisun		Muche availed benisoun
Of gode men þat wele held þair fai,		Of fadres þat wel helde her fay
On childer þat þai wald it on lay.		On childre whenne þei wolde hit lay
Of blissing may men bisening tak,		Of blessyng may men ensaumple take
Be þir childer of ysaak,	3514	Bi þose childre of ysaake
Hou þe ȝonger of þa tua,		how þe ȝongir of þe two
þe blissing stale his broþer fra.		þe blessyng stale his broþere fro
Bot first es gode þat it be tald,		But furste is to be tolde
Hou esau his broþer sald.	3518	how esau his broþer hit solde
Esau went for to hunt		Esau went forþ to hunt
A day, as he was oftin wont,		A day as he was ofte wont
Bath fer and nere he has sohut,	3521	Fer & nere hadde souȝt
Bot þat day gamen fand he noght;		þat day gamen fonde he nouȝt
[1] For haue men neuer so gode graith,		For haue mon neuer so mychel nede
Ilk day es noght tyme of waith, [1 col. 2]		vche day is not tyme of spede

Bot riueli þat dai þat men failes
Abute his waith most *trau*ailles;
Quen he al weri was for-gan
Ham he tok his wai o-nan;
For hauk es eth, als i here say,
To reclaym þat has tint his p*ray*.
His broþer he fand giueand his tent
To grayth a riche pulment;
"O þis kin mete now, broþer," he said,
"Giue me sum p*art* þat þou has graythid,
Mette and drinc þou has to will,
Bot lang es siþen I ete my fill."
Iacob þan said, "godd wit it,
To þe haf noght now g*ray*thid it;
þe mete mi mod*er* me bi-taght,
For þou and i er selden saght,
Abute our forbirth er we wrath;
Bot þou sal suere me a nath, [1 col. 2]
[1]¶ þat þou sal neu*er* forth fra to night
In þi forbirth do claim na right."
"For-birth," he said, "quat serues me?
Broþer, atty will all sal be,
For hunger loo i dei right now."
þan suèr a nath him esau, hic iurauit
And for his fill o þat potage,
Als a wreche, has sald his heritage.
He ete and dranc and went his wai
And tint his blissing fra þat day;
Na bote it was þof him for-thoght,
Godd wild it ware his þ*at* it boght.
¶ Sir ysaac þat dughti man,
Vnfere and eld a-pon him ran,
O bodi failles him þe might,
And of his èigen alsua þe sight;
þe man þ*at* sua wit eld es dight
His dai es turned him to night,

bot riuely þat day. at m*en* falles
a-boute his waiþe maste *trau*alles.
quen he al wery was for-gane.
ham he toke his way an-nane.
for hauke ys ethe as I. here say.
to reclayme þat lost has his pray.
his broþ*er* he fande sone in siȝt.
a riche sop*er* for to diȝt.
of þi mete broþ*er* he sayde.
gif me part of þat þou grayde
mete *and* drink þou has atte wil.
bot lange ys syn I. ete my fille.
¶ Iacob saide nay god wate hit.
þi mete ys noȝt diȝt ȝet.
þe mete my moder me bi-taȝt.
for þou *and* I. ar selden saȝt.
a-boute our forbirþe ar we wraþ.
bot þou salle squere me w*ith* an aþe
atte þou sal neu*er* fra to niȝt
in þi forbirþe clayme na riȝt.
fforbirthe he saide quat s*er*uis hit me
broþ*er* atte þi wille sal hit be.
for hunger he saide I. dye riȝt now
he squere þat athe *and* made his vow
and for his fille of þat potage.
he salde þ*er* his heritage.
he ete *and* drank *and* went his way
and tynt his blessinge fra þat day.
na bote ware of him for-þoȝt.
god walde hit ware his at hit boȝt
Ysaac þat vnfere man.
elde *and* heuenys on him ran.
of body falis him þe miȝt.
and of his eyen al-squa þe siȝt.
þe mon þat squa wiþ elde ys diȝt
his dayes ar turned vn-to niȝt.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Bot riuely þat dai *þat* men failes,
About his gamen mast trauayles.
Que*n* he al weri was for-gan,
Ham he tok his way on-an,
For hauke es eth, as i here say,
To reclaime *þat* has tint his prai.
His bro*þer* he fand giuand his tent
For to make a riche pulment,
"Of þis mete mi bro*þer*," he said,
"Giue me su*m* part *þat* þu has gr*a*yd;
Mete and drinc þu has at will,
And lang es si*þe*n i ete mi fill."
Iacob said, "nay, god it witt,
To þe haue i nohut graithid itt,
þe mete my mo*þer* me bitaght,
For þu and i er seldom saght;
Aboute vr for-birth er we wrath;
Bot þu sal suere me an ath,
þat þu sal neue*r* fra þis night
In þi for-birth clayme na right."
"For-birth," he said, "quat seruis it me?
Bro*þer*, at þi will all sal it be."
wid *þat* forward he made a vou,
And said, "for hung*er* i dey riht nou;"
And for his fille of *þat* potage,
As a wrecche he sold his eritage,
He ete and dranc and went his way,
And tynt his blissing fra *þat* day.
Na bote it was þou him forthoght,
Godd wold it were his *þat* it boght.

Ysaac, *þat* dohuti man,
vnfere and elde apon him ran,
Of bodi fayled him þe miht
And of eyen al sua þe siht. [1 leaf 26, col. 1]
þe man *þat* sua wid elde es diht,[1]
His day es turned into ryht,

GÖTTINGEN

But ofte *þat* day *þat* men faile
Moost aboute hit þei trauaile
Whenne he was wery for gon
hoom he toke his weye anoon
hauke is esy I here sey
To recleyme *þat* haþ lost his pray
his bro*þer* he fonde *þat* toke tent
To di3te a noble mete p*re*sent
Of þis mete bro*þere* he seide
3yue me som *þat* here is greiþed
Mete & drinke þou hast at wille
And long is siþ I eete my fille
¶ Iacob seidè nay god hit witt
For þe haue I not di3te hit
þis mete my modir me bitau3t
For þou & I are selden sau3t
[1]Aboute oure forburþe are we wrooþ
If þou wolt swere me an ooþ [1 leaf 23]
þat þou shalt neue*r* fro þis ny3t
Of þi forburþe cleyme no ri3t
Forburþe he seide what serueþ me
Bro*þer* at þi wille shal hit be
Wiþ *þat* forwarde he made a vow
Al mest for hongur I de3e now
And for his fille of *þat* potage
As wrecche he solde his heritage
he eet & dronke & went his way
And lost his blessyng fro *þat* day
No boto him nas him forþou3t
God wolde hit were his *þat* hit bou3t

Þis Isaac þat worþi mon
Sekenes & elde on hi*m* ron
Of bodi failed hi*m* þe my3t
And of e3en also þe si3t
þe bodi *þat* so in elde is nomen
his day is goon his ni3t is comen

TRINITY

And ha men neuer ben sa bald,
Quen þat sua bicums ald,
His blode þan wexus dri and cald,
Til vnwelth windes al his wald ; 3564
þe heued biginnes for to scak,
His hend vnquemli for to quak,
It crepes crouland in his bak,
And þe banes for to crak, 3568
þe freli fax to fal of him,
And þe sight to wax well dim ;
þe front it fronces þat was scene,
þe nese it droppes ai bi-tuine, 3572
þe teth to rote, þe aand at stinc,
Allan to liue trauail him thinc ;
þan es eth þe fote to spurn, 3575
Quen he falles wit his auen turn ;
He praises al thing þat es gon[1] [1 *read* gan]
O present thing he praisses non ;[2]
þan es eth to mak him wrath, [2 *read* nan]
To saxtend be es sumdel lath ; 3580
To wiss man wit his auen witt
He haldes nan sa wise als it ;
Quen all wittes es him wan, 3583
And will þat welthes mast of an,
And na wil mai hald man in pai,
Baldlik þat dar i sai,
He þat in suilk stat es stad
Es na gli mai mak him glad. 3588
Eild es þou a selcut thing,
þat al it gerns þat er ying ; [3 leaf 21, bk, col 1]
[3]Quen þai it haue þai are vnfayn,
And wald ha youthed þan again ;
þan wald þai be als þai war ar, 3593
Bot sua it mai be neuer mare.
¶ Sua has eild now þis ysaac ledd
þat he in langur lijs in bedd ; 3596

COTTON

and haue mon neuer bene sa balde
¶ quen þat he be-comys alde.
his blode hit waxes dry *and* calde.
to vnwelthe wendis al his walde.
his heued be-gynnes for to shake.
his hende vn-quemely for-to quake.
wiþ crepinge croulis in his bake.
and his banys for to crake.
þe frely fax. to falle of him.
and his siȝt to wax ful dym.
þe fronte hit fronces þat was shene
þe neyse droupes ay be-twene.
þe tethe to rote þe ande at stink
to liue on lyue *trau*ayle hin (*sic*) þink
þen ys ethe þe fote to spurne
quen he fallis wiþ his awen turne
he prayses al þinge þat ys gane.
þinge þat now ys spekis he nane.
þen ys ethe to make him wraþ.
and for tille saxtel sumdel laþ.
¶ of wisdome to his awen witte.
he haldes nane sa wise as hitte
quen alle wittes ys him gane.
þen ys alle his wille in wane.
for nankyn þinge may alde mon pay
for baldly þat dar I. say.
þat he in siche state ys stadde
ys na glee may make him gladde.
elde ys of a selcouþe þinge.
alle hit couettes þat ys likinge.
¶ *and* quen þai hit haue þai ar vn-fayne
and quen hit ys giuen to haue a-gayne
þen walde þai be as þai ware are
and þat salle be neuer-mare.
Squa has now elde þis ysaac led
þat he in mys-ese lijs in bed.

FAIRFAX

And haue man ben neuer so bald,
Quen þat he bicomis alde,
Til vnweild bigines to falle
His body, it waxes drey and dall.
His heued bigines for to schake,
His handes vmquile for to quake,
It crepis crouland in his bac,
And his bonis for to crac,
þe frely fax to fall of him,
And þe siht to wax al dim.
þe front it frounsis, þat was schene,
þe nese it droppis ay bi-tuene,
þe teth to rote, þe and to stinc,
Alone to lyue trauayl him thinc.
þan es eth þe fote to spurne,
Quen he fallis wid his aun turne;
He praysis al thing þat es gan,
Of present thing he prayses nan;
þan es eth to make him wrath,
To sahutingis him sum-del lath:
To teche men wid his aun witt,
He haldes nan sua wis as itt,
Quen all witt es fra him gan,
And wille þat welth es mast of an,
Bot nankines wile may ald man pai
Ful baldli þan dar i say.
He þat in suilk stat es stadd,
Es no gle may make him gladd.
Elde es nou a selcuth thing,
For all it 3ernis þat er 3ing,
Quen þai it haue þai er vnfayn,
And þan wold þai be 3ong again,
þan wold þai be as þai war ar,
And þat may þai be neuer mar.
Sua has elde þis ysaac ledd, [col. 2]
þat he in langure lis in bedd,

GÖTTINGEN

haue a mon ben neuer so bolde
Whenne þat he bicomeþ olde
vnwelde putt at him a pulle
his body waxeþ drye & dulle
his heed bigynneþ penne to shake
his hondes oþer while to quake
hit crepeþ crulyng in his bake
penne his bones bigynne to crake
þe frely faire to falle of him
And þe siȝte to wexe al dym
þe frount frounseþ þat was shene
þe nese droppeþ ofte bitwene
Teeþ to rote breeþ to stynke
Only to lyue trauaile him þink
Eeþ hit is penne to spurne
he falleþ wiþ his owne turne
he preiseþ þingis þat ben gon
þat penne ben he preiseþ noon
Sone penne he wol be wrooþ
To be at oon sumdel looþ
To teche men of his witt
he holdeþ noon so wis as hit
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Trinity & Laud MSS.]
No þing penne may him pay
Boldely penne may we say
he þat in þis state is stad
Nis no gle may make him glad
Elde is now a wondir þinge
Alle desiren hit þat are 3inge
Whenne þei hit haue þei are vnfayn
penne wolde þei 3onge be aȝayn
þie wolde be as þei were ore
And þat þei may neuermore
¶ So haþ elde þis ysaac led
þat he seke liþ in his bed

TRINITY

Him wantes sight, als i said yow,		him wantes siȝt as I. ȝou say	
And cald on his son esau.		*and* calde esau wiþ-out delay.	
"Esau, life son," he said,		Esau leue sone he saide.	
"Ga lok þi tacle be *pur*uaid,	3600	ga loke þi tacle be puruayde	
And faand to stalk þe sa nere		*and* fonde to stalke þe sa nere	
þat þou mai drep me sum dere;		atte þou may gete sum wilde dere	
If þou me dere flesse ani gete,		if þou me dere flesshe may gete.	
Gladli wald .i. þar-of ete;	3604	gladly walde I. *þer*-of ete.	[1 leaf 22, back]
Leue sun þou has hidir-till		[1]¶ leue sone[2] þou has hidder-tille.	
Gladli don þi fader will,		gladly fulfilled þi fader wille.	
þou ert schot*ter* wit þe beist,		þou art shoter in þe best	[2 sir *crossed out*; sone *written over*]
Bath in feild and in forest,	3608	baþ in felde *and* forest.	
If þou mai bring me any beist		if þat þou may bringe me any best	
þou *graith* me ful fair and eist;		grayþe hit me faire *and* honest.	
þar-efter now mi langes sare,	3611	þar ofter now me langes sare	
þar i lig her now, in bedd o care;		þer I. lye in bedde of care.	
Sun," he said, ".i. will not lei,		sone he saide I. wille noȝt lye	
It bes not lang þat i ne dei;	[1 *read* Ga]	hit bes noȝt lange at I. mone dye	
Tac,[1] bring me now sum venisum,		ga bringe me now sum venysoun.	
And þou sal haue mi benison."	3616	*and* þou salle haue benysoun.	
"Sir," he said, "blithlik and son,		¶ Sir he saide blethely *and* sone.	
If godd wil, sal þi will be don."		wiþ help of god hit sal be done.	
¶ His moder tok tent to ysaac		his moder stode atte his bake.	
And herd þe wordes þat he spac.	3620	*and* herde þe wordes atte he spake.	
Sco wist o lang liue was he noght,		ho wiste of lange life was he noȝt.	
A wyel sco hir vmbithogt.		*and* sone ho hir. vmbi-þoȝt.	
Iacob hir sun cald hir vnto,		Iacob hir sone ho calde hir to.	
And þusgat til him þan said sco.	3624	*and* þus-gatis til him saide ho.	
"Mi leif sun, i will þe warn,		¶ Mi leue sone I. wille þe warne.	
For-qui þou ert mi derest barn;		for þou art my derrest barne.	
þi fader has bidden þi bro*þer* gang		þi fader has biddyn þi bro*þer* gange	
To get him waith and duell not lang,		to gete him waithe *and* duel noȝt lange	
þat, if he ani waith mai gete,	3629	þat if he any waithe mote gete.	
He suld him dight þar-of to ete,		he sulde him diȝt *þer*-of atte ete.	
For war he þar-wit ans fedd,		for ware he þar-of enys fedde	
Ar þat he deied in car-ful bedd,	3632	or he dyed in carful bedde	

COTTON FAIRFAX

Him wantis siht, as i said ȝou,
And cald on his sun esau.
"Esau, leue sone," he said,
"Ga loke þi takil be puruaid,
And fond to stalk þe sua nere
þat þu may hapin to sla sum dere;
If þu may ani venisun gete,
Gladli wild i þarof ete.
Leue sone, þu hast hiþer till
Gladli don þi fadris will,
þu art archer wid þe best,
Bath in feld and in forest,
If þu may bring me ani best,
þu diht it me fair and honest.
þar efter nou me langes sare,
Here þar i liy in bedd of care.
Sun," he said, "i wil noght lye,
It bes noght lang ar þat i die,
Ga bring me nou sum venisun,
And þu sal haue mi benisun."
"Sir," he said, "gladli and sone,
wid goddes help it sal be done."
His moder tok tent to ysaac,
And herd þe wordes þat he spac,
And wist of lang lijf was he noght;
Avoyde scho hir, and vmbethoght.
Iacob hir sun scho called hir to,
And þus til him þus said scho,
"Mi leue sone, i wil þe warn,
For-qui þu art mi derest barn,
þi fadir badd þi broder gang
To set him mete, and duel nohut lang,
þat if he ani wath miht gete,
He suld him dight þar-of to ete;
For war he anys þar-wid fedd
Ar he deyed in carful bedd,

GÖTTINGEN

him wantid siȝt as I seide er
And calde his son esav þer
Esau leue son he seide
Go loke þi takul be purueide
& fonde for to stalke so nere
þat þou may sle sum dere
If þou myȝte any venisoun gete
Gladly wolde I þerof ete
Son þou hast hidur tille
Gladly done þi fadir wille
þou art archer wiþ þe best
Boþe in felde & in forest
If þou may brynge me any beest
Diȝte hit me feire & honest
þeraftir now me longeþ so
þere I lyue in bed of wo
Son he seide I wol not lyȝe
hit beþ not longe ar I deȝe
To brynge me venisoun be boun
And þou shal haue my benesoun
he seide sir gladly & soone
Wiþ goddes helpe hit shal be done
his modir tent to ysaac
And herde þo wordis þat he spac
And wist of long lyf was he nouȝt
She went bi syde & hir bi þouȝt
Iacob hir sone she calde hir to [lf 23, bk]
And þus to him saide sho
Mi leue son I wol þe warn
For þou art my derrest barn
þi fadir bad þi broþer snel
To fett him mete & not dwel
If he any what myȝte gete
he shulde him diȝte þerof to ete
For were he ones þer wiþ fed
Ar he deȝed in seke bed

[lf 26, bk, col. 1]

TRINITY

His benisun wald he him giue,		his benysoun walde he him gife.
For lang he wat he mai not liue.		for lange he wate may he noȝt liue
Bot life son, ful lath me ware		bot leue sone ful lathe me ware
þat he þat blissing fra þe bare,	3636	atte he þat blessinge fra þe bare.
Vnhappi wreche has he ben ai,		vn-happy wrecche has he bene ay
þi seli he sal noght bere a-wai;		þe sele he salle noȝt bere a-way.
Bot þou sal do sun mi consail,	[col. 2]	¶ bot þou sal do sone my consaile
Wel i wat it sal þe wail;	3640	wele I. wate hit salle þe a-vayle
Now high þe suith þat þou ne blin		now hye þe squythe at þou ne blyn.
Ar þat þi broiþer be commen in,		or atte þi broþer be commyn in.
O kyddes fatt þou fett me tuin,		of kedis flesshe. þou focche me twin
I sal þe ken ful gode a gin;	3644	I. salle þe teyche a gode gynne.
I sal þam dight til his be-houe,		I. sal ham diȝt til his bi-houe
A mete als he was wonto loue;		a mete atte he was wont to loue
It sal him sauur al to will,		hit salle him sauour wonder wil.
Ete he sal þer-of his fill;	3648	ete þer-of he salle his fille
Quen it es dight þou it him reche,		¶ quen hit ys diȝt salle þou hit reiche
Do now well, als i þe teche;		do now wele as I. þe teyche.
þat he þe mai þe less mistru		*and* for ferde atte he mistraw
þou sal sai þou ert esau,	3652	þou salle say þou art esau.
Fra þe forest newli comen,		.a. fra þe forest newli commyn. [col. 2]
Venison þou has him nommen,		.b. *and* venysoun fresshe haue I. fondyn.[1]
Wit dainte dight til his be-houe;		wiþ daynte diȝt til his be-houe
þou bidd him rise þar-of to proue,		bid him rise þer-of to proue.
þat þou haue, for þis reson,	3657	*and* loke þou aske for þi resoun.
O þe fader his benison."		of þi fader his benysoun.
¶ "Moder," he said, "wis war þi lare,		¶ moder he saide for alle þi lare.
If i-ne dred a-noþer fare;	3660	ȝet I. drede me ful sare.
þou wat mi hid es smith and bar,		þou wate my hide ys sleȝt *and* bare
And esau es rugh wit har;		*and* esau ys rughe wiþ hare.
If mi fader þat es now blind		if my fader þat now ys blinde
Mai mi fallace oght vnderfind,	3664	*and* he any dissaite finde
I dred me sare, for benison		I. drede me sare for his benysoun
He sal me giue his malison."		he wille me gif his malisoun.
"Do wai, leue son," rebecca said,		¶ do way leue sone. rebecca saide
"þat malison on me be laid;	3668	þat malisoun on me be laide.
COTTON		FAIRFAX

[1] This line is at the foot of the col. in MS.

His benisun he wild him gete,—
For lang he wat he may noght speke.
Bot leue sun, ful lath me ware
þat he þi benisun fra þe bare,
vnhappi wrecche has he ben ay,
þi sele he sal noght bere away;
Bot þu sal do nu mi consail,
wele i wat it sal þe avail.
Nou hey þe suith, þat þu ne blin,
Ar þat þi broder be comen in,
Of kiddis fatt þu fett me tua,
I sal þe teche hou þu sal da.
I sal þaim dight til his bihoue,
A mete as he was wont to loue,
It sal him sauor to his wille,
Ete he sal þar-of his fille;
Quen it es diht þu it him reche,—
Do nou wele as i þe teche.
And þat he may þe less mistrau,
þu sal say þat þu art esau,
Fra þe forest neuli comen,
venisun þou hast him nomen,
wid daynte diht to his bihoue;
þu bidd him rise and þarof proue,
þat þu may gete bi þis resun
Of þi fader his benisun."
"Moder," he said, "wis war þi lare,
Ne war of a thing i drede sare,
þu wost mi handis er al bare,
and esaues er rohw wid hare.
If mi fader þat nou es blind,
May mi gile sua vnder find,
I drede me sar, of benisun
He sal me giue his malisun."
"Do way, leue son," rebecca said,
"þat malisun apon me be laid,

his benisoun he wolde him ȝyue
For longe he woot may he not lyue
leue son loþ me were
þat he þi benisoun fro þe bere
vnhappi wrecche he haþ ben ay
þi ȝele shal he not bere away
þou shal do now my counsel
I woot hit wol availe wel
hyȝe þe son þat þou not blin
Ar þi broþer be comen In
Of fatte kydes fette me two
I shal þe teche how þou shal do
I shal hem diȝte to his bihoue
Suche as he was wont to loue
hit shal him sauour al at wille
Ete he shal þerof his fille
When hit is diȝt þou hit him reche
Do wel as I þe teche
þat he may þe lasse mystrawe
Say þou art his son Esau
For þe forest newely comen
Venisoun þou hast him nomen
Deyntily diȝte to his pay
þou bidde him rise & assay
þat þou may gete bi þis resoun
Of þi fadir his benisoun
¶ Modir he seide wise is þi lore
But o þing I drede sore
þou wost my hondis are al bare
And Esaues now wiþ hare
If my fadir þat Is blynde
May me so wiþ gile fynde
Of þat benisoun sore I drede
lest he me curse in his dede
Dowey son rebecca seide
þat malisoun on me be leide

GÖTTINGEN [col. 2] TRINITY

Bot þat i badd þou bring me son."
"Mod*er*," he said, "it sal be don."
¶ .Iacob went vn to þe fald
And broght þe bestes forwit tald;
His mod*er* dughtilik it dight,
Als sco him forwit had it hight,
And cled him, su*m* it was mete,
Wit his bro*þer* robe *þat* smelled suete;
Wit a rugh skin sco hidd his hals
And coue*r*d þar-wit his hands als,
þat his fader suld al-gat tru
þat he war his sun esau:
His mod*er* him þis mete bitaght
And he it suith his fader raght.
"Fad*er*," he said, "sitt vp and ete,
I ha broght þi ȝerning mete."
"And quat art þou?" þe fader said,
"Sir, i esau, þi met es graithid."
[1]"And q*uat*-kin mete?" "sir, venisun,
Ete and giue me þi benisun."
"How es it þou sped sa son?"
"Godd," he said, "has herd mi bon,
And send it suyth vnto mi hand,
Men aght to thanc him his sand."
"Cu*m* nere, leue son, and latte me fele[2]
If þou be he i luue sa wele."
Quen he had feld his fleirand cloth
And graped handes and hals both,
"þis voice," he said, "þat i here
Es o iacob, wit-outen were,
Bot hend and hals es als i tru
Mi dereli suns child esau;
þe odor o þi uestement
It smelles als o piement,
I sal wend forth, þou duells here,
Mi blissing son þan sal þou bere:

[1 leaf 22, col. 1]
[2 MS. fle]

COTTON

bot þat I. bad þe bringe me sone
moder he saide hit sal be done
¶ Iacob went vn-to þe falde
and broȝt þe bestes be-fore talde.
his moder duȝttely hit diȝt.
als ho be-fore had him hiȝt.
ho cled him wele *and* hit was mete.
wiþ his bro*þer* robe *þat* smelled squete
wiþ a rughe skyn ho heled his hals
and couert þar-wiþ his handis als.
þat his fader sulde algatis traw.
þat he ware his sone esau.
his moder him þis mete be-taȝt.
and he hit squyþe his fader raȝt.
fader he saide sete vp *and* ete
I. haue þe broȝt þi ȝernynge mete
¶ quat art þou his fader saide.
sir esau þi mete ys graide.
and quat-kin mete? sir venysou*n*.
ete *and* gif me þi benysou*n*.
how ys hit so þou sped so sone.
ihesu he saide has herde my bone.
and sende hit sone vn-to my hande
men aȝt to þonke him al his sande
¶ come nere leue sone *and* lete fele.
if þou be þat I. loue so wele.
quen he had felde his bro*þer* clathe
and grapet hande *and* hals bathe.
þis voyce he saide þat I. here.
ys of Iacob wiþ-outen were.
bot hende *and* hals as I. traw.
my derly sone hit ys esaw
¶ þe odour of þi vestement [leaf 23]
hit smellis as þe piement
now sone he saide þou come nere
my dere blessing I. gif þe here.

FAIRFAX

Bot þat i bad, þu bring me sone."
"Gladli, moþer, it sal be done."
Iacob went into þe fold,
And broght þa kiddes þat i of tald,
His moder smartly þaim dight,
Als scho bifor had him hight,
And clad him, als it was mete,
wid his broder cloth þat smelled suete.
wid a rohu skyn scho hillid his hals,
And couerd þar-wid his handes als,
þat his fader suld algat trou
He were his sun esau.
His moder him þis mete bi-tahut,
And he it suith his fader rahut,
"Fader," he said, "sitt vp and ett,
I haue þe broght þi ȝerning mett."
"And quat art þu?" his fader said.
"Sir, i esau, þi mete es graid."
"And quatkines mete?" "sir, venisun,
Ete and giue me þi benisun."
"Hou es it, son, þu spedd so sone?"
"Almithi godd has herd my bone,
And sent hit smartli to mi hand,
Men au to thanc him of his sand."
"Cum nere, leue son, and lat me fele,
If þu be he i loue sua wele."
Quen he had felt his smelland clath,
And gropid his hals and handes bath,
"þis voice," he said, "þat i here,
Is of iacob widuten were,
Bot handis and hals es, als i trou,
Mi dere sun, þi child esau;
þe sauor sone of þi vestment,
It sauors as it war of piment.
I sal wend forth, þu duelles here, [leaf 27, col. 1]
Mi blissing, sun, þan sal þu bere.

GÖTTINGEN

þat I þe bad brynge me soone
Gladly he seide hit shal be done
Iacob went in to þe folde
And brouȝte þe kides I of tolde
his modir smertly hem diȝt
As she to fore had him hiȝt
And clad him wiþ þo cloþes mete
Of his broþer þat smelled swete
Wiþ a rowȝe skyn hid his hals
And hiled þerwiþ his hondes als
For his fadir shulde trowe tru
he were his son esau
his modir him þis mete bitauȝt
he hit to his fadir rauȝt
Fadir he seide sit vp & ete
I haue þe brouȝt þi ȝernynge mete
What art þou his fadir seide
Sir Esau þi mete haue greide
what maner mete: sir venisoun
Ete & ȝyue my benisoun boun
how was hit þou sped so sone
Sir god of myȝt herde my bone
And sende hit smartly to my honde
Men owe to þonke him his sonde
Com nere son & let me fele
If þou be he I loue so wele
Whenne he felde his smellyng clooþ
And his necke & his hondes booþ
þis voys he seide þat I here
Is of Iacob wiþouten were
But hondes & hals as I trow tru
Is my dere son Esau
þe sauour of þi vestiment
Sauereþ as þe piement
[1]I shal forþ wende þou dwellest here
Mi blessyng haue þou son dere [1 leaf 24]

TRINITY

þi breþer be þin vnderlute
And alle þat wonnes þe a-boute;
All þaa þat blisses þe
Sal þam-self blessed be,
And all *þat* bedes þe maliscun
Sal bere it on þair auin crun."
He ete and dranc *þat* was his will,
And sithen his sun he cald him till,
His brade blissing he him gaue
þe quilk his broþer wend at haue,
And mad him lau*er*d ou*er* all his kin;
Bot *þat* was wit his moder gin,
His mod*er* consail was þar-to,
And godd wald *þat* sco sua suld do.
þis iacob went q*uan* sua was don,
And esau com efter son.
"Fader," he said, "vp in þi bedd,
I haue þe broght q*uar*-of be fedd
O venisun, .I. here þe bring,
Ete and giue me þi blissing."
His fader him asked, "q*uat* art þou?"
"þi sun," he said, "i esau."
"Was þou not at me right now,
And fedd me wit þi fang i trau?"
"I?" he said, "nai, nai, goddote,
Moght i not be sua light o fote."
Wit þis gaue ysaac a grane;
"Sun," he said, "right nou was an
þat first me fedd, and sythen me kist,
And me be-suak, *þat* i ne wist,
Mi benisun now has þi broiþer." [col. 2]
"And fader," he said, "has þou non
"Nai sun, als i mot ha mede." [oþer?"
"Allas! quat i am broght in nede,
A-way he has mi blissing born,
Sua did he als þat toþer morn;

þi broþer to be þine vnderloute.
and alle þat wonis þe a-boute.
alle þa atte blessis þe.
sal þaire-seluen blessed be.
and alle þat geues þe malisou*n*.
salle bere hit on his awen crou*n*
he ete *and* dranke at was his wil.
and sithen his sone he calde h*im* til.
his brade benysou*n* he him gaue
þe quilk his broþ*er* wende at haue
and made him lorde ou*er* alle his kyn
and þat was wiþ his moder gyn.
his moder consaile was *þer*-to.
god walde þat hit ware so.
¶ Iacob went quen so was done
and esau þen come efter-sone
fader he saide gete vp in bedde
wiþ þis mete þou sal be fedde.
nobil venysou*n* þat I. þe bringe.
ete *and* gif me þi blessinge.
¶ his fader asked him qua art þou.
and he onsquared þi sone esau.
was þou noȝt atte me riȝt now.
and fedde me wonder wele I. traw
¶ *and* he saide nay god dote
am I. noȝt so squyft on fote.
wiþ þis gaf Isaac a grane
sone he saide riȝt now was ane
þat first me fedde *and* siþen kiste
and me be-trayed atte I ne wiste.
My benysou*n* now has þi broþ*er*.
fader he saide has þou na noþ*er*.
¶ na sone he saide as haue I. mede
allas quat I. am broȝt in nede.
a-way he has my blessinge borne
so was I. serued þis oþ*er* morne.

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
þi brod*er* be þin vnd*er*lout,		þi bro*þer* be þi vndir loute
And all *þat* wonis þe nere aboute;		And alle *þat* wonen here aboute
And all þa sone *þat* blisses þe,		Alle þo son þat blessen þe
Blissed sal þaim seluen be;	3708	Blessed shal hem seluen be
And all þat biddis þe malisun		And alle *þat* bidde þe malisou*n*
Sal bere it on þair aun croun."		Shul bere hit on her owne croun
He ete and dranc *þat* was his will,		he eet & dranke at his wille
And si*þen* his sone he called him till,		And þenne his son calde hi*m* tille
His brod blissing he him gaf,	3713	his brood blessyng he hi*m* ȝaue
þe quilk his brod*er* wend to haue,		*þat* his bro*þer* wende to haue
And made him laue*r*d ou*er* all his kin;		he made him lorde of al his kyn
Bot þat was wid his mod*er* gyn,	3716	Suche þen was his modir gyn
Hir mod*er* *con*sail was þar-vnto,		his modir cou*n*sel was *þer*to
And godd wald scho suld sua do.		But god wolde hit shulde be so
Bot iacob went qu*en* þis was don,		¶ Iacob went whenne þis was done
And esau cam efter sone,	3720	And Esau coom aftir soone
"Fad*er*," he said, "sitt vp in bedd,		Fadir he seide sitt vp in bed
I haue þe broght quar-of be fedd,		I haue þe brouȝt to be of fed
Of venisun *þat* i þe bring		Of venisou*n* þat I þe brynge
Ete, and giue me þi blissing."	3724	Ete & ȝyue me þi blessynge
His fad*er* him asked, "quat art þu?"		his fadir asked what he was
"Sir, þi sone," he said, "i esau."		Sir esau þi son in plas
[[1] Sonne he seid for my prow	[1 from Laud MS. 416]	Son he seide for my prow
Thow were here at me right now]		þou were here at me riȝt now
"I?" he said, "nay godote,		I he seide nay god woote
Mith i noght be sua liht of fote!"		Miȝte I not be so liȝte of fote
wid þis gaue ysaac a grone,	3731	Wiþ þis ȝaf Isaac a grone
"Sone," he said, "riht nou was one		Son he seide riȝt now was one
þat first me fedd and si*þen* me kist,		*þat* firste me fedde & þen me kist
And me bigilid *þat* i ne wist;		And me bigiled ar I wist
Mi benisun nou has þi brod*er*."	3735	Mi benisou*n* now haþ þi bro*þer*
"And fad*er*," he said, "es þar non o*þer*?"		Fadir he seide is *þer*e noon o*þer*
"Na, son, also mote i haue mede."		No son also haue I mede
"Allas quat i am broght i*n* nede!		Alas he seide I am in nede
Away he has mi blissing born,		Away he haþ my blessyng born
Sua did he als þe to*þer* morn.	3740	So dud he als þe ȝoudir morn

He has me don oft mikel scham,
Right-wisli es iacob his nam,
þat es to sai, wit right langage,
Supplanter als of heritage;
For quen i formast born suld be,
Wit strengh a-gain þen drou he me;
He has me don oft vn-resun
And no me reft mi benisun,
Me es sua waa, almast i weede;
Fader, þis was na broþer dede,
Consail me, fader, how to liue."
"Wi, quatkin consail mai i þe giue?"
"And es þar nakin blessing left?"
"Nai, þi broiþer it has þe reft."
"And, fader, es þar na noþer wan?"
"Wane," he said, "es þar bot an,
In dew and gress sere o þorth
Sal be þi blissing fra no forth;
Wit erth trauaill, and sua þou do,
And prai godd send his dew þer-to."
"Lauerd," he said, "wat es me best,
Mi hert bes neuer broght in rest,
Bituixand þis iacob be slan,
If he mai oþer be ouertan."
þis esau wit his manace
Oute o þe land did iacob chace;
Quen þe moder sagh it was sua
He soght his broþer for to sla,
Sco send him son in-til aran,
Til hir broþer þat hight laban,
þar-to suiorn for hir sake,
Til þat his broþer wreth suld slake.
Be night flum iordan he wode
And thoru a wildernes he yode,
He loked war þat him war best,
And be þe wai he tok his rest.

he has me done mikil shame.
riȝtly ys Iacob his name.
þat ys to say wiþ riȝt langage
supplanter of heritage.
for quen I. was formast borne sulde be
wiþ strenght a-gayne drow he me.
he has me done myche [mali]soun
and now me raft my benysoun
me ys sa wa almast I. wede
fader þis was na broþer dede.
consaile me fader how I. may liue
quy quatkin sulde I. þe giue.
and ys þer nankin blessinge left.
na þi broþer has hit þe reft. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
[1 And is there fadir non oþer wonne
Sothely he seid is non but oon]
In þe deu *and* gresse of thorne.
sal be þi blessinge fra to-morne.
wiþ erþ. þou trauaile *and* so þou do.
and pray god sende his deu þer-to
¶ lorde he saide quat ys me best
my hert bese neuer broȝt in rest.
bi-twix *and* þis Iacob be slayne.
and I. may come him sa gayne.
¶ þis esau wiþ his manace.
did Iacob out of lande to chace.
quen his moder saghe hit squa.
ho soȝt esau for to sla.
and sende Iacob in-til aaron.
to hir broþer þat heȝt laban.
þar to soiourne for hir sake
til atte his broþer wraþ sulde slake
bi niȝt þe flume iordan he wode.
and þorou a wildernesse he ȝode.
he loked quare þat him ware best
be þat way to take his rest.

COTTON FAIRFAX

[1] He has me done ful mekil schame,
Rihtful was iacob cald his name, [1 col. 2]
þat es to say in riht langage,
Supplanter of eritage,
For quan i first born suld be,
wid strinth agayn þan drou he me;
He has me done ofte vnresun,
And nou me reft mi benisun,
Me es sua wa, almast i wede;
Fad*er*, þis was na brod*er*-hede.
Consail me, fad*er*, hu i sal liue."
"Son, quat kines consail may i þe giue?"
"And es þar, fad*er*, na blissing left?"
"Na, þi bro*þer* it has þe reft."
"And es þar, fad*er*, nan o*þer* wan?"
"Wan," he said, "es nan bot an.
In þe deu and griss alsua,
Sal be þi blissing quar þu ga,
wid erde trauail, and sua þu do,
And prai godd send his deu þar-to."
"Lord," he said, "quat es me best,
Min hert bes neu*er* mar in rest
Bituix and þis iacob be dede,
If i may gete him in any stede."
þus esau wid his manasce,
vte of þat land did iacob chasce.
Que*n* þair mod*er* sau it was sua,
He sohut his brod*er* for to sla,
Scho sent him sone into aran,
Til hir bro*þer* þat hight laban,
þer to soiorne for þair sake
Till þat his bro*þer* wreth suld slake.
Be niht þe flom iordane he wode,
And thoru a wildrenes he ȝode,
He loked quare þat hi*m* war best,
Bi þe way to take his rest.

GÖTTINGEN

he haþ me done mychel shome
Skilful is iacob his nome
þat is to say in riȝt langage
Putter out of heritage
For I firste born shulde ha be
Wiþ strengþe aȝeyn drouȝe he me
And done me als þis vnresou*n*
To reue me þus my benisou*n*
Me is so wo almest I wede
Fadir þis was no bro*þer*hede
Cou*n*sel me fadir now to lyue
What cou*n*sel son shal I þe ȝyue
And is *þer* fadir no blessyng lefte
No þi bro*þer* hit haþ þe refte
And is *þer* fadir noon o*þer*e woon
So*þ*ely he seide is noon but oon
In þe dew & gres also
Shal be þi blessyng where þou go
Wiþ erþe t*ra*uaile so þou do
And p*r*eye god sende his dew *þer*to
Lord he seide what is me best
Myn hert beþ neu*er* more in rest
Til *þat* þis Iacob be deed
If I may gete him to any sted
þus Esau wiþ his manace
Out of *þat* lond dud iacob chace
When*n*e her modir say hit so
he souȝte his bro*þer* for to slo
She sent him soone in to aram
To hir bro*þer* þat het laban
*þer*e to soiourne for *þat* sake
Til his bro*þer* wraþþe wolde slake
Bi nyȝt þe flu*m* iordan he wode
And þourȝe a wildernes he ȝode
he loked where hi*m* were best
Bi þe weye to make his rest

TRINITY

He hent a stan he fand him bi,
And þar-on laid his hefd to li.
In slepe he sagh stand vp a sti,
Fra his heued right to þe ski,
Apon þe sti *þat* þar was bun
Angls climand vp and dun. [1 leaf 22, bk, col. 1]
[1]Open him thoght þe ȝate of heue*n*,
And herd o drightin suilk a steuen:
"Godd and lauerd," he said, "i am
Of ysaac and als of abraham:"
"Jacob," he said, "þou sal ha tuin
Wiues o þi auen kin,
Tua doghters o laban, þi nem,
þat þou sal haf wit barn-tem;
Wit þe i sal be in al þi nede
And gar þin oxspring wide spred;
I sal be for þin eldres sake
With þe, and esau for-sake."
Wel was he gladed o þis sight,
Fulsotht him thoght he slep *þat* night.
On the morn, wen it was dai,
Iacob ras fra þar he lai,
And said, "our laue*r*d, wit-oute*n* were,
þat i wist noght es wo*n*nand here;
Her es na noþer thing," said he,
"Bot godds hus and heuen entre."
þe stan his heued lai on *þat* night,
In takning, he it sett vp right,
And oyel he yeett apon *þat* stan
And made to godd a voo onan,
And said, "if drightin be my freind
And lede me in þis wai i wend, [clath,
And mete me send, and drinc, *and*
And bring me again, wit-oute*n* wath,
Vnto mi kyth þat i com fra,
If i find he me ledes sua,

COTTON

¶ he hent a stane atte lay him by.
and þar-on layde his heued to ly.
In slepe a ladder him þo3t he seyghe
fra þe firmament ri3t to his eyghe.
a-pon þe ladder atte *þer* was boun.
angels climbande vp *and* doun.
him þo3t þe ȝate opened of heyue*n*
our lorde saide wiþ suche a steyue*n*.
god *and* lorde he saide I. am.
of Isaac *and* of abraham.
Iacob he saide *þou* sal haue twyn.
wiues of þine awen kin.
twa doghters of laban þine eme.
þat twa salle haue of barneteme
wiþ þe salle I. be in alle þi nede.
and ger þine ospringe wide to sprede
I salle be for þine eldres sake.
wiþ þe *and* esau baþ for-sake.
ful glad he was of þat si3t
ful soft him þo3t he sleppet þat ni3t
¶ On þe morne quen hit was day
Iacob rase fra þere he lay.
[2]*and* saide our lorde wiþ-outen were.
atte I. wiste no3t has bene here. [2 lf 23, back]
I saghe he saide for-soþ quod he.
goddes hous *and* him entree.
¶ þe stane his heued lay on þat ni3t
our lorde sette hit eyue*n* vp-ri3t
and oyle he ȝette a-pon þe stane.
and made to god a bone an nane
[3]He seid if god be my frend [3 from Laud MS. 416]
And lede me in my wey to wend]
to sende him mete drink *and* claþ.
and bringe me agayne wiþ-outen waþ.
vnto my kiþ þat I. come fra.
if I. finde he ledes me squa.

FAIRFAX

He tok a stan he fand him bi, [If 27, bk, col. 1]
And þar-apon made his hefd to ly.
In slepe he sau alleddir him by,
Stand fra his hefd vp to þe sky; 3780
Apon þat ledd*er* sau he boun,
Angelis clymand vp and doun,
Opin him thoght þe ȝate of heuen,
Of godd he herd suilk a steuen, 3784
"Godd and lord," he said, "i am
Of ysaac and of abraham.
Iacob," he said, "þu sal haue tuyne
Wiues of þin aun kine, 3788
Tua dohutyrs of laban, þin eme,
þat þu sal haue wid barnteme.
Wid þe sal i be in al þi nede,
And ger þin ospring wide to sprede.
I sal be, for þin eldris sake, 3793
Wid þe, and esau for-sake."
Wele was he gladid of þat sight,
Soft him thoght he slep þat nyht.
On þe morn que*n* it was day,
Iacob ras fra þar he lay, 3798
And said, "vr laue*r*d, widute*n* were,
þat i wist nohut es wonnand here,
Here es nan o*þer* thing," said he,
"Bot goddes hous and heuen entre."
þe ston his heued lay apon þat night,
In takni*n*g, he it sett vp-right, 3804
And oyle he putt apon þat ston,
And made to godd a voice anon,
And said, "if godd be mi freind,
And lede me in my way i wend, 3808
And send me mete and drinc and cloth,
And bring me again widuten loth,
vnto my kith þat i com fra,—
If i finde þat he lede me sua,— 3812

A stoon he toke þat lay him by
And þe*r*on leide his heed on hy
In slepe he say a ladder strauȝt
Fro his heed to þe sky hit rauȝt
On þat ladder say be boun
Au*n*gels clymbynge vp & doun
[1] Open him þouȝt þe ȝate of heuen
Of god he herde suche a steuen [1 If 24, bk]
God & lorde he seide I am
Of Isaac and of Abraham
Iacob he seide þou shalt haue twynne
Wyues of þin owne kynne
Two douȝtris of laban þin eeme
þat þou shal haue wiþ barneteme
Wiþ þe wol I be in þi nede
And make þin ospringe wide to sprede
For þine elderes to þe I take
And esau for þi sake
Glad he was of þat siȝt
him þouȝte he slepte soft þat nyȝt
On þe morn whenne hit was day
Iacob roos fro þennes he lay
he seide oure lord out of were
I wist not his wonyng here
here is now þenne seide he
Goddis hous & heuen entre
þe stoon þat his heed lay on þat niȝt
In token he hit set vpriȝt
And oyle he put vp on þat stoon
And made to god a voys anoon
he seide if god be my frende
And lede me in my weye to wende
And sende mete drynke & clooþ
And bringe me aȝeyn wiþoute*n* looþ
In to my kiþþe þe*r*e I coom fro
If I fynde þat he lede me so

Mi godd he sal be and mi king;
And þis stan stand als *in* takening,
And þis sted fra þan it sal
Be cleped godds auen hall;
Of all þe god he dos me weild
Lelik his tend i sal him yeild."
¶ Iacob went him forth his wai,
Faand quare thre floks o beistes lai,
Be-side a well, a-pon a feild,
And sagh þe well be a doun heild,
A mikel stan apon it lai,
þis bestes dranc þar-at ilk dai;
þe hirdes bi þaim fand he þare,
He spird þaim queþen þai ware.
þai said, "sir, we ar of aran."
"And knau yee oght," he said, "laban?"
"Sir ya, he es bath hail and fere,
Ya hail and sound, wit-outen were;
His doght*ur* yonder i se, rachell, [col. 2]
Bringand his beistes til þe well;
For all beistes ar broght hider,
Eue*r* ilk dai at drinc to-geder."
Wit þis come rachell, þat maiden,
And iacob lifted vp þe sten,
And spak þan wit þe damisel,
And kythed him wit may rachell.
"*Quat* art þou," he said, "lemman?"
"Sir, mi fader es cald laban."
Abute hir hals þan he hir hent,
And thris he kyst hir ar he stent.
"I am iacob, þi cosin nere,
For þi luue am i co*mmen* here."
þai mai quen sco can vnderstand
þat iacob suld be hir husband,
To laban tald sco new tiþand,
And he him ledd in be þe hand.

my god he sal be *and* my kinge
and þis stane standis als in takenynge.
and þis stede fra now hit sal
be calde goddes awen halle.
of alle þe gode þat I. salle welde.
his teynde hertly I. sal him ȝelde.
¶ Iacob went him forþ his way.
quare þre flok of bestes lay.
bi-side a welle a-pon a felde
and Iacob stode *and* be-helde.
a mykil stane a-pon hit lay.
þer bestes drank atte ilka day.
þe hirdes fande he bi þam þare.
and asket quatkin men þai ware.
þai saide sir we ar of aaran.
knaw ȝe oȝt he saide laban.
þai saide he was in gode fere.
hale *and* sounde wiþ-out were.
his doghter comes ȝonde rachel.
bringande his bestes to þe felle.
for alle þe flokkis broȝt ar hidder.
atte þis welle to drink to-gider.
¶ wiþ þis come rachel þat faire madane
and Iacob lifted vp þe stane.
þen spac he wiþ þat damysel.
and kiþed him wiþ þat may rachel.
quat art þou he saide le*mman*.
sir my fader ys calde laban.
a-boute þe hals he hir hent
and þries he kiste hir or he stint.
I. am Iacob þi cosyn nere.
for þi loue am I. co*mmyn* here.
¶ þe may quen ho con vnderstande
þat Iacob sulde be hir housbonde
to laban talde ho. new tiþande
and he him ledde in. bi þe hande.

COTTON FAIRFAX

He sal be mi god and mi king,	[col. 2]	he shal be my god & kynge
And þis ston stand as in tokni[n]g;		þis stoon shal stonde in tokenyng
And þis stede fra nou it sal		And þis place fro now shalle
Be clepid goddes aun hall.	3816	Be cleped goddis owne halle
Of all þe gode he dos me weild,		Of al þe good he doþ me welde
Lelely þe tend i sal him ȝeild."		Trewely tiþe I shal him ȝelde
Iacob went him forth his way,	3819	¶ Iacob went him forþ his way
Quar thre flockes of bestes lay		Where þre flockes of bestes lay
Bi-side a welle, vp-on a feild,		Bisyde a welle vpon a felde
And iacob sau and biheld,		And Iacob say and bihelde
A mekil stan apon it lay;		A mychel stoon vp on hit lay
þat bestes dranc at ilka day.	3824	þat beestis dronke at euery day
þe herdes bi þaim fand he þare,		þe herdes fonde he bi hem þere
And askid þaim queþer þat þai ware?		And asked hem whennes þei were
"Sir," þai said, "we are of aran."		Sir þei seide we are of aran
"And knau ȝe aut," he said, "laban?"		An knowe ȝe ouȝte he seide laban
"Sir, ȝa;" "and es he hale and fere?"		Sir ȝe: & is he hool & fere
"ȝa, hal and sound, widuten were;		ȝe hool þei seide out of were
ȝonder i se his dohutir rachell	3831	ȝonder I se his douȝter rachel
Driuand his bestes to þe well,		Dryuynge his beestes to þe wel
For all þe flockis cumes hiþer		For alle þe flockes comen hidur
Ilk a day, to drinc togider."	3834	Vche day to drynke to gidur
þan cam Rachell þat maydin bright,		þenne coom Rachel þat mayden briȝt
Iacob lifted vp þat ston ful wight,		Iacob lifte vp þe stoon ful wiȝt
And spac sua wid þat damysel,	3837	he spake so wiþ þat damysel
And kneu him þar wid may rachel;		And knowleched him þere wiþ rachel
And said, "quat art þu, lemman?"		he seide what art þou lemman
"Sir, my fadir hight laban."	3840	Sir my fadir het laban
Aboute þe hals he hir hint,		Aboute þe necke he hir hin[t]
And kist hir thries ar he stint.		And cust hir þries ar he stint
"I am iacob þi cosin nere,	3843	I am Iacob þi cosyn nere
And for þi loue am i comen here."		For þi loue am I comen here
þe may, quen scho gan vnderstand		Whenne she bigon to vndirstonde
þat iacob suld be hir husband,		þat Iacob shulde be hir husbonde
To laban tald scho neu tydand,		To laban tolde she þat tiþande
And he him ledd bi þe hand.	3848	And she him ledde bi þe hande

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

COTTON	FAIRFAX
þai frannid o þar frendes fare,	þai frayned him of þaire frendis fare
And þam cald bath less and mare.	*and* he ham talde lasse *and* mare.
Laban for fainnes did him call	[[2]laban then he did to calle [[2] from Laud MS. 416]
For his neueu his frendes all;	ffor fayne of hym his frendis alle]
And siþen he did him for to sai	¶ *and* siþen he dide him for to say.
Quat was þe chesiun of his wai.	quat was þe enchesoun he went a-way.
"Sir, þe soth i wil þe tell,	sir þe soþ I. wille ȝou telle.
þi doghter for to spus, rachell."	þi doghter for to spouse rachelle.
"þan sal þou serue me seuen yeir,	þen saltow serue me vij. ȝere.
Ar þou sal haue mi doghter dere."	if þou wille haue my doghter dere.
"Blithli, sir, sua sal it be."	¶ bleþely sir so salle hit be.
Fra þan wit laban duelled he,	fra þen wiþ laban laft ys he.
þe eilder sister he for-sok,	þe elder suster he for-soke
For sco gleied, als sais þe bok;	gleande ho was for-soþ of loke.
For to serue for rachel fre	*and* for to serue for rachel fre
He was master hird of his fee;	he was maister hirde of his fee.
It was ferli in þat siquar	hit was ferly for-soþ to say.
How fast þai multiplid þar.	how faste þai multiplied iche day.
Quen þat þe seuen yere war gane	¶ quen atte þe vij. ȝere were gane
Iacob hasked his lemman.	Iacob asked his lemmane.
Laban said, "frend, ful blethli."	laban saide frende ful bleþely
Bot þar he did a trecheri,	bot þer he dide a trecchery.
For þan he had may rachell wedd,	Iacob *and* rachel þai con ham wed.
Lia he stall vn-til his bedd;	*and* lya his doghter he stale to bedde.
Bisid lya al night he lai,	be-side lya al niȝt he lay.
His vnwitand, til it was dai;	his vnwitande til hit was day.
Bot quen he wist it o þe morn,	bot quen he wiste hit on þe morne
Ful wa was him þat he was born;	allas he saide þat he was borne.
Fra hir he ras and siked sare	fra hir he rase *and* sighed sare.
And asked wa þan broght hir þare.	*and* asked qua hir broȝt þare.
[1]"Laban," sco said, "allas for sinn	my fader ho saide: allas for syn.
Qua wend he wald þus me biginn."	qua wende he walde me þus be-gyn.
þan did he laban to resun:— [[1] leaf 23, col. 1]	¶ þen dide he laban to resoun
"Qui has þou don me sli tresum?"	quy has þou done me þis tresoun
"Vr lagh," he said, "þat we in liue	our laghe he saide atte we in liue
Wil first our elder doghter giue.	wil first our elder doghter we giue

þai frained of þair freindes fare, [leaf 28, col. 1]
And he þaim tald bath less and mare,
Laban for-faynhed he did to call
For his neuou sake his freindes call;
And siþen he did him for to say,
Quat was þe enchesun of his way.
"Sir," he said, "i wil þe tell,
For to spouse þi dohutyr Rachiell."
"þan sal þu serue me seuen ȝere,
Ar þu sal haue mi dohutir dere."
"Gladly, sir, sua sal it be,"
Fra þan wid laban duelled he.
þe eldir sister he for-soke,
For scho gleyed, sua sais þe bock;
For to serue for rachel fre
He was maister herde of his fe;
It was ferly of þat fare,
Hou mekil þai multiplied ware.
Quen þat þe seuen ȝere war gan,
Iacob askid him his lemman,
Laban said, "frend, ful blethily,"
Bot þar he did a tricheri.
For quen he had may rachel wedd,
Lya he stal vnto his bedd,
Be-side lya al niht he lay,
His vnwytand til hit was day.
Bot quen he wist it on þe morn,
Ful wa was him þat euer he was born.
Fra hir he ras and syhid sare,
And askid hir quo had broght hir þar.
"Laban," scho said, "allas for sinne,
Qua wend he wild me þus biginne."
þan did he laban to resun,
"Qui did þu me suilk a tresun?"
"vi laue," he said, "þat we in leue,
wil first vr eldir dohutir geue.

GÖTTINGEN

þei freyned of her frendes fare
And he hem tolde of þat vnsware
Laban þenne he dud to calle
For fayn of him his frendes alle.
Soone he dud him to say
What was þe chesoun of his way
Sir he seide I wol þe telle
For to spouse þi douȝter rachelle
þenne shal þou serue me seuen ȝere
Ar þat þou haue my douȝter dere
Gladly he seide so shal hit be
Stille wiþ laban so dwelt he
þe elder sister he forsoke
For she gliȝed seiþ þe boke
For to serue for rachel fre [leaf 25]
he was maistir herde of fe
hit was muchel wondir þere
how mychel multeplied þei were
Whenne þo seuen ȝeer were goon
Iacob asked his lemmon
Laban seide ful bliþely
But þere he dud a tricchery
Whenne he had rachel wede
lya he stale to his bedde
Bisyde lia al niȝt he lay
his vnwityng til hit was day
But whenne he wiste on þe morn
wo was him þat he was born
Fro hir he roos & siked sore
And asked who brouȝte hir þore
laban she seide: alas þe while
who wende he wolde me þus bigile
he asked laban to resoun
Whi he dud him suche tresoun
Oure lawe he seide þat we in lyue
Wol furste oure elder douȝter be ȝyue

TRINITY

Bot, neuou, murn þou na wight,
þou sal haue rachell, als i hight;
And þat mai be nanoþer wis
Bot yeit for-þi seuen wintur seruis,
To quils haa lya in þi bedd,
For-soth þan sal þou rachel wedd."
þis neu forward was festend þan
Bituix iacob and sir laban.
þis term was passed, and seuen dais,
He spused rachell, þe stori sais.
Lya bred child, and hadd a sun
Ruben, and siþen symeon,
þan leuy, and þan ysacar,
Zabulon, iudas, sex breþer war,
A doghter sco hadd hight dyna.
Bot of oþer wommen tua
Had four suns geten him,
Dan, gad, asser, neptalim.
Rachell bare iacob suns tuin,
First ioseph, þan beniamin.
He was þe chesun of hir fine,
Of him sco deid in gesine.
Quat of his wiues tuin in spus,
And wat of hand wimmen in hus,
Tuelue suns had he o þaa,
And a doghter hight dyna.

mourne na mare my squete wiȝt
þou sal haue rachel as I. þe hiȝt
bot þat may be nane oþer-wise
bot for þi vij. ȝere seruise.
to-quyles halde lya in þi bed.
for-soþ þen saltow rachel wed.
þis new for-warde was made þan
bi-twix Iacob *and* laban.
þis terme was passed *and* vij. dayes
he spoused rachel þe story sayes.
Lya bred childe *and* had a sone
Ruben *and* siþen simeon.
þan laui *and* ysacar
Zabulon Iudas vj. breþer þer ar.
a doghter had ho heȝt dyna. [leaf 21]
and of oþer hand-wimmen twa.
he had iiij. sones giten him.
Dan. gad. asser. neptalim.
¶ Rachel bare Iacob sonys twyn.
first Iosepħ seþen beniamyn.
þat was þe encheson of hir fine
of him ho deyed in hir gesyn.
quat of his wyues twyn of spouse
and quat of hande-wimmen of house
xij. sones had he of þa.
and a doghter heȝt dyna.

Do transgr. Iacob in patriam suam post exilium.

how Iacob passid in-to his cuntree. ofter he was flemid.

Iacob wex riche, his childer thraf,
Thorw þe grace þat godd him gaue.
þan bigan þam tak talent
To wend in to þair aun land,
Wit wijf and child, and al handbând,
Ilkan wit oþer went in hand;

Iacob wex riche his childer thrafe
þorou þe grace þat god him gafe.
þen bi-gan ham take talande.
to wende in-to þaire kindely lande.
wiþ wife *and* childe *and* alle hondbande
ilkan went in oþer hande.

Bot neueue murne þu no wite,	[col. 2]	But mourne þou no maner ȝet	
þu sal haue rachel as i þe hite,		þou shalt haue rachel as I þe het	
And þat may be nan oþer wise		But þat may be noon oþere wise	
Bot ȝeit for þi seuin ȝere seruise.	3888	But for oþer seuen ȝeer seruyse	
To-quiles hold lya in þi bedd,		þe while holde lya in bedde	
For-soth þan sal þu rachel wedd."		þenne shal þou rachel wedde	
þis new forward was festind þan,		þis newe forwarde was made þan	
Bituix iacob and laban,	3892	Bitwene Iacob & laban	
His terme was passid, and seuin dais		his ȝeres passed & seuen dayes	
He weddid Rachel, þe stori sais.		Rachel he weddide þe story sayes	
Lya bred child and had a son,		¶ Lia bred childe soone hadde oon	
Ruben, and siþen symeon,	3896	Ruben & sipþen simeon	
þan leuy, þan ysacar,		þenne leuy þenne Isacar	
Zabulon, Iudas, sex breder war,		ȝabulon Iudas six breþer war	
A dohutir scho had, þat hith dina.		A douȝtir shè hadde het dyna	
Bot of oþer and wimmen tua	3900	But þenne of oþere wymmen twa	
Had foure sunes getin of him,		hadde foure sones geten of him	
Dan, Gad, Asser, and nyptalim.		Dan. gad. asser. neptalim	
Rachel bar Iacob sones tuin,	3903	Rachel bare Iacob sones twyn	
First joseph, and siþen beniamin.		Furst Ioseph & þenne beniamyn	
þat was a chesun of hir fin		þat was þe cause of hir ende	
On þaim scho dyed in gesin.		Of hem she deȝed in gesin hende	
Quat of his wiues, tua of spouse,	3907	What of his wyues two in spouse	
And quat of hand-wimmen in house,		And als of hondwymmen in house	
Tuelue sonis had he of þa,		Twelue sones of þo hadde he	
And a dohutir þat hiht dina.		And a douȝtere dyna to be	

[*Jacob returns to his own land, and meets Esau.*]

Iacob wex riche, his childer thraf,		Iacob wex riche his childre þroof	
Thoru þe grace þat godd him gaf.		þourȝe þe grace þat god him ȝof	
þan bigan þat take taland,	3913	Talent bigon to take him þo	
To wend into þair kindly land,		To his owne londe to go	
wid wijf and child, wid an assent,		Wif & childe wiþ oon assent	
Ilkan in hand wid oþer went.	3916	vchone in honde wiþ oþere went	

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Laban o leue þam nicked nai,
And þai bi night þam stal a way,
Wijf and barn, wit flitting hale,
All stal þai forth wit night*er* tale.
A godd had laban in his bure
þe quilk þ*at* he was wonnt anure;
In hir flitting rachell it fand
And forth sco bare it in hir hand;
Laban it mist, ou*er*-tok and sogtht,
Bot his godd þan fand he noght.
Iacob went him forth his wai, [col. 2]
On þe feild þar-oute he lai.
On þe ta side o flum jordan,
And send his aght vte-ou*er* ilkan;
And iacob lai him an þat naght,
In hand an angel has he laght,
þat sa*m*men handlinges wristeld þai
Al þe night, til it was dai,
þe angel badd him lete him far;
He said þ*at* suld he neu*er* mare,
þat he suld pass for ani thing,
Till he had gin him his blissing:
Sa lang þai wrasteld samen þare
þ*at* iacob was þan hurt wel sare,
þe maister sinu of his the,
þ*at* all his liue þan halted he,
And for þis resu*n*, i tald yow now,
O sinnu etes neu*er* juu.
þan asked him our lau*er*d drightin,
"Tel me nam," [he] said, "quat es
"Iacob i hatt." "iacob ya, [þin?"
Sal þou na langer hetten sua,
For sin þou gain godd stalworth
Wel mat gain man sal þou be worth,
Bot þou sal be cald isr*ael*
þat es man scand, godd of hel."

laban of leue ham nykked nay.
and þai be ni3t þen stale a-way.
wiþ wif *and* barne wiþ flittinge hale
alle stale a-way bi ni3tter tale.
a god had laban in his boure.
þe quilk he loued *par*amour.
In hir flittinge his dogh*ter* hit fande.
and forþ ho bare hit in hir hande.
laban hit miste ou*er* alle he so3t.
bot his god þ*er* fande he no3t.
¶ Iacob went him forþ his way.
on þe felde þ*er*-oute he lay.
on þat an side of flume iordan.
and sende his godes ou*er* ilkane.
Iacob lay him stille atte na3t
an angel in hande had he la3t
and to-geder wresteled þai.
alle þe ni3t til hit was day.
þe angel bad him lete him fare
he saide þat sulde he neu*er* mare.
ne sulde he passe for nankin þ*inge*
til he had giuen him his blessing*e*.
so lange þai ham wresteled þare
þat Iacob was him hurt ful sare.
þe maister s[ine] of his þee
þat eu*er* siþen halted he
for þis enchesou*n* I. telle 3ou now.
of sine of bestes etes nane of 3ou.
¶ þen asket our lorde ful of mi3t
tel me man quat þou hi3t.
men callis me Iacob quare-eu*er* I. ga
sal þou na lang*er* he saide hat squa
syn þou agayne god art so stalworþ.
wele mare agayne mon sal þ*ou* be worþ.
þou sal be calde now israel.
þat ys mon of see. *and* god of helle

COTTON FAIRFAX

Laban of leue said þaim nay,
And þai be niht stal away,
wijf and barn wid flitting hale,
All stal þai forth on þe nihttertale.
A godd hadd laban in his boure [lf 28, bk, col. 1]
þe quilk he was wont to honure,
And in þair flitting rachel it fand,
And forth scho bar it in hir hand;
Laban it missed, ouer-all it soght,
Bot his god ne fand he noght.
Iacob went him forth his way,
On þe feild widuten he lay,
Apon þat a side of flum iordane,
And sent his ahut ouer ilkane.
Iacob lay bi him-selue þat night,
In hand he lahut an angel briht,
þat in handis werstild þai,
All þe niht til it was dai.
þe angel said, "þu lat me fare."
He said þat suld he neuer mare
Late him passe for ani thing
Tille he ha giuen him his blissing.
Sua lang þai wrestild samen þar,
þat iacob was him hurt ful sare
þe maistir synew of his the,
þat euer siþen halted he,
And for þis resun i tell 3ou nou
Of synews etis neuer na ieuu.
þan askid godd, widuten blame,
And bid him say quat hiht his name.
"Iacob i hate." "Iacob 3a,
Sal þu na langer be cald sua,
Bot þu sal be called isRael,
þat es man seand godd of hele;
For þu egain godd es sua stalworth,
wel mare again man sal þu be worth."

GÖTTINGEN

Laban of leue seide hem nay
And þei on ny3te stale away
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Trinity & Laud MSS.]
A god had laban in his boure
whiche he was wont to honoure
In her flittyng Rachel hit fond
Forþ she bar hit in her hond
Laban hit missed ouer al hit sou3t
But his god fonde he nou3t
Iacob went forþ his way[1] [1 MS. was]
On þe felde wiþouten he lay
On þe to side of flum iordon
And sent his au3te ouer vchon
Iacob lay bi him self þat ny3t
In honde he cau3t an aungel bri3t
So in honde wrestleled þay
Al þat ny3t til hit was day
þe aungel seide let me go
he seide þat wolde he neuer do
Lete him passe for no þing
Til he had 3yuen him his blessyng
longe þei wrastleled to gider þore
þat Iacob was hurt ful sore
þe maistir synewe of his þe
þat euer aftir halted he
And for þis resoun here new
Of synewe eteþ neuer no iew
þenne asked god wiþouten blame [leaf 25, back]
And bad him saye soone his name
Iacob I het: iacob seide he
So shal þi name no lenger be
þou shal be called israele
þat is mon seyng god of hele
For þou a3eyn god strong is
More worþ a3eyn mon be fro þis

TRINITY

¶ Iacob send þan for to faand
Esau wit saghting saand,
For he was raad of al thing
For to cum in his metyng;
For quen he of his cuming herd
Ful wrathli gains him he ferd,
Four hundret men he ledd him with;
God wer iacob fra his grith,
And sua he sal, þat wat i well,
For he his vm-sett all wit sell.
Iacob þan sent him of his aght
Giftes large, al for þe saght,
þe messag[er]s him broght answar,
He com a-gain wit his poer.
Iacob leed grett folk of his kin,
For doute he delt þam in tuin;
For þe doute þat he had þan,
He delt in tua, bath beist and man,
þat quils esau smat an o þe tua
þe toþer party suld scape him fra.
Esau ai he dred ful sare, [1 If 23, bk, col. 1]
For he was fel and wald noght spare;
[1]He dred if he him moght ouer-ta,
Wit-outen pite he wald him sla;
And þan he said þus his praiyer—
"Lauerd," he said, "þou drightin dere,
þat adam first man made o liuē,
And sythen of him wroght eue his wijf,
þat had þai halden þat þou þan badd
þai had in blis ben ouer stadd;
þat ald noe, bath lel and gode,
þou sauued fra þat ferli flode;—
þu wat now, lauerd, þat it es sua,
Mi broiþer es now mi grettest faa,
þat thoru mi moder red and run,
I stal him fra his benisun;

COTTON

Iacob sende þen forþ wiþ sande
esau of saȝtlynge for to fande
for he was dred ouer al þinge.
for tille come in his metinge
¶ *and* quen he of his commynge herde
for wraþ as wodemon he ferde.
iiij. hundreþ men he led him wiþ.
god kepped Iacob fra his griþ.
and so he sal þat wate I. wele.
for he ys vmbsette wiþ cele.
¶ Iacob sende him of his aȝt.
giftes large wiþ him to saȝt.
þe messager broȝt him onsquere
and saide he come wiþ grete poer.
Iacob led folk of his kyn.
¶ for doute he dalt ham in twyn.
for þe grete doute atte he had þan
he dalt in twyn baþ best *and* man.
þe quilest esau smate an of twa.
þe toþer party sulde skape him fra.
esau dred he ful sare.
for he was fel *and* walde noȝt spare.
he dred if he him muȝt him ouer-ta.
wiþ-oute pite he walde him sla.
¶ *and* þan he made þus his prayer.
al miȝtty god þou art me dere.
þat adam first made mon of life
and siþen of him made eue his wife
þat had þai halden at þou ham bad
þai had in blisse bene euer stadde.
and also noe baþ lelle *and* gode.
þou saued fra þat ferly flode.
þou wate my lorde atte hit ys squa
my broþer ys now my grettest fa.
þat þorow my moders rede *and* roun
I stale fra him his benysoun.

FAIRFAX

Iacob sent þan for-to fonde,
Esau wid sahutinyng sonde,
For he was dredd in all thing,
For-to cum in his meting;
For quen he of his coming herd, [col. 2]
Ful wrathli agaynes him he ferd,
Foure hundrid men ȝode him wid,
Gode were iacob fra his aun grith;
And sua he sal, þat wat i wele,
For he es all vmsett wid sele.
Iacob sent him of his ahut
Giftes large wid him to sahut,
þe messager him brohut ansuer,
He com egayn him wid gret pouer.
Iacob ledd gret folk of his kin,
For doute he delt þaim in tuin,
For þe gret doute þat he had þan
He delt in tua bath best and man,
þat quiles esau smat an of þa,
þe toþer parti suld schap þaim fra.
Iacob dred esau ful sare,
For he was fell and wild nohut spare,
þat if he miht him aniquar ta,
widuten pite he wild him sla;
And þus he made þan his praier,
"Lauerd," he said, "my godd sua dere,
þat first made adam man of lijf,
And siþen of him made eue his wijf,
þat had þai holdin þat þu þaim badd,
þai had in bliss ben euer stadd:
And ald noe, bath lele and god,
þu saued fra þat ferly flodd:
þu wat mi lauerd þat i es sua,
Mi broder es nou mj mast fa,
þat thoru mi moder rede and roun
I stal fra him his benisun.

Iacob sende þenne to fonde
Esau wiþ sauȝtelynge sonde
For he was ferde in al þing
For to com to his metyng
Whenne he of his comyng herde
Ful wroþely to him he ferde
Foure hundride men soone he fond
To kepe Iacob fro his owne lond
And so he shal þat woot I wele
For he is al bisett wiþ cele
Iacob sende him of his auȝt
ȝiftis large him to sauȝt
þe messangere brouȝte vnswere
he coom aȝeyn him wiþ greet powere
Iacob lad myçhe folke of his kyn
For doute he dalt hem in twyn
For grete doute he had þan
he dalte in two beest & man
whil esau smoot oon of þo
þe toþer part shal scape him fro
¶ Iacob dred esau sare
For he was fel wiþouten spare
þat if he myȝte him ouer go
wiþouten pite he wolde him slo
þus he made his preyere
lorde he seide my god so dere
þat madest adam mon of lif
An siþen of him Eue his wif
hadde þei holden þat þou him bad
þei hadde in endeles ioye be stad
And also noe trewe & gode
þou sauedest fro þat ferly flode
þou woste lord þat hit is so
My broþer now is my fo
For I þourȝe my modir roun
Stale fro him his benesoun

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

Vte-ou*er* þis flu*m*, last quen i ferd,
In hand i ber noght bot a yerd,
And now, lau*er*d, blissed mote þu be!
O folk tua flokes cu*m*s wit me,
Lau*er*d, þou send me now þi rede,
Gains esau has suorn mi dede;
For man þ*at* þou will help in nede
Thar him neu*er* na derfnes drede;
O þis gret aght þou has me lent
I sal gret fern be-for me sent,
For ar he þe half o þaa haa slayn
He sal be matid of his main;
To quils, if þou wil, sal i slip
And fal noght in his hand grip."
Esau coms brem and brath,
Now es iacob in mikel wath;
He suer if he might wit him mete
Formast his lijf he suld for-lete,
For qua godds help es wit-all
Ful siker mai he wend ou*er* all.
Quen he his folk sagh and aght
His bro*þer* he soght alsuith wit saght,
For þ*at* he for his come was bl[i]þe,
Wel can he wit his kissing ki*þ*e;
Sli strengh es o þe holi gast,
To saghtnes mak þar wrath es mast.
He welcumd iacob selli fair,
He wist he was his fader air,
Wit-outen wreth, wit-outen wrak,
O luue and pes þai samen spak;
Qu*en* þai had said þ*at* þai wald sai
Esau went him hame his way
Vnto seyr þar he com fra,
Iacob can til his fader ga;
For yeit he was þ*at* sith liuand, [col. 2]
Rebecca his moder ded he fand.

and ou*er* þis flume last quen I. ferde
In hande I. bare no3t bot a 3erde
and now lorde blessed mote þou be
of folk*e* ij. co*m*panys comis w*ith* me.
[1]¶ lorde þou sende me [now þi rede]
agayne esau has squorne my dede.
for þat þou wille help in nede. [1 leaf 24, back]
þar him neuer na dede drede.
of þis grete gode þou has me lent
be-for me alle þai sal be sent.
and or þai alle be tane *and* slayne
he sal be matid of his mayne.
to-quylis if þou wil sal I. slip.
and sal no3t in his handegrip.
¶ wiþ þat come esau breme *and* braþ
now ys Iacob in mykil waþ.
he squere if he wiþ him mete.
formast sulde he his life for-lete.
bot q*ua*m so god helpis wiþ-alle.
ful secure may he wende ou*er*alle.
quen he his co*m*pany saghe *and* his a3t.
his bro*þer* he so3t alsquyþe to sa3t.
and of his come he was ful bliþe
wiþ kissinge ay*þer* o*þer* con kiþe.
¶ suche strenght is in þe haligaste.
to sa3tlynge make þ*er* wraþ ys maste.
he welcomed Iacob selly faire.
and wiste he was his fadere ayre.
wiþ-outen wraþ wiþ-outen wrake.
of loue *and* pes þai sammyn spake.
¶ quen þai had saide at þai walde sai
esau went him hame his way.
vn-to þe place þ*er* he come fra
and Iacob til his fader con ga.
for 3et he was þat time liuande.
rebecca his moder dede he fande.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Here ouer þis flum last quen i ferd,
In hand i bar nohut bot a ȝerd,
And nou mi lauerd, blissed þu be,
Of folk tua flockes cumes wid me.
Lauerd! þu send nu me þi rede, [leaf 29, col. 1]
Egain esau has suorn mi dede,
For man þat þu wil helpe in nede,
Ne thar him neuer na feredues drede.
Of þis gret haut þu has me lent,
I haue þarof bi-for me sent,
For ar þat he all þa haue slain,
He sal be masid of his mayn;
þe quilis if þu will þai sal pasce,
And cum nohut in his hand percas."
Esau cumis brime wid mekil route,
Nou es iacob in mekil doute,
He suore miht he wid him mete,
Formast his lijf he suld for-lete.
Bot qua þat godd helpis wid-all,
Traistli may he wend ouer-all.
Quen he sau his folk and his ahut
His broder þan he sohut wid sahut
And for his come was wonder blith,
þat gam he wil wid kissing kyth:
Suilk strinthe es of þe hali gast,
To sahutling make þair wrethes mast.
He welcumed iacob wonder faire,
He wist he was his fadir ayre,
widuten wrethe, widuten wrake,
Of loue and pes þai samen spac.
Quen þai had said þat þai wald say,
Esau went him ham his way,
vnto syer, þer he cam fra,
And iacob till his fadir gan ga,
For ȝeit he was liueand,
Rebecca his moder dede he fand.

GÖTTINGEN

here ouer þis flum last when I ferde
I bar in honde but a ȝerde
And now my lord blessed þou be
Two flockes of folke com wiþ me
lorde now sende me sum rede
Aȝein esau lest I be dede
For man þat þou wol helpe in nede
þar him neuermore drede
Of þis auȝte þou hast me lent
þerof I haue bifore me sent
For ar he alle þo haue slayn
he shal be mased of his mayn
þat while if þou wolt þei shul pase
And com not in his hond percase
Esau coom breme wiþ greet route
Now is Iacob in mychel doute
he swor if he myȝte him mete
Formast he shulde his lif lete
But who so god helpe wol
May sauely go at þe fol
When esau say him & his auȝt
Soone he souȝte him wiþ sauȝt
And for his coome was ful bliþe
þat gan he wiþ kissyng kiþe
Of suche strengþe is þe holy goost
To onen hem þere wraþþe is moost
he welcomed Iacob ful feire
And knewe him for his fadir eire
Wiþouten wraþþe or any wrake
Of loue & pees to-gider þei spake
whenne þei had seide þat þei wolde sey
Esau went hoom his wey
vnto syer þere he coom fro
And iacob to his fadir to go
For ȝitt þo he was lyuonde
Rebecca his modir deed he fonde

TRINITY

þis ysaac, þat i of rede,
In boke es cald þe lastand seed,
He ledd his liue wit-vten blam, De etate iacob
And birid biside sir abraham.
Nine score yeir he had houergan
Oute o þis lijf wen he was tan.
Quen þis dughti man was ded,
þir breþer tuain þam tok to red
To dele þair landes þam bi-tuixs,
þat aiþer might þam ald wit his;
Til esau bitid ebron
And he self went til edom.

¶ þis ysaac þat I. of rede.
In boke ys calde þe lastande sede
he led his life wiþ-outen blame
and beried he ys: be abraham.
ix. skore 3ere he had ouergane.
oute of his life quen he was tane
quen at þis du3tty mon was dede
þer breþ*er* toke ham baþ to rede
to dele þaire lande ham be-twix
and ay*þer* for to liue on his
to esau felle þe vale of ebron
& Iacob went forþ vn-tille edon.

þe stori of Ioseph̄

De iacob & eius filijs & de exsompnia iacob

¶ Iacob was selcut riche o fee,
Of ilkin god he had plente;
He was ful riche, als we rede,
Luued and lele, and loued in lede.
Bot þof he luued his suns ilkan,
Sua wel als ioseph he luued nan,
For he was fair, wit-outen sake,
O breþer nan had he his make.
All his breþer hirdes ware,
He duelt ai at ham mare;
þis was ioseph þat lele þat dred
þat has loue-word þat spedli spred,
þat was þe chast and þat gentil
þat siþen sufferd sa fele peril;
Bot q perils þat he fell in
Sum-quat to tell i sal bigin;
And how he com als oute o wath,
His waa, his well, yee sal here bath.
Ioseph he sagh a night in sueuen,
þe quilk es worþie for to neuen—

[1The story of Iacob begynnyþ here And also of his sonnys dere] [1 from Laud MS. 416]

Iacob was selcouþ riche of fee.
of alkyn gode he had plente.
he was riche as we rede
he loued trewþe in his dede
and now he loued his sones ilkane
sa wele as Ioseph loued he nane
for he was faire wiþ-outen sake
of breþ*er* had he na make.
alle his breþ*er* hirdis ware
and he dwelled at hame eu*er*-mare
¶ þis was Ioseph þat I of rede
his loue *and* wired ful fer con sprede
wise *and* chaste of maners gentel.
and siþen suffred mony perel.
and of þe perel þat he fel in.
sumquat to telle I wille be-gyn.
and siþen how he come out of waþ
þorou goddis help he had na skaþ
¶ Ioseph him saghe a niȝt in squeuen.
þe quilk ys worþi for to neyuen.

COTTON FAIRFAX

þis ysaac þat i of rede,
In bock es cald þe lastand sede,
He ledd his lijf widuten blame,
And birid es be-side abraham:
Nine skor ȝere he had ouer-gan, [col. 2]
vte of þis world wen he was tan.
Quen þis douthi man was dede,
þir breder to þaim tok to rede,
To dele þair landis þaim bituene,
And þen miht þai liue widuten tene.
Til esau bi-tid Ebron,
And iacob went into Edon.

þe stori of iacob be-gines here,
And alsua of his sonis sere.

IAcob was seleuth riche of fe,
Of alkins gode he had plente,
He was ful riche als we rede,
Loued and lele in ilka lede,
Bot þou he loued his sonis ilkan,
Sua wele as ioseph loued he nan;
For he was fair, widuten sake,
Of breder had he nan his make,
All his breþer war herdis, i say,
Bot he duelled at ham al-way.
þis was ioseph þat lele þat dredd
þat loueword had sua spedili spredd,
þat wise, þat chast, þat gentile,
þat siþen suffrid sua gret perele;
Bot of þa perelis þat he was inne,
Sumquat to tell i sal biginne,
And hou he cam vte of his wa,
Into his wele, ȝe sal here alsua.
Ioseph saw a niht in sueuen,
þe quilk es worthi forto neuen.

GÖTTINGEN

þis Isaac þat I of rede [leaf 26]
In bokis is calde þe lastynge sede
he ladde his lif wiþouten blame
And buryed is biside Abrahame
Nyne score ȝeer ouer goon he hadde
whenne he of þis world was ladde
whenne þis douȝti man was deed
þese breþeren two toke hem to reed
To dele her londes hem bitwene
þenne myȝte þei lyue out of tene
To esau fel Ebron
And to Iacob þen Edon

þe stori of iacob bigynneþ here
And also of his sones dere

[1] IAcob was wondir riche of fe
Of alle godis he hadde plente
he was ful riche as we rede [[1] *in MS. covers* 11 *lines.*]
Trewe & loued of vche lede
wel he loued his sones vchone
But so wel as Ioseph noone
he was fair wiþouten sake
Of breþeren had he noon his make
his breþeren alle were herdes I say
But he dwelt at home al way
þis was trewe Ioseph þat dredde
his loue word wide spredde
þat wise chaste þat gentile
þat aftir suffered greet perile
Of þo periles þat he was Inne
Sumwhat to telle I shal bigynne
how he coom out of his wo
Into his wele here also
Ioseph say auyȝt in sweuene
þat is worþi for to neuene

TRINITY

Him thogh[t] his fader þaier corn
Quar his elleuen breþer ware, [schare
He-self was on þe feld biside
To geder corn in herueistide;
Hijs breþer schaues he sagh lutand
Til his allan þat was standand.
Anoþer drem þer after sone,
Him thoght þat bath sun and mone,
And o þe mast þat war in heuen,
Honurd sternes him elleuen,
All luted him on þair manner,
Right als he þere lauerd were.
He tald it þaim and þai said, "how
Mai þis bitide, quat wennis þou
For to be lauerd out ouer vs all? [leaf 24, col. 1]
þat blis sal þe neuer fall."
Fra þis time forth, ne dai, ne naght,
Wit ioseph ware þai neuer saght,
For nigh þai had til him sa strang
þai soght him ai to greue wit wrang;
Ne wald þai apon him sei
Fra þis dai forth wit blithful ei.
Ioseph was mast at ham duelland,
His breþer in þe wildrin land,
Wit þair fee bituix þair lauus,
Als it bi tidd mikel in þaa dauus.
Bi þeir storis mai man wel se
þe folk liued mast þat tide wit fee.
þeir breþer, þat i said of are,
Amang þaa felles duelland ware,
þat nan cuth tiþand o þam tell,
For þai sent naman þam emell.
þair fader þat o þaim wite wald
Til him his sun ioseph he cald:
"Sun," he said, "þou most agat
Ga witt quat es þi breþer stat,

COTTON

him þuȝt þaire fader corne share
quare his xj. breþer ware.
him-self was on þe felde be-side.
to gedder corne in heruest-tide.
his breþer sheuys he saghe loutande
til his allane þat ware standande
¶ a-noþer dreme þer-ofter sone.
him þuȝt baþ sunne *and* mone.
and of þe maste þat ware in heyuen
sternes him honourede be tale .xj.
al loutande on þaire maner.
riȝt als lorde atte he were.
he talde hit ham *and* þai saide how
may þis be-tide wat wenys þou.
for to be lorde a-boue vs alle. [1 from Laud MS. 416]
þat blis salle þe neuer be-falle.
fra þis time forþ nauþer day ne naȝt.
wiþ Ioseph ware þai neuer saȝt.
[1 They had envy to hym strong wrong]
They sowght to greve hym euer with
ne walde þai neuer a-pon him sey
fra þis day forþ wiþ fully[2] eye. [2 stilly?]
¶ Iosepħ was maste atte hame dwellande
his breþer in þe wildernes lande.
wiþ þaire fee a-pon þe lawes.
as men dede be alde dawes.
be þis story men may wele se
þe folk liued mast þat time with fee
þes breþer as I. talde ȝou are
a-mong þe felles dwellande ware
þat nane cowde tiþande of ham tel
wiþ-outen mete þer con þai dwel.
þaire fader of ham wete walde
til him his sone Iosephe he calde.
Sone he saide þou most al-gate [f. 25]
ga telle me of þi breþer state.

FAIRFAX

Him thoght his fader þair corn schare,
þar his elleuen breþer ware,
Him-self was an þe feld biside,
To gadir corn in heruist tyde;
His breþer scheuis he sau lutand
Til his alone, þat was standand.
Anoþer drem þar efter sone, [f 29, bk, col. 1]
Him thouth bath sune and mone,
And of þe mast þat war in heuen
Honurd him sternis elleuen,
All loutid him on þair manere,
Right als he þair lauerd were.
He tald it þaim and þai said, "hou
May þis be-tyde? quat wist þu?
For to be lauerd ouer vs all?
þat bliss sal þe neuer fall."
Fra þis time forth, dai ne naght,
wid ioseph war þai neuer saght,
Enuye þai had til him sua strang,
þai soght him ay to greue with wrang.
Ne wald þai neuer apon him se,
Fra þat day bot wid enmite.
Ioseph was mast at ham duelland;
His breder mast in wildrenes beand,
wid þair fe bituene þa lawis,
Als it bi-tid in þas dawis;
Bi þir storijs men may wele se
Men liued þat time mast wid fe.
þir breder þat i spac of are,
Amang þa fellis duelland war,
þat nan koud tydand of þaim tell,
For þay sent na man þaim emell.
þair fadir, þat of þaim witt wald,
Ioseph his sone til him he cald,
"Sun," he said, "þu most al-gate
Go wit of þi breder state;

him þouȝte his fadir her corn shere
þere his elleuen breþeren were
him self was on þe felde bisyde
To geder corn in heruest tide
his breþer sheues he say loutynge
To his allone þat was stondynge
Anoþer he mett þer aftir soone
him þouȝte boþe sonne & mone
And of þe grettest þat were on heuen
honoured him sterres elleuen
Alle loutid him on her manere
Riȝt as he her lorde were
he hem tolde & þei seide how
May þis bityde what wenes þow
For to be lord ouer vs alle
þat blisse shal þe neuer bi falle
Fro þis tyme forþ neuer þe lees
Wiþ ioseph were þei neuer at pees
þei hadde enuye to him stronge
þei souȝt to greue him ay with wronge
wolde þei neuer vp on him se
Fro þat day but wiþ enemyte
At home moost was Ioseph þat childe
his breþeren in widernosse wilde
wiþ her fee þe lowes bitwene
As þei were þenne wont to bene
Bi þis story may men se
Men lyued moost þo bi fe
þese breþeren þat I spake of ere
Among þe feldes dwellyng were
þat noon couþe of hem tiþing telle
Til on a day hit bifelle
her fadir of hem wite walde
Ioseph his son to him he calde
Son he seide þou most algate
Go wite of þi breþere astate

Lang es sin we o þam herd,
þair fee wald i als witt how ferd."
"Fader," he said, "i will ful fayn,
þi bod i aght noght to stand agayn."
He went him forth, and wist not quare,
Grathli quare his breþer ware;
Bot ar he til his breþer wan,
Will he yode, and mett a man:
"Quat sekes þou, sun, here?" said he.
"Mi breþer, and mi fader fee."
And þan ansuerd þat man til him—
"þou sal þam find in dotaym."
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He went him forth and forþer soght
Til he þam faand he finid noght.
Quen þai sagh command ioseph, þair
Ilkan o þaim þan said til oþer— [broþer,
"Lo quar þe dremer now es cummen,
Bi drightin now he sal be nummen;
Do we him [nu] to dreri ded
And his dremmes he siþen red[1]." [1 MS. ded]
Fulfayn war þai þair þar him fand,
Now mai þai him haue to will in hand,
If þai him forwit oght for-bar,
Fra now mai þai noght him spare;
An was eildest o þe elleuen
þe quilk yee herd me ruben neuen:
Quen he herd þai wald[2] him sla, [2 [col. 2] þai wald repeated in the MS.]
Na selcuth þan him was ful waa;
To stint wald he, if he moght,
þe foly þat his breþer thoght;
All he sagh þam in a wil
þair broþer sacles for to spil. [sua,
"Mi breþer," he said, "now dos not
I rede noght yee your broþer sla,

COTTON

lange ys syn we of ham herde
I. walde wete how our fee ferde.
¶ fader he saide I. wille ful fayne
þi bode I. wil noȝt stande a-gayne
he went him forþ *and* wist noȝt quare
graydely quere his breþer ware.
bot or he tille his breþer wan.
wille he ȝode *and* mette a man.
¶ quat sekis þou here sone saide he.
my breþer *and* my fader fee.
and þen onsquared þat mon to him.
þou salle ham finde in dotayme.
[[1]he went forthꝫ and furþer past
Tylle he hem foundꝫ at þe last] [1 from Laud MS. 416]
and he went forþ *and* forþer soȝt
til he ham fande he fined noȝt.
quen þai saghe Ioseph̄ þaire broþer.
ilkane be-gan to speke til oþer.
þe dreme reder now se we come
salle he neuer bide langer dome.
do we him now to drery dede.
and lete him siþen his dremis rede.
¶ ful fayne þai ware atte þai him fande
and sone on him þai sette þaire hande
if þai be-fore him oȝt for-bare.
now þink ham litel. him to spare.
an was eldest of þe xj.
þe quilk ȝe herde me ruben neyuen
quen he herde þai walde him sla.
na wonder þen if him was wa.
to stint walde he if he muȝt.
þe foly at his breþer þoȝt.
alle he saghe ham in a wille.
þaire broþer sakles for-to spille.
¶ on breþer he saide ȝe do noȝt squa.
I. rede noȝt ȝe ȝoure broþer sla.

FAIRFAX

Lang es siþen we of þaim herd,
þiair fe als wold i wit hou ferd." 4094
"Fader," he said, "i wil ful fain,
þi bidding wil i noght stand agayn."
He went forth and wist noght quar
Graytly quere his breder ware, 4098
Bot ar he to his breder wan, [col. 2]
wil he went and met a man,
"Quat sekes þu here, sun," said he,
"Sir, my breder, and mi fader fe."
þan ansuerd þat man to him,
"þu sal þaim find in dotaym." 4104
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
He went him forth and ferder soght,
Til he þaim fand he fined noght.
Quen þai him sau cum ioseph þair broder,
Ilkan of þaim said þan til oþer, 4110
"Lo! quer þe dremer nou es comen!
Be miht god he sal be nomen,
Lat vs do him to dreri dede, 4113
Loke quat his drem sal stand in-sted."
Ful fain þai were þai þar him fand,
Nou þai may haue him to wille in hand.
If þai bifor him auht for-bar 4117
Nou þai wil him noght spar.
On was eldest of þa elleuen,
þe quilk ȝe herd me ruben neuen,
Quen he herd þai wild him sla, 4121
Na wonder þan þow him was wa,
Stynt it wold he if he moght,
þe foly þat his breder on him soght.
All he sau þaim in a will 4125
þair broder sacles for to spille. [sua,
"Mi breder," he saide, "dos ȝe naght
I rede noght ȝe ȝoure broder sla, 4128

GÖTTINGEN

longe is siþþe I of hem herde
Or of her fee how þei ferde
Fadir he seide I wol ful fayn
þi biddyng not to stonde aȝayn
he went forþ & wiste not where
Sopely þat his breþeren were
But ar he to his breþer coom
Whil he went he met a mon
What sekestou here son seide he
Mi breþer sir my fadir fe
þenne vnswered *þat* mon *to him* [ff 26, bk]
þou shal hem *fynde in dothaim*
he went forþ & forþer past
Til he hem fonde at þe last
he went forþ & furþer souȝt
Til he hem fonde lafte he nouȝt
When þei sey Ioseph com her broþer
vchone of hem seide to oþer
Lo where þe dremer is comen
Bi myȝti god he shal be nomen
lete vs do him to þe dede
loke what his dreme wol stonde *in* stede
Fayn þei were *þere* him to fynde
For to haue her wille blynde
If þei bifore him ouȝt forbare
Now wol þei him not spare
¶ Oon eldest of þe elleuen was
þat Rubon hett in þat plas
whenne he herde þei wolde him slo
þerfore was him wondir wo
Stinte hit wolde he if he myȝt
þe foly þat his breþeren tiȝt
Alle he say hem in o wille
her broþer gultles to spille
Breþer he seide doþ not so
I rede ȝe not ȝoure broþer slo

TRINITY

þat es your aun fless and blod,
To murþer him it es not god;
And, if yee do, for-sotht, mi will,
Sal yee neuer haue [harm] þar-till;
And if yee do suilk an outrake
Ful siker may yee be o wrake,
Fra your scending be mad cuth,
All men sal yow haue in mouth;
þat Baret rede i noght yee bru,
þat yow mai euer after ru;
He has yow nathing don for-qui
Yee haue noght gain him bot enuy,
And wijt þat he be slain
His liue dais i tell gain."
Ful fellik þai a-gain answard,
"Quar-for suld we of oght be ferd?
For man þat liuand es, ne wijf,
Ne sal he scappus wit þe lijf."
Quen ruben sagh þair was nanoþer
Bot algat for to sla þer broþer,
"For godds luue dos a-wai he said
þat na hand on him be laid,
þat na blod o him be schedd;
Bot sin he algat sal be ded
Do it þan wit suilk a wile
þat yee your handes ne þer-wit file;
In þis wast i wat a pite,
Dri and waterles es it,
þer ouer standes a mikel tre,
Cast yee him þar. and lat him be
Bi-tuixand he o liue be broght,
þan mai we sai, we sagh him noght;
His kyrtil sal we riue and rend,
And blody til his fader seind,
And sai til him þat we it fand
Wit-in þe wildernes liggand,

COTTON

he ys 3our aghen flesshe *and* 3our blode
to mirþer him hit nys no3t gode.
bot if so be 3e do my wil
grete harme hit turnes 3ou til.
and if 3e do! þis outerake.
ful secure veniaunce god wil take
and fra þis dede be made coupe
alle men sal 3ou haue in moupe
þat baret rede I. 3ou no3t brew
þat ofter wille . . . . 3ou to rew
he has 3ou naþing done forquy
saue 3e bere to him enuy.
and wete our fader atte he be slayne
his liue dayes ar past ful gayne.
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Fairfax & Laud MSS.]
¶ for man þat liuande ys ne wife
salle he neyuer esscape þe life.
quen ruben saghe þer was na noþer.
bot algate for to sle þaire broþer.
for goddis loue do way he saide
atte na handis on him be laide.
atte na blode on him be shed
bot syn he salle algates be dede
dose hit þan wiþ suche a wyle
atte 3e 3our handis no3t file.
¶ In þis waste I. wate a pitte.
dry *and* waterles ys hit.
þer ouer standis a mikil tree
caste him doun *and* lete him be.
bi-twix *and* he of liue be bro3t
þen may we say we saghe him no3t
his kirtel salle we riue *and* rende
and blodi til his fader hit sende.
and say tille him þat we hit fande
as we come in our way walcande

FAIRFAX

þat es 3our aun fless and blod,	þat is 3oure owne flesshe & blode
To murder him it es noght god;	To murþer him hit is not gode
And if 3e do, for-soth mi will	If 3e do forsoþe my wille
Sal 3e neuer haue þer-till.	Shul3e neuer haue þer tille
And if 3e do suilk an vtrack,	If 3e hit do I 3ou teche
Fu sekir may 3e be of wrake,	Siker may 3e be of wreche
And 3oure schending be mast cuth;	And 3oure shame shal be couþ
All men sal 3ou haue in mouth;	Alle men to haue 3ou in mouþ
þat baret rede i noght 3e breu, [If 30, col. 1]	þat baret rede I not 3e brewe
þat 3ou for euer eftir rew.	þat 3e for euer aftir rewe
He has 3ou na-thing done, for-qui	he haþ no þing done why
3e haue noght again him bot enuy;	3e haue not to him but envy
And wit his fader þat he be slane,	Wite his fadir-he be slone
His lijf-dais all tell i for-gan."	his lif dayes telle I gone
[.	[. . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
"For man þat liuand es, na wijf,	For mon lyuynge þei seide ny wif
Ne sal he schape fra vs wid þe lijf."	Shal he skape wiþ his lif
Quen ruben sau þar was nan oþer,	Whenne Ruben sey þer was noon oþere
Bot algat þai wild sla þair broþer,	But algate þei wolde sle her broþere
"For godes luue, do way," he said,	For goddes loue dowey he seide
"þat na hand on him be laid,	þat noon honde be on him leide
þat na blod off him be schedd,	þat no blode of him we shede
Bot if he algat suld be dede,	But if he algate shal be dede
Do it þan wid suilk a wile	Do hit þenne wiþ suche a wile
þat 3e noght 3our handis file.	þat 3e not 3oure hondes fyle
In þis wast i wot a pitt,	In þis waast I woot a pit
Drey and waterles es itt,	Dri3e & watirles is hit
þar ouer it standis a mekil tre,—	þer ouer stondes a mychel tre
Cast him þer inne and lat him be.	Cast him þerynne & lete him be
Bituix and he o-liue be broght,	Til þat he of lyue be brou3t
þen may we say we sau him noght;	þenne may we say we se3e him nou3t
His cirtil sul we riue and rent,	his curtel wol we ryue & rende
And blodi til his fadir it sent.	And blodi to his fadir hit sende
And say to him þat we it fand	And telle him þat we hit fonde
widin þe wildreness ligand;	In þe wildernes ligonde

GÖTTINGEN TRINITY

And sai we þat he riuen es
Wit beistes wild, in wildernes,
And þan wil naman mak on sau
þat we him suld haue broght on dau."
Al said ruben þis, þat i sai, [leaf 24, col. 1]
For he wald lede his lijf a-wai.
¶ "Gladli," said þai, "and þat be skete."
þai hent ioseph be hend and fete,
And nackend him and kest him dun,
And left him þar, als in prisun;
Siþen þai settam dun and ete,
þan sagh þai cumand be þe stret
Marchands of an vncuth thede
O egypte, als in boke we rede,
Wit camels þat gret birþin bar,
O spice and of oþer ware;
Amang þir breþer þar was
An þat had to nam judas.
"Quat bote es it," he said, "til vs
þat we for-do our broþer þus?
Bot tac we him out of yon den
And sel we him to yon chapmen,
þat þai him lede mai into fer land,
To be þair thral þar-in lastand;
If it sua tide þat he dei þar
þar-for forsoth bot littell care,
Or if þat he be þar liuand
His fader of him hirs na ti-þand."
þar was ioseph in seruage sald,
For tuenti besands þan and tald.
Ioseph es now ledd out o land,
Godd hald ouer him his holi hand!
Ruben, þat þe mast o þaim was wis,
Wist noght o þis marchandis.
Apon þe morn he com and soght
þe pite, bot ioseph fand he noght;

COTTON

and say we þat riuen hit ys
wiþ bestes wilde in wildernes
and þen wille na mon make þaire saghe
þat we haue done him of daghe.
al saide ruben: þis atte I. say.
for he walde lede his life a-way.
¶ gladly saide þai now wil we wete
þai hent him vp bi hende and fete
and nakid him and kest him doun.
and left him þare als in prisoun.
siþen þai sette ham doun and ete.
þan saghe þai comande bi þe strete
marchandes of vncouþe þede.
of egipte as in boke we rede.
wiþ camels atte grete birþin bare
of spices and of oþer ware
¶ among þer breþer an þer was.
þat had to name Iudas.
quat bote he saide ys hit til vs.
atte we for-do our broþer þus.
take we him oute of 3onder den
and sel him forþ to 3one chapmen.
þai wille him lede in-to fer lande
to be þair bonde for euer-lastande
if so it be-tide that he dye þar.
þer . . . for-soþ litel care
or if þat he be þare liuande. [leaf 25, back]
his fader of him heres na tiþande.
¶ þer was Ioseph in seruage salde.
for xx. besaundes tane and talde.
Ioseph ys now led out of lande.
god halde ouer him his haly hande
ruben þat mast was of ham wise
he wiste no3t of þis marchandise.
on þe morne he come and so3t
þe pitte bot Ioseph fande he no3t.

FAIRFAX

And say we þat he riuen es
wid wild bestis in wildrenes.
þan wil na man of vs mak saue,
þat we him suld haue done of daue.
Dos," said ruben, "as i ȝou say,"
For he wild lede him quick a-way.
"Gladly," said þay at þat hete;
þai hent Ioseph bi hend and fete,
And nakind him and kest him dun,
And left him þar als in prisun.
Siþen þai sett þaim doun and ete, [col. 2]
þen sau þai comand bi þe strete
Marchandes of an vncuth lede
Of egipt, as we in bokis rede,
wid camaylis þat gret birdins bar
Of spices and of oþer ware.
Emang þas breder an þar was
Quas name þat was cald Iudas,
He said, "quat bote were it til vs
þat we for-did vr broder þus?
Bote take we him vte of ȝon den,
And selle we him to ȝone chepmen,
þat þai may lede him in fer land
To be þair thral euer-mar liuand.
If it sua tyde þat he die þare,
It es til vs bot littel care;
And if he be þer-inne lyuand,
His fadir of him heris no tiþand."
þar was ioseph in seruage sold
For tuenti besauntis tan and told.
Nou es Ioseph ledd vte of land,
God hald ouer him his hali hand.
Ruben þat mast of þaim was i-wis,
He wist noght of þis marchandis,
Apon þe morn he cam and soght
þe pitt, bot ioseph fand he noght.

GÖTTINGEN

Saye we þat he rent es
Wiþ wilde beestis in wildernes
þenne wol no mon saye vs by
þat we haue sleyn him felonly
Do seide Ruben as I ȝou say
he þouȝte to stele him quyke away
Anoon þei grauntide þat bihete
þei hent Ioseph bi honde & fete
Made him naked & kest him doun
And laft him þere in prisoun
Siþþe set hem doun & ete
þei say þo comyng bi þe strete
Marchaundes of oon vnkond londe
Of egipte as we in bokes fonde
Wiþ camailes þat grete burþenes bare
Of spices and of oþere ware
Among þese breþer oon þer was
Whos name was calde Iudas
What bote he seide were hit to vs
To for do oure broþer þus
Take we him out of þat den [leaf 27]
And selle we him to þese chapmen
þat þei may lede him to fer lond
To be her þral euer lyuond
If hit so be he deȝe þare
hit is to vs but litil care
And if he be þere lyuynge
his fadir of him haþ no tiþinge
þere was Ioseph to seruage solde
For twenty besauntis taken of golde
Now is Ioseph lad out of londe
God holde ouer him his holy honde
Ruben of hem moost was wys
he wist not of þis marchaundis
On þe morne he coom & souȝt
þo pit but Ioseph fonde he nouȝt

TRINITY

He mòrn mare þan .i. can tell,
Al-mast in suoning þar he fell;
Til his breþer þan yode he sòn
And þai him tald wat þai had don.
Quat bote es soru, or mak mane
O thing þat coue*r*ing has nane.
His fader þai sent, wit-oute*n* bade,
Ioseph kirtell al bloide made.
Quen his fader his kirtell kneu,
Moght na gamen him com to gleu:
"Beistes," he said, "mi sun has rent,
Allas! *þat* i him ouþer oute-sent,
þat wai *þat* was so wath to wend,
Al mi luue on him was lend.
Allas! wittles was i þat dai,
Of him has beistes made þair *prai*;
þis es his clath, *þat* es well sene,
Ha! quat þaa bestes war selcuth kene
þat has me refte mi derling dere,
Mi ioi, mi gladnes, o mi chere;
Ioseph þou was mi ioi allan,
Now ert þou ded, now haue i nain;
Ioseph þat was fre and feir
Of al min aght sùld haben air,
For þi suettnes and þi fair heu
Mi care sal eue*r*mar be neu;
I wald sinc in-til helle depe
Wit mi sun þar for to wepe."
Bot al his q*ua*inn[i]ng, for to rede
Or for to spek, it war vn-spede.
His oþer suns com ilkan sere
For to mend þair fader chere,
Bot for noght com þai him nere,
O cumforth wald he nathing here;
Es noght his murning mai amend
I wen bifor his liues ende.

[col. 2]

COTTON.

he mourned mare þen I. con telle.
al-maste in squonynge doun he fel.
til his bre*þer* þen ȝode he sone.
and þai him talde quat þai had done
quat bote to sorou or make mane
of þinge þat coue*r*inge of ys nane.
his fader þai sende wiþ-outen bade
Ioseph kirtil alle blody made
Quen his fader his kirtel knew.
miȝt na gam*m*en turne hi*m* to glew.
a beste he saide my sone has rent
allas þat eue*r* I. him oute sente.
þat was a way ful harde to wende
þat alle my loue apon him was lende
allas witles was I. þat day.
of him has bestes made þare pray.
þis ys his claþ þat ys wele sene.
a quat þat best was selcouþ kene.
þat has me reft my derlinge dere.
my ioy my gladnes of mi chere.
Ioseph þou was my ioy allane.
now art þou dede now haue I. nane
Ioseph þat was so fre *and* faire.
of alle myne lande sulde bene aire
for þi squetnes *and* þi faire hew.
þi care salle eue*r*-mare be new.
I. walde sinc in-til hel depe
wiþ my sone þe*r*-for to wepe.
al his waymentinge for to rede
or for to speke hit ware vnspede
his oþe*r* sones ilkane sere
come for to amende þai fader chere
bot for noȝt noght þai him nere
of conforte walde he naþinge here
ys noȝt his mournyng may amende
I wene be-fore his liues ende

FAIRFAX

He murned mare þan i can tell,
Almast in suounyng doun he fell,
Til his breder 3ode he sone,
And þai him tald quat þai had don.
Quat bote es langer to make mane
For thing þat couering es þar nane?
His fadir þai sent widuten bade
Ioseph kirtil al blodi made;
Quen his fadir his cirtil kneu,
Miht na man gamen him no gleu:
"A best," he said, "mi son has rent,
Allas þat euer i him out sent!
þat way þat was sua wild to wend,
þat al mi loue on him gan lend.
Allas! wittles was i þat day!
Of him has bestis made þar pray;
þis was his clath, þat es wele sene,
A! quat þat best was wonder kene
þat has me reft mi dereling dere,
Mi ioy, mi gladnes of mi chere.
Ioseph, þu was mi ioy allon,
Nou art þu ded, and i haue non;
Ioseph þat was fre and fair,
of all myn ahut suld haue ben air,
For þi suetenes and þi fair heu.
Mi care sal euermare be neu;
I wald sinc in-to hell depe,
wid mj son þar-for to wepe."
Bot all his murni[n]g for to rede,
Or for to speke, it were vnspede;
His oþer sonis cam ilkan sere
For to mende þair fader chere,
Bot al for noght com þai him nere,
Of confort wald he nathing here,
Es noght his murning may a-mend
I trou bi-fore his liues ende.

GÖTTINGEN

he mourned more þen I con telle
Almeste in swoun doun he felle
To his breþeren went he soone
And þei him tolde as þei had done
What bote is hit to make mone
For þing that couering of is none
his fadir þei sent witturly
Ioseph curtil al blody
¶ Whenne his fadir þe kirtel knew
Soone bigon he chaunge hew
A beest he seide my son haþ rent
Allas þat euer I him out sent
Into þat wilde weye to wende
þat al my loue on him gan lende
Alas witles was I þat day
Beestes of him han made her pray
þis was his clooþ hit is wel sene
A þis beest was ful kene
þat haþ me refte my derlynge dere
My ioye my gladnes & my chere
Ioseph þou was my ioye allone
Now art þou dede & I haue none
Ioseph þat was fre and feir
Of al myn auȝte shulde ha ben eir
For þi godenes & þi feire hew
Mi care shal be euer new
I wolde sinke to helle depe
wiþ my son þere to wepe
But al his mournyng for to rede
Ouþer to speke hit myȝt not spede
his opere sones coom vchone sere
For to amende her fadir chere
But for nouȝte þei comen alle
To coumforte wolde he noon falle
No þing may his mournynge mende
Neuer to his lyues ende

TRINITY

Leue we now iacob in þis care.
To tell of ioseph and his fare.
¶ þir chapmen þat haue ioseph boght
Vn-til egipte þai haue him broght,
þar he was eftursons saald
Til a dughti barn and bald;
To putifer, þe king stiward,
He was saal[d] wit neu for-ward,
þat held ioseph in mensk and are,
þof þair throut al sundri ware,
For men war þar o sarzin lede,
And joseph held ai his juhede.
Sir putifar wel vndirstod
þat ioseph was o gentil blod;
In all þe dedis þat he did
He sagh drightin was him emid.
þe wardein-scipp of al his aght
Has putifar ioseph bi-taght;
þan was ioseph bath luued and dred,
Wit wisdom al his werkes ledd,
And, for he curtays was and hende,
Of all folk þar þan fand he freind.
Putifar ferd in to þe contre,
And ioseph dueld wit his meigne,
And has his godes all in hand,
Als he þat was his al weldand.
Ioseph was farli fair in face,
And fild wit al of goddes grace.
His leuedi ei apon him kest,
Forward o fele es eth to fest;
Foli was it, & sua sco faand,
Hir luue to seit þar it ne moght stand;
Sco miþed it, to-quils sco moght,
And ioseph lette he wist it noght;
He wist and dild it, als þe wis,
An ai sco praised his seruis;

COTTON

leue we now Iacob in care.
telle we of Ioseph *and* his fare.
Þese chapmen þat has Ioseph boȝt
vn-til egipte þai haue him broȝt
þer was eftsones salde.
til a duȝtti berne *and* balde.
to putifar þe kinges stiwarde
þen was he salde wiþ new forwarde
þat helde Ioseph in menske *and* are
alle if þaire trauþe al sundre ware
for þai ware þare of sarisine lede
and Ioseph to his euer toke gode hede
sir putifar wele vnder-stode.
att Ioseph was of gentel blode.
In alle þe dides atte he dede
euer-mare þai sulde wele spede
alle þe gode *and* catel þat he aȝt.
has pantifar Ioseph be-taȝt.
þen was Ioseph baþ loued *and* dred
wiþ wisdomes he his werkis led.
for he curtaise was *and* hende.
of alle folk þen fande he frende.
¶ Putifar went in ferre cuntree.
and Ioseph duelled wiþ his meyne
and has his godes alle in hande
riȝt as he ware al weldande
Ioseph was ferli faire of face
and filled ful of goddis grace.
[leaf 25, col. 1] þe lady hir eye a-pon him keste
forwarde of fole ys ethe to fest
foly hit was *and* so ho fande.
hir loue to sette þer hit ne miȝt stande
ho mithed hir ay quen ho muȝt.
and Ioseph lete he wiste hit noȝt.
he wiste *and* walde noȝt *and* dide as wise
and ay ho praised his seruise.

FAIRFAX

Leue we nou of iacob and his care,
To tell of ioseph and his fare.
Þir chapmen þat has ioseph boght,
Into egipt þai him broght,
þar he eftsonis was sald
Til a dohuti berne and bald,
To putyfar þe kinges stuard,
þan was he sald wid neu forward,
þat held ioseph in mensk and lare
Al þou þair treuthes sundri ware;
For þai war of sarasin lede, [col. 2]
And ioseph held euer his in hede.
Sir Putifar wele vnderstod
þat ioseph was of gentil blode,
In all þe dedis þat he wroght,
God was wid him in dede and thoght;
þe wardaynschip of al his ahut
Has putifar ioseph bitaght.
þan was ioseph loued and dred,
For wisdam all his werkis ledd,
And for he was curtais and hend,
Of all folk þan fand he frend.
Putifar went into contre,
And ioseph duelled wid his meyne,
And has his godis all in hand,
vnder him selue all weldand.
Ioseph was ferli fair in face,
And fild wid-all in godes grace,
His ladi hir eye apon him kest;
Forward of fole es eth to fest,
Foli it was, and sua scho fand,
Hir loue to set bot it miht stand.
Scho kithid it ay quilis scho moght,
And ioseph lete he wist it noght,
And wist and dilled it as þe wise,
And ay scho praysed his seruise.

GÖTTINGEN

leue we now of iacobes care
To telle of Ioseph & of his fare
¶ þese chapmen þat Ioseph bouȝt
Into egipte han him brouȝt
þere he was eftsones solde
To a douȝty mon & bolde
To putifar stiward wiþ þe kyng
was he solde þat childe ȝing
he helde Ioseph in menskeful lore
þei her layes oon not wore
For þei were of sarsynes lede
And Ioseph helde his owne in dede
Sir putifar wel vndirstode
þat Ioseph was of gentil blode
In alle þe dedes þat he wrouȝt
God was euer in his þouȝt
þe keping of al his auȝt
haþ putifar Ioseph bitauȝt
Ioseph was þenne loued & dred
wiþ wisdome he his werkes led
For he was curteys & hende
Of alle folke fonde he frende
Putifar went into cuntre
Ioseph dwelled wiþ his meyne
And haþ his godes vndir honde
vndir him self al weldonde
Ioseph was wondir faire in face
And filled al wiþ goddis grace
His ladi hir eȝe on him cast [leaf 27, back]
Forwarde of fool is eeþ to last
Foly hit was & so she fond
hir loue to sette but hit wolde stonde
She kid hit euer & on him souȝt
And Ioseph lette he wist hit nouȝt
He wist & helde hit stille as wise
And euer she preysed his seruyse

TRINITY

Sua lang in hert sco has it hid,
þat ned-wais most it for bi kid,
For qua þar-for be wrath or blith
Luken luue at þe end wil kith.
Oft sco meind til him hir mane,
Bot ai sco fand ioseph in ane;
Quen sco sagh þat, þan wex hir care,
And langing had, ai mare and mare;
In hir foli sua was sco fest
þat dai ne night ne had sco rest;
For o quat pine es herder threst
þen tharn þe thing men luues best,
And to bi put in sli prisun,
þat reues man might and als resun?
In prisun hald i þat licam
Wit quam þe hert es noght at ham,
For quen hert has þat it will wiss
þe bodi mai haue namar bliss,
Ne namar wa þan will to wan
Wit-outen will es liking nan;
Hert and will bath ar als an,
þat bath er reft fra manian,
Thoru strengh o luue þat nan mai stere,
þof his hert al stillen were,
Hert o stele, and bodi o brass,
Strenger þen euer sampson was,
þat luue ne mai him mike wit might,
Quilum allan wit an ei sight;
Ful hard it es again him dele
To bidint of his mangonele,
Quen his lok allan may bring
Vn-til his thraldom þe king;
And, maugre his, he dos him lute,
For ai he ledes him wit doute.
For-þi if þou be suilk a gum
þat þou will luue al-gat ouercum,

so lange in hert ho has hit hid
at nede mote out most nede be kid
for qua þar-fore be wraþ or bliþe
lokand loue sum time wil kiþe
eft ho meued hir mane.
and Ioseph was ay in ane.
quen ho saghe þat þen wex hir care
and langinge ay mare *and* mare
In hir foly so was ho kest
þat day ne niȝt ho hadde na rest
for quat penaunce ys harder þrest
þen wante þe þinge þou louis best.
and to be putte in suche prisoun.
þat reuis man miȝt *and* resoun.
In prisoun halde I. þat licame [leaf 26]
wiþ quam þe hert ys noȝt at hame
for quen þe hert has þat hit wil wis
þe bodi may haue na mare blis.
ne na mare wa þen wil to wane
wiþ-outen wille ys likinge nane
herte *and* wille baþ ys ane.
þat baþ ar reft fra monian.
þorou strenght of loue þat dos men . .
and fra þat loue ys harde to we . .
hert oft stile *and* body [of] bras
stranger þen euer samp[son was]
þat loue him ne may [mek]e *with* miȝt
sum time allane wiþ ane eye siȝt
ful harde hit ys wiþ loue to dele
hit reues rest ioy *and* wele
for a loke alle-an may bringe
in-to þraldome þe kinge
and maugre his hit dose him loute
for ay he ledes him wiþ doute.
for-þi if þou be suche a gome
atte þou wille loue algatis ouercome

COTTON FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN		TRINITY
Sua land in herte scho has it hid		Sȯ longe she haþ in hert hit hidde
þat at þe last must it be kid,		At þe laste hit most be kidde
For qua-sua eu*er* es glad or blith,		For who so eu*er* be glad or bliþe
Priue loue at end wil kith.	4276	At þe ende wol p*ri*ue loue out wriþe
Ofte scho menyd to him hir mone,		Ofte she mened to hi*m* her mone
Bot eu*er* scho fand ioseph in one ;		But eu*er* she fonde him in one
Qu*e*n scho sau þ*at*, þan wex hir care,		whenn*e* she þ*at* say hir hert was sore
And longing had scho ay þe mare,		And longyng had she more & more
In hir foli sua was scho fest,	4281	In hir foly she was so fest
þ*at* dai ne niht had scho no rest.		þ*at* ny3t nor day had she rest
[1]For quatkines pine es harder þan threst		What is more herte brest
þan warn þe thing man louis best?		þen want of þing þ*at* men loue best
And to be putt in suilk p*ri*sun, [1 leaf 31, col. 1]		Into siche prisou*n* to be put
þat reuis man miht and resun?	4286	þ*at* reueþ mon my3te & wit
In p*ri*sun i hald þ*at* bodi stad,		In p*ri*sou*n* I calle hi*m* bistad
Of quam þe hert es nu glad,		Of whom þe hert is neu*er* glad
For quan hert has þ*at* it wil wiss,		whenne herte haþ þe wille I wisse
þe bodi may haue na mar blis,	4290	þe body may haue no more blisse
Ne no mar wa þan wil to wane,		Ne no more wo þen likyng wone
widuten wil es liking nane.		wiþoute*n* wille is likyng none
Hert and wil er bath as an,		[. . . . .
þat bath er er reft fra mani an,	4294	. . *no gap in Trin. & Laud MSS.*]
Thoru strenth of luue þ*at* nan mai stere,		þe strengþe of loue noon may stere
þow his hert all stel it were ;—		þou3e his herte al steel were
Hert of stele and bodi of bras,		herte of steel & body of bras
Stranger þan euer samson was,	4298	Strenger þen eu*er* sampson was
þat luue ne may him meke wid miht,		þ*at* loue ne may meke wiþ my3t
Su*m* tyme a loue wid an eye siht ;		Su*m*tyme alone *with* oon e3e si3t
Ful hard it es wid him to dele,		Ful harde hit is wiþ him to dele
So wil he make mans flesh frele,	4302	Man*n*es flesshe he makeþ ful frele
Quen his loke alone may bring		whenn*e* his loke alone may brynge
Into his thraldam þe king ;		Into his þraldome þe kynge
And, maugre his, he dos hi*m* loute,		And maugre his do hi*m* loute
For eu*er* he ledis him wid doute.		For eu*er* he ledeþ hi*m* wiþ doute
For-þi if þu be suilk a gome	4307	þ*er*fore if þou be suche a gome
þat þu wil algate loue ou*er*come,		þ*at* þou algate wolt loue ou*er*come

COTTON		FAIRFAX
Quen þou seis him busk to þe,		quen at þou seise him buske to þe
þou do þe stallworthli to flei;		do þe stalworþli to fle.
Fleand turn þou noght þin ei,		fle *and* turne þou noȝt þine eye
For elles þof þou be ful slei,	4312	for ellis be þou neu*er* so sleye.
Thoru þine[1] ei þe sal be sent	[col. 2]	þorou þine eye þi mone be sent.
A flan, wit wild fire al brent,	[1 *þire* in MS.]	a flame wiþ wildefire al brent.
First to brin þin hert wit-in	4315	first to bren þi hert wiþ-in
And siþen to slokend bi wit sin;		*and* siþen to slokkin þe wiþ sin.
Fleand þou folu noght i rede		fleand to folow noȝt I. rede.
For sua þou mai þe driue to ded,		for squa þou may driue to dede.
To ded vmquil, and to langur,	4319	to dede vmquile *and* to langour
Quen þou art soght fra þi succu*r*;		quen þou art ferre fra þi socour
For bett*ur* it es bi-time to stint		for bett*er* hit ys be-time to stint
þan folu þi *prai* þat es bot tint;		þen folow þi pray atte ys tynt
Qua folus lang, wit-outen turn,		qua folowes lange wiþ-out turne
Oft his fote sal find a spurn;	4324	oft his fote sal finde a spurne
Reu his res þan sal he sare,		rew his rese þen sal him sare
Or heuen his harm wit foli mare.		or heuen his harme *with* foli mare
Sua did þis wijf, i yow of redd,		so dide þis wife þat I of redde
Sco folud ioseph ai þar he fledd,	4328	ho folowed Ioseph ay þer he fled
And for sco foluand fand a spurn,		[*and* for ho folu]and fande a spurne
Sco waited him wit a werr turn,		ho [waited him wiþ a sare?] turne
Hir-self in godds gram and gilt,		hir selfe in god[dis gram and gilt]
And almast did him to be spilt.	4332	almast made ho him for-spilt
How sco broght him to þe fand,		¶ *and* how ho come him for to fande
Forth to tell wil i noght waand:		forþ to telle wil I. noȝt wande
Sco fanded ioseph many dai,	4335	ho fonded Ioseph mony a day
And euer he ansuerd hir wit nai.		*and* euer he saide hir wiþ nay.
¶ Ioseph, *þat* was god *pur*ueur,		Ioseph̄ þat noble puruayour.
A dai he went in to þe bour;		a day he went vn-to hir bour.
Quen he had hir hend-li gret,	4339	quen he had hir hendely gret
"Lauedi," he said, "com to þi mete."		madame he saide come to ȝo*ur* mete
"yus," sco said, "bot ar i ga		come hidder ho saide or I. ga.
þou spek wit me a word or tua."		*and* speke a worde wiþ me or twa.
"Lang," he said, "[may] i-noght i duell."		lange he saide may I. noȝt dwelle.
And þus bigan sco him to spell.	4344	*and* þus be-gan ho him to spelle.

GÖTTINGEN

Quen þu seis him bone to þe,
Stalworthli þu fra him fle,
Fle and turne þu noght þi ey;
Or ellis if þu be ful sly,
Thoru þin eye þe sal be schent,
An aru þat es wid wild fir brent,
First to brinne þi hert wid-ine,
And siþen to strangil þe in sine.
Fleand þu folow noght, i rede,
For sua þu may þe driue to dede,
To dede vmquile and to langure [col. 2]
Quen þu art soght fra þi socure;
For better it es betime to stint,
þan folu þe prai þat es tint;
Qua folous lang widuten torne,
Oft his [fote] sal find a spurne,
Reu his res þan sal he sore,
And venge his harm wid foli more.
Sua did þis wijf þat i of rede,
Scho folud ioseph quere he 3ede,
And for scho foluand fand a spurne,
Scho waited him wid a wic turne,
Hir-self in godes grame and gilt,
And almast made him to be spilt.
Hou scho broght him sua to fonde,
For to tell i wil noght wonde;
Scho soght on ioseph mani a dai,
And euer he ansuerd hir wid nay.
Ioseph, þat was hir purucour,
Apon a day wid mekil onur
In chambir hendely he hir grett,
And said, "madam, cum to 3our mett."
"3is," scho said, "bot ar þu ga,
Spek wid me a word or tua."
"Lang," he said, "may i noght duell;"
And þus bigan scho for to spell.

TRINITY

whenne þou seest him loue to þe
Stalworþely fro him þou fle
Fle & turne þou not þin e3e
Or elles but þou be ful sle3e
þourȝe þin e3e þou shal be shent
As þing wiþ wilde fir forbrent
Firste to brenne þi hert wiþinne
And siþen to strangle þe in synne
Fle & folewe not I rede
For elles maistou com to dede
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trin. & Laud MSS.*]
Bettur is bityme to be forborn
þen folwe þe pray þat is lorn
[. . . . . .
. . *no gap in Trin. & Laud MSS.*]
who so doþ shal rewe sore
And venge his harm wiþ foly more
So dud þis wif þat I of rede
She folewed Ioseph where he 3ede
And for she folwynge fonde a spurne
She waited him euel turne
hir self had þe grame & gilt
Almest also she had him spilt
how she bigan him to fonde
For to telle I wol not wonde
She sou3te on him mony a day
And euer he vnswered hir wiþ nay
Ioseph þat was hir purueour
On a day wiþ mychel honour
In chaumber grett hir hendely
And seide madame to mete 3e hy
3us she seide but ar þou go
Speke wiþ me a word or two
Longe he seide may I not dwelle
þenne bigon she þus to telle

"Ioseph," sco said, "to þe lemman,
Hendes[t] of all i mak mi man,
Bituix þe now allan and me
Sceu i now mi priuete;
þi luue me has broght to grund,
þat i mai neuer mar be sund,
Bot if mi bote mai rese o þe,
þat es þat þou mi lefe wald be;
O werldes welth to wale and wan
Sal þou haf mare þan mai be gan;
To mi lauerd sal þou be dere,
Til oþer nain sal þou be pere;"
Sco can hals him son wit þis
And bedd him mothes for to kys,
And drou him þen toward hir bedd;
Bot ioseph, þat our drightin dredd,
"Bilete," he said, "þi foli will,
Wil þou me and þi seluen spil?
Putifar me has be-taght
His land, and lithe, and al his aght,
And for his[1] traist o mi leute
Of all his god he trues me;
Al es me taght, and noght vttan,
Bot þou þat es his wijf allan;
O þe haf i nakin might,
For elles it war a-gain þe right;
He þat has giue[n] me pouste slike,
Godd forbedd i suld him suike;
And we aght noght wit no resun
Til our lauerd do slik tresun;
And leuer es me be pour and lele
þan wikudli at win catell;
For-þi, lauedi, wit mode and main,
þou drau þi foli thoght a-gain;
For qua bigin wil ani thing
He aght to thinc on þe ending."

[1] MS. hes

[If 25, bk, col. 1]

COTTON

Ioseph ho saide to þe lemman.
hendest of alle I. make my mane
bi-twix þe allane *and* me.
shew I. wille my preuete.
þi loue me has broȝt to grounde.
for may I. neuer mare be sounde.
bot if my bote may rise of þe
atte þou for-soþ my lefe walde be
of werldes welþe to wale *and* wane
sal þou haue mare þen wil be gane
to my lorde þou sal be dere.
of alle oþer sal nane be þi pere. [þis
faire sembelande of loue ho made with
and come til him his mouþe to kis.
and drogh him þen towarde hir bed.
Ioseph stode stil *and* god he dred.
¶ lete be he saide þi foly wille.
þou art a-boute vs baþ to spille.
Put[i]phar me has be-taȝt.
his lande his lithe *and* al his aȝt
for he ys traiste of my lewte.
alle þat he has be-taȝt he me.
alle ys me taȝt *and* noȝt out-tane.
bot ȝe þat ys his wife allane.
of ȝou I. ne haue nankin miȝt
and ellis hit ware agayne þe riȝt.
he þat giues me pausty slike.
god for-bede I. sulde him squyke.
his hit ware na resoun
tille our lorde do suche tresoun.
and leuer me ys be pouer *and* lele
þen wikkedly tille wyn cadel.
for lauedy wiþ mede *and* mayne.
þou dragh þi foly *and* hert agayne
for qua be-gynne wil any þing.
euer-mare þink on þe endinge.

FAIRFAX

"Ioseph," scho said, "to þe lemman,
Hendest of all i make my man,
Be-tuix þi-self alone and me
Here sal i scheu my priuete.
þi loue me has broght to grund,
þat i may neuer mare be sound,
Bot if my bot may rise of þe,
And þat þu wil my lemman be,
worldes welth to welde in wone
Enow þu sal haue al-lone;
To my lauerd sal þu be sua dere, [If 81, bk, col. 1]
þat oþer nan sal be þi pere."
Scho hals him wid þis
And proferd him hir muth to kiss,
And drou him þan towar[d] hir bedd,
Bot ioseph, þat vr lauerd dredd,
"Do way," he said, "þi foli wille,
wilt þu me and þi-self spill?
Putifar me has betaght
Land, and lythe, and all his aght;
And for he traistes nu in mi leute,
To kepe his gode he traistes in me,
All es me taght and noght vte-tane,
Bot þu þat art his wijf allane,
Of þe haue i no kines miht,
And if i hadd it war no right;
He þat has giuen me suilk pouste,
Him to be-tray, godd forbede it me,
And we awe noght wid na resun
Til vr lauerd do suilk tresun;
And leuere me es be pouer and lele,
þan falsli to winne catele.
For-þi leuedi, wid mode and mayn,
þu drau þi foli wille agayn,
For qua bigines wil any thing,
He aue to thinck apon þe ending."

Ioseph lemmon for þi sake
To þe now my mone I make
Bitwene þi self alone & me
Now wol I shewe mi priuete
þat loue me haþ brouȝte to grounde
þat I may neuermore be sounde
But if my bote rise on þe [leaf 28]
þat þou wolt my lemmon be
worldes welþe to welde in wone
Inowȝe þou shalt haue allone
To my lord shal þou be dere
Oþer noon shal be þi pere
She toke him aboute þe necke wiþ þis
And profered hir mouþ to kis
And drowe him towarde hir bed
But Ioseph þat mychel god dred
Dowey he seide þi foly wille
wolt þou þi self & me als spille
Putifar me haþ bitauȝt
Lond & liþe & al his auȝt
And for he trusteþ my lente
To kepe his godis he toke hem me
Al is me take & nouȝt for gone
But þou art his wif allone
Of þe haue I no maner miȝt
If I hadde hit were no riȝt
he þat ȝaf me suche pouste
To bitraye god forbede me
wiþ no resoun we ne owe
To oure lord suche tresoun showe
leuer me is be pore & trewe
þen falsely wynne catel newe
þerfore lady wiþ myȝte & mayn
Drawe þi foly wille aȝayn
For who so bigynne wol siche þing
him owe to þinke on þe endyng

¶ "Allas!" sco said, "ioseph, þis dai,
And has þou nicked me wit nay?
If i liue þou sal me[1] proue [1 MS. mi]
An ïuel freind to þi be-houe;
I sal þe mak wit myn husband
þe werst luue in al þis land."
Sco drou his mantel wit þe pan,
Quen ioseph sagh na bett*ur* wan
He drou, sco held, þe tassel brak,
þe mantel left, he gafe þe bak.
þan fel *þat* wijf to feloni
And foreiud sun a trecheri.
Sco gaue a cri *þat* all moght here,
þe folk þat in þat pales were—
"Lauedi," þai said, "wat aleis yow?"
Sco said, "ne herd yee na wight how
Yon trait*ur* juu me wald sceind,
þat mi laue*r*d halds for freind,
He wald haue forced me in hi,
If i ne had mad titter cri,
Bot for mi cri ful suith he fled
And left wit me a taken wedd;
His mantel es bi-left wit me,
þat ilk man þee sothe mai see,
þat þai mai sé þe wilani
þe quilk he soght on his lauedi."
"Sir," sco said to putifar,
"Was neue*r* don to leuedi mar
Scam *þat* liuand es in lede, [col. 2]
þan þe gedling of vncuth thede;
Ioseph soght on me in bour
þat suikeful fals, *þat* fole lichour,
Al suilk and suilk, sir, was þe[1] scam
þat he can seke on mi licam; [1 MS. þi]
For-þi, als þou es man for þe,
On him lok i wel wroken be."

¶ Allas Ioseph ho saide þis day
has *þou* nikked *me wiþ nay.*
if I liue þou sal me proue. [leaf 26, back]
an euel frende to þi be-houe.
I salle þe make wiþ myne housbande
þe werst loued of alle þis lande.
ho droghe his mantel wiþ þe pane
quen Ioseph saghe na bett*er* wane.
ho droghe he helde þe tassel brak.
þe mantel left he gaf þe bak.
¶ þen fel þat wife to felony.
and þo3t him to slee wiþ treccheri
ho gaf a cry þat al mu3t here
þe folk þat in þat palais were
lauedy. þai saide quat ayles 3ou.
ho saide ne herde 3e no3t how.
3one traitour Ioseph walde me shende
þat my lorde haldes for frende.
he walde haue rauysshet me in hy.
if I ne had made titter a cry.
bot for my cry ful squiþe he fled.
and left wiþ me a takin to wedde.
hys mantel ys wiþ left wiþ me.
ilk mon may hit verray se.
now may þai se þe velany
þat he so3t on his lauedy.
¶ quen hame come him putiphar.
sir ho saide was neue*r*-mare
shame done to lauedy in lede
þen þis traitour of vncouþe þede
Ioseph so3t on me in boure.
þat fals caytef þat foule lecchour.
al suche *and* suche was þe shame
þat he so3t on my licame.
for-þi as þou art mon for þe.
on him loke I.-wrokin be?

COTTON FAIRFAX

Scho said, "allas, ioseph, þis day,
And has þu ansuerd me wid nay?
If i lyue þu sal it proue
An ille freind to þi bihoue.
I sal þe make wid mi hosband
þe most hatid of all þis land."
Scho drou his mantel bi þe pane;
Quen ioseph sau no better wane
He drou, and scho held, þe tassel brac,
þe mantel left, and he gaf bac.
Þan fell þat wijf to feloni, [col. 2]
And sone scho soght a tricchori,
Scho gaf a cri þat all miht here,
þe folk þat in þat palays were
"Leuedi," þai said, "quat es at 3ou?"
Scho said, "ne herd 3e noght hou
3one traytur Ieu me wold schend,
þat mi lauerd haldes for his frend?
He wald haue forced me in hy
Had i noght mad titter cry,
And quan i crid ful sone i-fledd,
And left wid me a tokin in wedd;
His mantil es be-left wid me,
Here þe soth may ilk man se
þat þai may se þe vylany,
þe quilk he soght on his leuedi."
"Sir," scho said to Putifar,
"was neuer don to leudi mar
Scham, þat liuand was in lede,
Þan þi gedling of vnkud sede.
Ioseph sohut on me in boure
Forto do me dis-honoure,
Suilk it was þe vilani
þat he gan seke on my bodi.
For-þi as þu art man for-þe,
Loke on him i-wrokin be."

GÖTTINGEN

¶ She seide allas Ioseph þis day
hastou vnswered me wiþ nay
If I lyue þou shalt me proue
An euel frend to þi bihoue
I shal þe make wiþ myn husbonde
þe moost hated in al þis londe
She drouȝe his mantel bi þe pane
Whenne Ioseph say no bettur wane
he drowȝe she helde þe tassel brak
þe mantel lefte & he ȝaf bak
þenne fel she into felony
And soone souȝte a tricchery
She made a cry alle to here
þat þat tyme in þe pales were
Lady þei seide what is ȝou
She seide herde ȝe not how
þat traitour iew wolde me shende
þat my lord halt his frende
he wolde haue forsed me in hy
Nadde I þe souner made a cry
whenne I cryed soone he fledde
And lafte wiþ me a token in wedde
his mantel is bilefte wiþ me
here þe soþe may vche mon se
here may men se þe vileny
þat he souȝte on his lady
Sir she seide to putifar lo
Was neuer lady serued so
þis shame he haþ me done in dede
þe gedelynge of vncouþe sede
þis Ioseph souȝte on me in bour
To do me þis dishonour
Suche hit was þe vilany
þat he gon seche on my body
perfore as þou art mon for þe
Loke þou on him wroken be

TRINITY

Putefar þan comanded son
þat ioseph suld be tan, and don
In kinges prisun for to lij,
Wit ña raunsuming to bij.
¶ Allas! ioseph, þat war and wis,
Ill es þe quit þi god seruis!
For þi leute and þi truthhede
Ful iuel es yolden þe þi mede!
Suilk es tresun of ille womman,
In werld es stranger funden nan;
And god amend hir þat es slike
And giue man grace to fle hir suike!
¶ Now es ioseph in prisun strang
Don, als yee haue herd, wijt wrang,
And siþen liked him ful well,
For all it turned him to sele;
For son was ioseph halden dere
Wit þe maister jailere,
Thoru godds grace þat wit him ras,
Of all þe prisuns þat þar was
þat oþer in prisun war or band,
Al had þam ioseph vnder hand;
He ferd ai wit so mikel thrift
þat al was don als he wald scift.
þus can godd help man in nede,
Namli þat wil him luue and dred.
¶ In þat siquar ioseph ferd þus:—
Was tua men in þe kinges hus
To prisun sent for þair misdede,
(Bot quat it was can i not rede);
þe spenser and þe botelar bath
þe king self wit þaim was wrath.
Bot son þe maister iailer
To ioseph taght þam for to ster;
Bot ioseph sagh þam ai vmstunt
To comforth þam wel was he wont.

COTTON

¶ Putiphar þan comaunded sone.
þat Ioseph sulde be tane *and* done.
in kingys prisoun for to ly.
þer na raunsoun sulde him by.
allas Iosepħ þou was ful wise
and ille ys quitte þe þi seruise.
for þi lewte *and* þi trewhede
ful il ys quitte þe þi mede
be-war of treson of womman.
quen ho be-gynnys ho sparis nane.
and god amende ham in trinite.
and gif men grace þaire tresoun fle

Now ys Ioseph in prisoun strange
done als ȝe haue herde with
and siþen liked him ful wele. [wrange
for alle turned him to sele.
for sone was Iosepħ halden þere
wiþ þe maister chefe iailer
þorou goddes grace þat wiþ him ras
of alle þe prisones at þer was.
þat auþer in prisoun ware or bande.
alle had Ioseph vnder hande.
þe iailer him con sa mikil trist.
þat alle was done as him list.
þus con god help man in nede
namely atte him wil loue *and* drede.
¶ In þat prisoun fel þat case.
was ij. men of þe kinges place.
to prisoun sende for þaire mysdide
bot quat hit was con I. noȝt rede.
þe spenser *and* þe botiler baþ.
þe kinge him-selfe wiþ ham was wraþ
and þen þe maister Iailere.
to Ioseph taȝt þer men to stere.
and Ioseph ham loked mony a stunt.
to confort ham ay was he wont

FAIRFAX

Putifar þan comandid sone
þat Ioseph suld be tane and done
In kinges *pre*sun for to ly,
widuten ransum for to by.
Allas! ioseph bath war and wijs,
Ille es þe quit þi treu seruis,
For þi godnes and þi treuth-hede,
Ful ille es 3olden ye þi mede!
Suilk es tresun of wo*m*man,
Stranger in world es funden nan,
And god amend hir þat es suilk, [leaf 32, col. 1]
And giue ma*n* g*r*ace to fle all suilk.

Nou es Ioseph in p*re*sun strang
Lou! as 3e haue herd wid wra*ng*,
And si*þe*n liked him ful wele,
For all es turned him to sele,
For sone was ioseph haldin dere
wid þe mayster iaolere,
Thoru þe miht of goddes g*r*ace
Ou*er* all þe p*re*sunes þat þar was:
Or þat in presun were, or band,
All hadd þaim Ioseph vnd*er*hand,
He ferd ay wid sua mekil strijft,
þat all was done as he wald scift.
þus can god help man in nede,
And namly þat hi*m* wil loue and drede.
In þis time þat ioseph ferd þus,
were tua men of þe kinges hous
To p*re*sun sent for þair mis-dede,
(Bot quat it was can i noght rede),
þe spenser and þe botoler bath,
þe king wid þai*m* was wond*er* wrath;
Bot þe mayster iaoler
To ioseph taght þaim vnto fere.
Qu*en* ioseph sau þaim alsua suith,
To co*n*fort þaim he was ful blith,

Putifar comau*n*dide soone
Ioseph for to take & done
In kyngis prisou*n* for to ly
wi*þ*outen rau*n*sou*n* for to by
Alas Ioseph þe war & wise
Euel is þe quit þi trewe seruyse
For þi godenes & þi trewe dede
Ful euel is 3oulden þe þi mede
Suche is tresou*n* of wom*m*on
Stronger in worlde is fou*n*den noon
God amende hem þat siche ben
And 3yue men grace hem to flen
Now is Ioseph in p*ri*sou*n* stronge
And lowe li*þ* wi*þ* mychel wronge
And aftir liked him ful wele [leaf 28, bk]
For al was turned him to sele
Soone was Ioseph holden dere
wi*þ* þe maister Iailere
þour3e þe mi3te of goddes grace
Ou*er* alle þe prisou*n*s þat þer wase
Alle þat in p*ri*soun were in bonde
Ioseph had hem vndir honde
he ferde wi*þ* so mychel þrifte
þat al was done as he wolde shifte
þus con god helpe mon in nede
þo þat wol him love and drede
whil Ioseph þus ferde þere
Twey men of þe kynges were
To p*ri*soun sende for her mys dede
what hit was I con not rede
þe spensere & þe botillere boþe
þe kyng wi*þ* hem was ful wro*þ*e
But þe maister iaylere
Toke hem Ioseph vnto fere
whenne Ioseph say hem swi*þ*e
hem to cou*m*forte he was bli*þ*e

Bot als þai lai in þat prisun,
A-naght þam mete a visiun,
And of þis sueuen þat had sene
Aiþer can til oþer mene. [1 leaf 26, col. 1]
[1] Drupand a dai he sagh þeir chere
And asked qui þai murnand were.
þe botellar gaue for þaim ansuer:
Said, "sir, we are þe droupander,
For tua sueuens we sagh in sight
Aiþer of him-self, to night."
"And quat war þai, bi þi leute?
þin auen drem first sceu þou me."
"Me-thoght i sagh a wintre,
A bogh þat was wit branches thre;
O þis tre apon ilk bogh
Me-thoght hang winberis inogh;
And o þe berys þat þar-on hang
In a cupe, me-thoght, i wrang;
Me-thoght þe king was at his mete
And i þis cupe in hand him sette."
"Godote," said ioseph, "wit þe might of heuen
I sal vn-do þe wel þi sueuen;
Ar þis thrid dai be gan
þou sal be vte o prisun tan,
And clensed be befor iustis,
And don again in þin offis;
Quen þou es in welth befor þe king
For godd o me þou haf mining,
þat i mai, thoru þe help o þe,
Broght oute o þis prisun be.
First man stal þae o mi thede
And me prisund, saccles o ded."
þe spenser said, "me-thoght i bare
A lepe, als i was oft won ar,

COTTON

¶ *and* als þai lay in þat prisoun.
an naȝt þai mette in a visioun.
and þis squeuen atte þai had sene
aiþer con tille oþer mene.
drowpande a day he saghe þai were
and asked quy þai made suche chere.
þe botiler gaf þe first onsquare.
and saide sir we droupe þe mare.
for ij. squeuenis we saghe in siȝt.
aiþer of him-self to-niȝt.
and quat ware þai be þi lewte.
þine awen dreme shew first to me
¶ Me þuȝt I. sawe a wyne tree.
a boghe þat was wiþ braunches þre
o-pon þis tree on iche a boghe.
me þuȝt hange grapis I.-noghe.
and of þe berys atte þer-on hange.
in a coupe me þuȝt I wrange.
me þuȝt þe kinge was atte his met
and I. þe coupe in hande him sett.
¶ Goddote saide Ioseph wiþ miȝt of heyuen
I salle vn-do þi squeuyn ful eyuen.
or þis iij. day be gane
þou salle be out of prisoun tane
and quitte be: be-fore Iustise
and done a-gayne in þine offise. [1 leaf 27]
[1]quen þou art in welþe be-for þe kinge
I. pray þe of me þou make Mynnynge
þat I may þorou þe help of þe
broȝt out of þis prisoun be.
first men stale me fra my thede
now am I. prisoned for giltles dede.
¶ þe spenser saide me þuȝt I bare
a lepe wiþ brede as I wont was are.

FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN

Bot als þai lay in *þat presun*
A-niht, þai mett a visioun,
And of þi[s] sueuen *þat* þai had sene,
Ayder of þaim gan to o*þer* it mene.
Droupand o day he sau þar chere,
And askid qui þai murnand were.
þe botoler for bath gau ansuere,
"Sir," he said, "we er þe droupander
For tua sueuenis we sau in sight,
In vr slepe þis ilk night."
"And quat war þa? for þi leute [col. 2]
þin aune dreme first tell þu me."
"Me-thoght i sau a win tre,
And a bohu wid branches thre;
vp-on þis tre, on ilk-a bohw,
Me-thoght þar hing *grapis* enohw,
And of þe grapis þat þar-on hang
In a covpe me-thoght i wrang.
Me-thoght þe king was at his mett,
And i þat coupe in hand him sett."
"God wat," said ioseph, "wid þe miht
of heue*n*,
I sal vndo þe wele þi sueuen.
Or þis thrid day began,
þu sal be vte of *presun* tan,
And clensid be bifor iustise,
And putt again in þi seruise.
Quen þu es in welth bifor þe king,
For goddes loue of me haue meni*ng*,
þat i may thoru þe help of þe
Out of þis *presun* l[i]ue*r*id be.
First men stal me fra mi thede,
And *presuned* me, sacles of dede."
þe spenser said, "me thoght i bar
A lepe, as i was wont do ar,

GÖTTINGEN

But as þei lay in þat prisou*n*
Anyȝte þei mette a visiou*n*
Of a sweuene þei had sene
Ei*þer* gan to o*þer*e mene
Ioseph say her dropenyng chere
And asked whi þei mournyng were
þe botillere for boþe vnswerde
Sir he seide we ar aferde
For two sweuenes we say in siȝt
In oure slepe þis ilke nyȝt
what were þo for þi lewete
þin owne sweuene firste telle me
Me þouȝte I saw a wyn tre
And a bouȝe wiþ braunches þre
On þis tre on vche bowȝe
henge grapes þicke ynowȝe
Of þo grapes *þer þer*e hong
In a coupe me þouȝte I wrong
þe kyng was at his mete fast
And In his honde þe coupe I þrast
Ioseph seide wiþ myȝte of heuene

I shal arede wel þi sweuene
Or hit be þis þridde day
Of p*r*isoun shal þou be take away
And ben a quit bifore Iustise
And put aȝeyn in þi seruise
whenne þou in wele art wiþ þe kyng
For godde loue on me ha menyng
þat I may bi helpe of þe
Of þis prisou*n* delyuered be
Furst solde was I fro my þede
And now p*r*isou*n* sacles of dede
þe spensere seide me þouȝte I bere
A leep as I was wont do er

TRINITY

Wit bred þat i bar on mi heued;
Me thoght wit rauens it was me refd,
A mikel rauen mi basket hent,
Aboute mi heued he raft and rent."
"Godote," said ioseph, "bes not lang
Bituixand þou on galus hang;
Bot sal it wit-in thre dais be,
It sal na raunsun ga for þe."
Right als ioseph had said be-forn
Was hanged on þe thrid morn.
þe bottelar was lesed þat ilk dai,
Bot ioseph in þat *prisun* lai,
Wit langor lengand and with care,
Lang he was for-geten þar.
Welnes o welth did þis boteler
For-gete ioseph, his drem-reder;
For man þat weltres in his welis
And, thoru his welth, na fautes felis,
þof he ha freind þat lijs in waa [col. 2]
Ful oft he his forgeten sua;
For lang was said, and yeit sua bes,
'Hert sun for-gettes þat ne ei seis';
Bot i dar sai, and god it wat,
'Qua leli luues for-gettes lat'.
¶ Ioseph him lai in þat langing,
Bituixand pharaon þe king
Sagh in slepe suilk a sueuening,
þat he commanded be-for him bring
Clerc and kinthe,[1] erle and baron
To sceu til his a-uisiun, [1 *read* knihte]
At wit if animan þar war
Cuth tel þe birþin þat it bar. [2 ? þam]
Bot was þar nan emang ham[2] all
Cuth sai quat þar-of suld fall.
þan bigan þe boteler sai
O ioseph þat in *prisun* lai.

COTTON

þe bred þat I. bare on my heued
me þuȝt wiþ rauenes hit was me reued.
a mykil rauen my basket hent.
a-boute my heued hit raue *and* rent.
¶ Goddote saide Ioseph hit bes noȝt
be-twix *and* þou a galhes hange. [lang
wiþ-in þes iij. dayes salle hit be
sal na raunsoun saue þe.
riȝt as Ioseph saide be-forne
he was hanged on þe þrid morne.
þe botiler borowed þat ilk day.
bot Ioseph in þe prisoun lay.
wiþ grete misconfort *and* wiþ care.
lange he was for-getyn þare.
wildenes of welþe dide þis botiler
for-gete Ioseph his dreme-reder.
for man þat walteres in his welis
and lakkis noȝt. na faute he felis.
so sares by him þat ys in wa.
ful oft for-getyn ys he squa.
oft ys hit saide *and* ȝet so bese.
hert sone for-getes atte eye noȝt sese
bot I. dar say. soþly in þoȝt.
qua lelly louys for-getis noȝt.
¶ Ioseph him lay in þat langynge.
bi-twix *and* pharaon þe kinge.
saghe a squeuyn in his slepinge
þat he comaunded be-for him bringe.
Clerk *and* kniȝt errel *and* baroun.
to shew til ham his auisioun.
to wete if any man atte *per* ware
cowde telle þe birþin at hit bare.
bot was *per* nane amonge ham alle
þat cowde say quat mote *per*-of falle
¶ þen be-gan þe botiler say.
of Ioseph þat in prisoun lay.

FAIRFAX

wid bred þat i bar on mj heued,
Me thoght wid rauins it was me reued.
A mekil rauin mi basket hent,
Aboute mi hefd it raue and rent."
"Certis," said ioseph, "bes it noght
Bi-tuix and þu on galuis hang,
It sal wid-in thre dais be,
þar sal na ransun ga for þe."
Right as Ioseph said biforn,
He was hangyd on þe thrid morn;
þe botoler was lesid þat ilk day,
And ioseph still in presun lay,
wid langur lengand and wid care,
Lang he was forgetin þare!
wildnes of welth of þis botoler,
For-gatt ioseph his drem-reder,
For man þat weltris in his welis,
And for his welth na fautes felis,
If he haue freind þat lijs in wo
Ful oft he is forgetin so.
Lang was it said, and ȝeit sua bes,
'Sone hert forgetis þat eyen ses',
Bot i dar sai, and god it wate,
'Qua lely loues forgetes late'.

Ioseph lay in þat langing,
Bi-tuix and Pharao þe king

SAu in his slep suilk a sueuening,
þat he comandid bi-for him bring
Clerk and kniht, erle and baron,
T[o] scheu til him his vision,
To wit if ani man þer ware
Coude telle to quat euidens it bare.
Bot þar was neuer an of þaim all
Coude say quat þar-of suld fall.
þan bigan þe botoler say
Of ioseph þat in presun lay,

[lang,
[leaf 82, back, col. 1]

GÖTTINGEN

wiþ breed I bar hit on myn heued
Me þouȝte rauenes hit me reued
A mychel rauen my basket hent
Aboute myn heed hit al to rent
Ioseph seide hit beþ not longe
Or þat þou on galewes honge
hit shal wiþ me þre dayes be
Shal no raumson go for þe
Riȝt as Ioseph seide biforn
he was honged þe þridde morn
þe botillere scaped þe same day
And Ioseph stille in prisoun lay
wiþ mychel care & also wo
longe he was forȝeten so
wildenes of welþe of þis botillere
For ȝat Ioseph his dreme redere
For mon þat walewеþ al in ȝeles
And for þat ioye noon angur feles
þouȝe he haue frend þat is in wo
Ofte he is forȝeten so
ȝore was seid & ȝitt so beþ
herte forȝeteþ þat eȝe not seþ
But I dar saye god woot euer
who so truly doþ forȝeteþ he nouer
Iosep lay in þat longyng
Til þat pharao þe kyng
Say in sleep a sweuen on nyȝt
he commaundide to him bringe riȝt
Clerke knyȝte Erle & baroun
To telle to him his visioun
To wite if any mon were
Coude telle what ende hit bere
But þer was noon of hem alle
Coude say what shulde bifalle
þenne bigon þe botillere speke
Of Ioseph in prisoun steke

[leaf 29]

TRINITY

To þe king þus spak he þan—
"Sir," he said, "i wat a man,
If he forth war broght in place,
I vnderstand he has þe grace
Son o þi drem, wit-outen bide,
þe soth to tell quat mai bitide.
Sir king, þou was wit me wrath
And wit þi maister spenser bath;
In prisun war we don in band,
þar in a juen child we fand;
Aiþer of hus a drem we sau
And he us bad til him it scau;
And we be-gin him for to tell,
He tald us al þat siþen fell."
"Ga to þe prisun," said þe king,
"And him do suith be-for me bring;
Lok cletyng[3] neu on him be don
And þat he cum be-for me son."
þe boteler to þe prisun lep, [3 ? cleþyng]
And suith þar-out he broght ioseph;
And did a-pon him fair clething
And broght him to þat gad[e]ring.
On ioseph sight it was wel sene
þat he had lang in prisun bene;
For lene he was, and wan þe face,
Als he þat was lang fra solace;
þe barunnage mikel ferli thoght
þat suilk to king red was broght.
þan cald þe king ioseph nerr: [nerr,
"I haf soght," he said, "both farr and
[1]At find a man mi drem to rede
Bot hider-to moght i noght spede;
Bot cuth þou tel me quat it ware
Mi grace þou suld haf euermar."
"Sir," he said, "yee sceu it þan,
And i sal red it, if i can; [1 lf 26, bk, col. 2]

COTTON

to þe king þen spak he þan.
sir he saide I. wate a man.
if he ware forþ broȝt in place.
I. vnderstande þat he has grace.
of þi dreme wiþ-outen bide.
þe soþ to telle quat may be-tide.
¶ Sir king þou was wiþ me wraþ.
and wiþ þi maister spenser baþ.
In prisoun ware we done in bande
þer-in a ȝonge childe we fande.
and aiþer of vs a dreme we sawe
and bede he vs til him hit shawe
and we be-gan him for to telle.
he talde vs alle atte siþen felle
¶ ga to þe prisoun saide þe kinge.
and do him squyþe be-for me bringe.
loke cleþinge new on him be done.
and þat he come be-for me sone.
þe botiler to þe prisoun lep.
and squyþ *þer*-oute he broȝt Ioseph
and dide apon him faire cleþinge
and broȝt him to þat grete geddering
on Ioseph siȝt was hit wele seyn.
atte he had lange in prisoun bene.
for lene he was *and* wanne of face.
als a mon wiþ-out solace.
þe baronage mikil ferly þoȝt
þat suche to kingis rede was broȝt.
¶ þen calde þe kinge Iosephe him nere
I. haue soght ful wyde quere.
to finde a mon my dreme to rede.
þer-of na mon has hap to spede.
bot cowde þou tel me quat hit ware
my grace sulde þou haue euer-mare.
¶ Sir he saide shew me hit þan.
and I. salle rede hit if I. can.

FAIRFAX

To þe king þus spac he þan,
"Sir," he said, "i knau a man
þat if he forth war brohut *in* place,
I vnd*er*stand he has þat grace,
If þi drem, widuten bide,
He sal þe tell quat may bityde.
Sir king, þu was anis wid me wrath,
And wid þe maistir spe*n*ser bath,
In p*re*sun war we don in bande,
þar-in a Iuen child we fand;
Eyder of vs a drem we sau,
And he vs bad þai*m* til hi*m* schau,
And we bigan him for-to telle, [col. 2]
He told vs all þ*at* side*n* fell."
"Ga to þe p*re*sun," said þe king,
"And do him suith bi-for me bring;
Loke cloding neu on hi*m* be done,
And þat he cum bi-fore me sone."
Þe botoler to þe p*re*sun lepp,
And sone þar-out he tok ioseph,
And did apon him neu clothing,
And brohut hi*m* bifore þ*at* gad*er*ing.
On ioseph siht it was wele sene,
þat he had lang in p*re*sun bene,
For lene he was, and wan *in* face,
As he þat lang was fra solace.
þe barnage mekil farli thoght,
þat he to kinges rede was broght.
Þan cald þe king ioseph nerre
And said, "i haue soght nere *and* ferr
To find a man mi drem to rede,
Bot hid*er*-to miht i noght spede.
Bot coud þu tell me quat it ware,
Mi g*r*ace þu suld haue eu*er*-mare."
"Sir," he said, "þu scheu it þan,
And i sal rede it als i can.

GÖTTINGEN

To þe kyng he seide þan
Sir he seide I knowe a man
þ*at* if he were brou3te in place
I vndirstonde he haþ þ*at* grace
Of þi dreme wiþouten abide
he shal þe telle þ*at* wol bitide
Sir whenne 3e were wiþ me wroþe
And wiþ þe maister spensere boþe
In prisou*n* were we done in bonde
þ*er*ynne a iewes childe we fonde
Eiþ*er* of vs a dreme we sawe
And he badde vs to hi*m* hem shawe
And we bigon al to telle
he tolde vs al þ*at* aftir felle
Go to þe prisou*n* seide þe kynge
And do hi*m* swyþe to me bringe
þ*at* cloþing newe on him be done
And þ*at* he com bifore me soone
þe botillere to þe prisou*n* went
Soone þ*er*of Ioseph he hent
And dud on hi*m* new cloþing
And brou3t him siþen bifore þe kyng
On Ioseph hit was wel sene
þ*at* he had longe in p*r*isou*n* bene
Lene he was & won in face
As he þ*at* longe was fro solace
þe baronage wondir þou3t
þ*at* he to kyngis cou*n*sel was brou3t
þe kyng called Ioseph nerre
& seide I haue sou3te neer & ferre
To fynde a mon my dreme to rede
But hidurto my3t I not spede
Coudestou telle me what hit wore
Mi grace I grau*n*te þe eu*er*more
Sir he seide shewe hit þou
And I shal rede hit as I con

TRINITY

I am seruand þi wil to do
If godd me gif grace *per*to."
¶ "Me thoght in drem, þis ender night,
þat i com in a medu slight;
Flours and gress i-nogh i faand,
And kij fourtene, þar-in gangand;
þe seuen o þam me thoght ferli
War selcuth fatt and fair[e] kij;
þas oþer seuen yede i to see
þat als selcuth o þam thoght me;
þair hidd was clongun to þe ban,
Sua lene sagh i neuer nan;
Lene and hungre bath war þai,
þai draf þir oþer seuen a-wai;
In þat medu sa lang þai war
þat etten þai had it erthe bare.
I folud siþen, me-thoght, a sti
Vntil a feild, and sagh me bi
Four-ten ers stand o quete,
þe seuen o þam war selcuth grette,
Sa wel war sette me thoght selcuth;
Bot o þas oþer me thoght vncuth,
þai war sa clungu*n*, dri, and tome;
O þis ioseph sai me þi dome,
And giue me þar-of god consail,
And þe sal i neue*r* fail;
þou sal god office haue ful tite,
And all forgiuen þe þi wijtte."
þan ansuerd ioseph, "leue sir king,
Godd has þe sceued a fair warni*n*g,
þar-for godd aght þe wel wit right
To mensk him wit mode and might;
Wel has he warnist þe for-wit
Agains þe wa to gette grith;
For thoru his for-bisenin*g* hir[1]
Wit þou þat þar sal seuen yeir[2]

[1 *read* her]
[2 *read* yer]

COTTON

I am seruande þi wille þar-to.
if god wele gif me *grace* atte do.
¶ Me þuȝt in dreme þis ender niȝt.
þat I. come in a medow sliȝt.
floure *and* gresse I.-noghe I. fande.
and ky .xiiij. *per*-in gangande.
vij. of ham me þuȝt ferly.
ware selcouþe fatte *and* faire ky.
þa oþ*er* vij. ȝode I. to se.
þat als selcouþe of þuȝt me.
þaire hide was clungyn to þe bane
squa lene sagh I. neue*r* nane.
lene *and* hungery baþ war þai.
þai draue *per* oþer vij. a-way.
In þat medow so lange þai ware
þat eten þai hadde þe medow bare.
I fande siþen me þuȝt a sty. [leaf 27, back]
vn-tille a felde I. saghe me by.
xiiij eris stande of quete.
þe vij. of ham ware selcouþe grete
and so wele sette me þuȝt selcouþe.
and of þa oþ*er* me þuȝt vncouþe.
þai ware sa dry clungyn *and* t[illegible]me.
of þis Ioseph þou gif now dome.
and gif me þar-of gode consaile.
and ce*r*tis I sal þe neyue*r* faile.
þou salle haue gode ful mykil *and* tite
and alle for-gif I. þe[illegible] þe wite
¶ þen onsquared Ioseph leue sir kinge.
god has þe sende a faire warninge.
þar-fore þou aghe wiþ gode riȝt.
to worshepe him wiþ mayne *and* miȝt.
wele has he warned þe be-forne
to kepe þi realme[illegible] hit be noȝt lorne.
for be þis squeuen þou talde me here
I warne þe wele hit sal vij. ȝere.

FAIRFAX

I am al bone þi wille to do,
If god wil giue me grace þar-to."
"Me-thoght in drem þis ender niht,
þat i com in a medow sliht,
Floures and gress i-now i fand,
And ky fourtene þar-ine gangand;
þe seuen of þaim me thoght ferli
were selcuth fat and fair ky;
þe toþer seuen i 3ode to se
þaim also selcuth, thoght me,
þair hide was clungen to þe bon,
So lene sau i neuer non,
Lene and hungri bath war þai, [If 33, col. 1]
þai draf þe toþer seuen a-way.
In þat medu so lang þai ware
þat þai had etin þe erd al bare.
Me-thoght siþen i folud a sty
Into a feild and sau me by,
Fourtene eris stand of quete,
þe seuen of þaim war wonder grete,
Sua wele war sett me thoght selcuth;
Bot of þe toþer me thoght vncuth,
þai war sua clungen, dri, and tome.
Of þis, ioseph, say me þi dome,
And giue me þar-of a god consaile,
And þe ne sal i neuer faile.
þu sal gode office haue ful tite,
And all for-giuen þe þi wite."
þan said ioseph, "leue sir king,
Godd has þe schaud a fair warning,
þar-fore au þu wele wid right
To honour him wid mayn and miht,
Siþen he bi-fore has warnid þe,
Againes þi wa to saued be.
For thoru þis for-bisin here,
Witt þu þar sal be seuen 3ere

GÖTTINGEN

I am redy þi wille to do
If god wol 3yue me grace þerto
¶ Me þou3te þat þis 3onder ny3t
I coom in a medewe bri3t
Floures & greses þerynne I fond
And ky fourtene þer ynne goond
Of þe seuen me þou3te ferly
þei were faire & fatte ky
þe opere seuen I 3ode to se
And als mychel wondir þou3te me
her hide was clongen to þe bone
So lene say I neuer none
hongry & lene bope were þai
þei droof þe opere seuen away
In þat medewe so longe þei ware
þei had eten to þe erþe bare
þenne me þou3te I folewed a sty
Into a felde and sawe me by
Fourtene eres stonde of whete
Somme of hem were wondir grete
Ful of corn were þei set þo
But þe topere were not so
þei were clongen drye & tome
Of þis Ioseph say me þi dome
3yue me her of good counsaile
And I shal þe neuer faile
Good offis shal þou haue in plas
And be for3yuen al þi trespas
¶ þenne seide Ioseph leue sir kyng
God haþ þe shewed fair warnyng
þerfore owe þou bi ri3t
To honoure him wiþ al þi my3t
Siþ he bifore haþ warned þe [leaf 29, back]
Of þi woo saued to be
For þour3e þis ensaumple here
wite þer shul be seuen 3ere

TRINITY

O plente be in þi king-rike,
þat er þe seuen fatt beistes like ; 4596
þas oþer seuen nede nett[1] [1 *for* nete]
Bitakens seuen yer of hunger grett[2]
þat al-þer nest sal be foluand, [2 *for* grete]
þat neuer was forwit suilk in land ;
þat sli defaut sal be o bred [col. 2] 4601
þe folk sal be o hunger ded.
Sir king, þis es þi visiun,
For lok þi seluen wit resun, 4604
Bath þi drems ar als an,
For-þi i red þat þou, onan,
Do gett þe a god purueur
þat in þis nede þe mai socur ; 4608
In ilk land men for to sett
To-geder ilk fijft mett
O þe time þat es plente."
"Godote, ioseph, sua sal it be, 4612
Bot, for þou art so mikel opris,
And þer-wit art þou war and wis,
Sua þat nan es funden slik,
Stiward of al mi kingrik 4616
Sal þou be made, and hei iustis,
For wel traist i on þi seruis."
"Nai, sir, tas noght in despite,
Bot first þan wil i ma me quitte 4620
O plight o putifars wijf."
"Do wai," he said, "þer-of na strif."
"Saccles i am and dere has boght."
"I wat þou tells it me for noght,
þi saccles scam wel es it kyd, 4625
þat godd es al þi werkes emid."
Qu[e]n þat þe barunnage of egypte
Sagh he did him sli wirscippe, 4628
Ferli thoght þam hugat he
Was to þe king mad sua priue ;

COTTON

of plente be. in þi kinge-rike.
þat ys þe vij. fatte bestis like.
þa oþer vij. lene nete.
bi-takenis vij. 3ere hungre grete.
þa oþer 3eres next folowande.
sal be þe beste. was euer in lande.
bot first defaute sal be of brede
þe folk salle be for hungre dede.
¶ Sir þis ys þi visioun.
loke þi-self be gode resoun.
baþ þer dremes ar als ane.
for-þi I. rede at þou on.-nane.
do gete þe a gode puruaour.
þat in þis myschefe þe may socour.
In ilk lande men for to sette.
to-gedder ilk fifte mette.
of þe time þat ys plente.
goddote Ioseph se sal hit be.
¶ bot for þou art so mekel of pris.
and fundyn baþ warre *and* wise.
In alle þis lande nys nane him like
Stiwarde ouer alle my kingerike.
sal þou be made *and* hey Iustis.
for wele I. traiste in þi seruise.
¶ nay sir take hit no3t in despite
for first wille I. make me quite
of þe chalaunge of Putiphar wife
nay saide þe kinge þer-of na strife.
Sakles I. am *and* dere has bo3t.
I wate. þou tellis hit me for no3t
þi sakles shame wele ys hit kid
þi werkis to criste ar vn-hid.
¶ quen þe baronage of egipte.
saghe be-done him siche worshepe
ferli þu3t ham how þat he.
wiþ þe kinge was so priue.

FAIRFAX

Of plente be in þi kingrike
þat er þa seuen fat bestes lick,
þat oþer seuen nedi nete
Bitakins seuen 3ere hunger grett,
þat oþer neist sal be foluand
þat neuer was suilk bifor in land,
þat suilk diffaute sal be of bred,
þe folk sal be for hunger dede.
Sir king, þis es þi visyoun,
Loke þi selue wid gode resun,
For bath þir dremes er als on.
For-þi i rede þat þu on-an
Do gete þe a gode purueour,
þat in þis nede may þe socure,
In ilk a land men for to sett
To gadir of ilk þe fijfte mett,
Of þat time þat es plente."
"Certis, ioseph, sua sal it be,
Bot for þu art sua mekil of prijs,
And þar-to þu art bath war and wijs,
So þat non es funden suiche,
Steiward of all my king-riche
Sal þu be made, and hy iustise,
For wele i traist in þi seruise."
"Nay, sir, bot tas noght in despit,
For first þan wil i ma me quit
Of plight of putifars wijf."
"Do queþer," he said, "þar-of na strijf."
"Sacles i am, and dere haue boght."
"I wat þu tellis it me for noght,
þi sacles schame wele sene it es,
And god es wid þi werkis, i-wis."
Quen þat þe barnage of egipt
Sau him haue suilk a worschip,
wonder þaim thoght hou þat he
was to þe king mad sua priue,

GÖTTINGEN

Of plente in þi kyngriche
þat is þese seuen fatte beestes liche
þeese oþere seuen woful neet
Bitokeneþ seuen 3eer hongur greet
þat oþere 3eres shul be folwonde
þat neuer were suche bifore in londe
Suche defaute shal ben of breed
þe folke shal be for hongur deed
Sir Kyng þis is þi avisioun
Loke þi self bi al resoun
For boþe þi dremes ben as oon
þerfore I rede þou anoon
Gete þe a good purueour
þat in þis nede may þe socour
In vche londe men for to set
To geder vche fifte met
Of þat tyme þat is plente
Certis he seide so shal hit be
Ioseph þou art mychel of pris
And þerto boþe war & wis
Noon I se is founde þe liche
here in al my kynryche
Stiwarde þou shal be & heȝe Iustise
For wel I truste in þi seruyse
Nay sir he seide take not to spit
For furste wol I make me quyt
Of gulte of putifares wif
Dowey he seide þer of no strif
Sackeles sir haue I dere aboutȝt
I woot þou tellest hit me for nouȝt
þis sacles shame sene hit is
God is wiþ þi werkes I wis
Whenne þe baronage of egip
Say him haue suche worship
wondir þei hadde how þat he
To þe kyng was made priue

TRINITY

For-qui he was a man vnsene,
And had als in misliking bene.
"We wend wel, sir, he had ben ded."
"Nai, he es noght, godd for-bed!
He was *pr*isund wit iuel red,
And þar-for has he ben in ned,
And þat es sene in his visage,
Man has him don to gret vtrage.
O mi drems no has he
Tald me all q*uat* it mai be,
And i wat nour quar es mak;
I wil him do at vnder-tak
þe wardanscipp of al mi land,
And þat i wil yee vndirstand,
þat al be wroght wit his consail,
Til al mi fok it sal auail;
þe seuen craftes all he can, [leaf 27, col. 1]
And es a selcuth hend[e] man."
¶ Al þat baru*n*age, less and mare,
To þis ioseph an ath þai suare,
Til him als wardan for to tent,
And all to do his co*m*mamend.
Of his aun hand tok þe kyng
And did on ioseph hand þe ring;
And clahtyng on him lette he fall,
Suilk als he self was cled wit-all;
To ride ai quar in kinges thar,[1] [1 *read* char]
And knele him, als he king ware.
þan said þe king to ioseph, "lo!
I am, als þou wat, pharao;
Sal nan sua bald be in mi land
Wit-vten þe stir fute ne hand."
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Cotton & Laud MSS.]
His nam þai chaunged, fra þ*at* our,
And cald him "warld sauueour."

COTTON

for quy ful selden was he sene
and had als in misliking*e* bene.
we wende þai saide he had bene dede
nay saide þe king*e* god hit for-bede
he prisoned was wiþ euel rede.
and þar-fore has he bene in nede.
and þat ys sene in his visage.
for Men has done him grete outrage
of my dremis now has he
talde me alle quat hit may be.
and for I. wate nawre quere his make
I. sal do him atte vnder-take
he sal be rewler of al my lande.
and þat I. wille ȝe vnderstande.
þat alle be wroȝt wiþ his co*n*saile
for alle my folk hit wil a-vaile.
þe vij. craftes alle wele he can
and ys a selcouþ curtaise man.
alle þat baronage lasse *and* mare.
to þis Ioseph̄ an aþ þai square.
to him as warden for to tent.
and alle to do his co*m*mandement.
¶ of his awen hande toke þe k*i*nge.
and dide on Ioseph hande his ringe.
and cleþinge lete he on him falle.
suche as he was cledde wiþ-alle.
to ride in þe kingis chare.
and knele him as he kinge ware.
þen saide þe kinge Ioseph lo.
I. am als þou wate pharao.
sal nane sa balde in al my lande
wiþ-outen strife of fote or hande.
atte me wille calle þat ilk name
he sal be dede wiþ mykil shame.
his name þai chaunged *fra* þ*at* oure
and calde him þe werlde sauiour.

FAIRFAX

For qui, he was a man vnsen,
And had in gret misliking ben.
"we wend wele, sir, he had ben dede."
"Nay," said þe king, "god forbede,
He was *pr*esuned wid ille rede,
Sua has he liued in mekil dred,
And þat es sene in his visage;
Men haue hi*m* don ful gret vtrage.
Of mj dremes nou has he
Teld me quat þer-of wil be,
And for i wat noquar his make,
I wil *þat* he here vnder-take
All þe worschip of mi land, [f 33, bk col. 1]
And þat wil i ȝe vnde*r*stand,
þat all be wroght wid his *con*sail,
For all mi land it sal auail.
þe seuen craftés welc he can,
And es a scleuth wis man."
All his barnage less and mare
vnto ioseph an ath þai suare,
Till him as wardayn for to tent
And for to do his comandement.
Of his awne hand tok þe king
And did on ioseph hand his ring,
And clething on him let he fall,
Suilk as him selue was cled wid-all,
To ride and ga widuten letting,
And knele bifor him als a king:
þan said þe king, "ioseph, lo!
þu wost þat i am pharao,
Sal non sua bald be in mi land,
widuten þe stir fott or hand."
[. . . . . .
. . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
His name þai changid for *þat* onur
And cald him þe worldes saueour;

For he was a mor vnseene
And had in greet mislikynge bene
we wende he had ben deed þing
Nay god forbede seide þe kyng
he was *pr*isou*n*de wiþ fals reede
So haþ he lyued in mychel drede
þat is wel sene in his visage
Men han hi*m* done greet outrage
Of my dremes now haþ he
Tolde me what of hem wol be
For I woot nowhere his make
I wol *þat* he here vndirtake
Al þe worshipe of my londe
þat I wol ȝe vndirstonde
And al be wrou*n*ȝte bi his cou*n*saile
For al my londe hit shal availe
þe seuen craftis wel he can
he is a wondir wise man
Al his baronage hi*m* biforn
To Ioseph han an oþ sworn
To hi*m* as her kepere to tent
And to done his com*m*au*n*dement
Of his owne hond toke þe kyng
And dud on Iosepis his ryng
Cloþing on him he lete falle
Suche as hi*m* self was clad wiþ alle
To ride & go wiþouten lettyng
And knele bifore him as kyng.
þen*n*e seide þe kyng Iosep lo
þou woost *þat* I am pharao
Shal noon so bolde be in my lond
wiþouten þe stire foot or honde
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
his nome þei chau*n*ged for *þat* honour
And calde hi*m* þe worldes saueour

þe king him did a wijf to tak,
Hight assener, a doghti mak.
¶ Ioseph thoght wel on his mister,
Did gader sariantz and squier,
To gedir wrightes, far and nere,
Quar-euer þat þai funden were;
And berns mad wit-in þat yere,
A thusand sette in stedes sere;
And siþen commanded he him-selue
Depe selers for to delue,
And, thoru es aun scel-wis[1] red,
He fild wit wines, quite and red.
Quen þe folk þus sagh him dele
Wit wyn and corn, fless and mele,
And[2] fild þe berns, her and þar,
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Cotton & Laud MSS.]
þe land of egypte, lass and mare
þus ferd he wit þa seuen yeirs,
þat ma þan a thusand selers
Fild he [wit] wins, neu and fress,
And warnistore o salt fless;
Garners and granges fild wit sede,
Maa þan i wit tung can rede,
In ilk sted a sere wardain;
And went him to þe king again,
For to rest him wit þe king,
Affter his mikel traueling.
Quen þe seuen yeirs war vte
Tilmen oueral þe land a-boute,
[3]Als þai war won þair sede had saun,
Bot alkin weke it was wit-draun;
þe erth it clang, for drught and hete,
And sua bigan þe derth to grete.
For þat drught þat was strang,
Na corn on erth, ne gress sprang;

COTTON

¶ þe kinge him dide a wife to take
heȝt asseuer a duȝti make.
Ioseph þoȝt on his mister
dide gadder seriauntes *and* squyere[4]
and al-so wriȝtes ferre and nere.
quare þai euer fundyn were.
and bernys made wiþ-in þat ȝere.
a þousande sette in stedis sere.
and siþen comaunded he him-selue.
depe selers for to delue.
and þorou his awen happy rede.
he filled wiþ wine baþ quyte *and* rede
quen þe folk saghe him þus dele.
wiþ wine *and* corne flesshe *and* mele.
þai filled þaire bernis here *and* tare.
¶ *and* alle þe baronage so til him bare
atte alle þai louted til his lare.
þe lande of egipt lasse *and* mare.
þus ferde he þa vij. ȝeris
þat ma þen a þousande selers
filled he wiþ wine new *and* fresslie
and warnestoure of salt flesshe.
gerners *and* granges filled wiþ sede.
ma þen I wiþ tonge con rede.
In ilk a stede a gode wardayne
and þen went to þe kinge agayne.
for to reste wiþ-oute lesinge.
ofter þis mykil *trau*aillinge.
¶ quen þe vij. ȝere ware oute.
til alle men in lande a-boute.
als þai ware wone þaire sede was sawen.
bot sone ofter hit was wiþ-drawen.
þe erþ hit clange for druȝt *and* hete
and so be-gan þe derþe to grete.
for þe druȝt þat was sa strange.
na corne ne grisse on erþe sprange.

[1] *read* scilwis
[2] ? þai
[3] col. 2
[4] MS. squyeris
[leaf 28]

FAIRFAX

GÖTTINGEN	TRINITY
þe king him did a wijf to take,	þe kyng him made a wyf to take
Hiht assener, a doghti make. 4668	hi3t asseuer a dou3ty make
Ioseph thoght on his mistere,	¶ Ioseph þou3te on his mistere
Gart gadir him seriant and squier	Made gider him seruaunt & squyere
To gadir him writhes fer and ner,	To gete him wri3tes in a stounde
Quare þat euer þai funden were, 4672	where euer þei mi3te be founde
And bernys made wid-in þat 3ere,	Bernes he made in þat 3ere [leaf 30]
A thousand sett in stedis sere.	A þousande sett in studes sere
And siþen comandid he him-selue	And aftir he commaundide him selue
Depe celers for to delue, 4676	Depe seleres for to delue
And thoru his aun witti rede	And bi grace wiþ his witty dede
Fild þaim wid wines, quite and rede.	Filled hem of wynes white & rede
Quen þe folk þus sau him dele 4679	whenne-þe folke þus saw him dele
wid win and corn, fless and mele,	wiþ wyn & corn flesshe & mele
And fild þe lathes here and þar [col. 2]	And filled þo bernes here & þore
[.	[. . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]	. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þe land of egipt less and mar. 4684	þe londis of egipte lesse & more
þus ferd he in þa seuin 3eris,	þus ferde he þo seuen 3eres
þat ma þan a thousand celers	þat moo þen a þousande seleres
Fild he wid wines neu and fress,	Filled he wiþ wynes newe & fresshe
And lardineris wid saltid fless; 4688	And larderes wiþ salt flesshe
Gerneris and granges fild he wid sed,	Graunges gerneres filde he wiþ sede
Ma þan I wid tung can red,	Moo þan I wiþ tonge con rede
In ilk a stede a sere wardain.	In euery stud lafte a wardeyn
þan went he to þe king a-gain, 4692	þenne went he to þe kyng a3eyn
For to rest him wid þe king,	For to reste him wiþ þe kyng
Aftir his mekil trauailing.	Aftir his greete trauailyng
Quen þa seuen 3ere war vte,	whenne þo seuen 3eer were oute
Plomen ouer all þe land aboute, 4696	Plowemen ouer al þe lond aboute
As þai war wont, þair sede to sau,	As þei were wont her seed dud sawe
Bot alkines welth bigan wid-drau.	But al welþe bigon wiþdrawe
þe erde clang for hete and drohut,	þe erþe clang for hete & drye
And so bigan þe drech cum vte, 4700	And so þe wo bigon vp hye
For þat dreþ þat was sua strong,	For þat drou3te þat was so strong
Corn no griss on erde non sprong.	Corn ne gras on erþe noon sprong

þan deid þe bestes vp biden,
Thoru þe hunger þat was sa kene,
þat be þe thrid yeir was gan,
Vnnethes was þer beist left an.
þe wirche[1] pouer moght find na fode,
þai war sa fele þat begand yode,
þe flotes war secand þe land, [1 *read* wrecche]
Bi hundretȝ als, and bi thusand,
þat soght þam rotes, als þe suine,
Soru it was to se þar pin.
þe childir and þe men of heild
þai lai don ded on þe feild.
Bi for þe king þai com wit cri,
And said, "lauerd, þou ha merci
O þi folk for vnger ded,
Was neuer mare mister o bred;
þof men ouer all has saun feilds,
O corn es þar noght an *þat* yeilds;
Qualm has beistes al ouergan,
Bot if sum bote o þe be tan,
þe folk mon dei vp al bidene
Wit qualm, þis hunger es sa ken."
¶ þe king herd þis and weped sare,
And sagh mens bodis bolnud ware;
For, wijt yee wel, *þat* in þat tide
Had he in his hert na pride.
"Lauerdinges," he said, "wel wat yee
Mi stiward ioseph al fedes me,
For darworthi þar-til es he, [2 MS. bonte; *read* bote]
He es al lauerd, and sua sal be;
Bot gas and fals yee him to fote
And prais him he do yow boute,[2]
And þat he giue yow of his corn,
Ar hunger haue yow al be-storn."
To ioseph went þai, criand þan,
"Ha reuth on vs, þou blisced man,

COTTON

þen dyed þe bestes vp bedene.
þorou þat hungre þat was sa kene
þat bi þe formast ȝere was gane
vnneþe left was þer ane.
¶ þe wrecche poer miȝt finde na fode
þai ware so mony atte beggande ȝode
þe folk was sechande al þe lande.
be .vj. hundreþ *and* bi þousande.
soȝt ham rotes as þai ware squyne
sorow hit was to se þaire pine.
þe childer *and* þe men of elde
lay lyande dede a-pon þe felde.
be-for þe king þai come to cry
and saide lorde þou haue mercy.
kepe þi folk for hungre dede.
was neuer mare meister of brede
ȝour men oueral has sawen þaire feldes
and noȝt agaynewarde ys þat hit ȝeldis.
qualme has bestes alle ouer-tane.
bot ȝe sette bote our life ys gane.
þi folk mone dey al be-dene.
þis qualme ys so cursed *and* kene.
¶ he herde ham cry *and* wepe sare.
and saghe þaire bodis bolned ware.
bot wete þou wele in þat tide.
in hert he had ful litel pride.
lordinges he saide wele wate ȝe.
my stiwarde Ioseph he fedes me.
for derworþly *þer* to ys he.
he ys al lorde *and* so salle be.
bot gas *and* falles him to fote
and pray him ordayne ȝou sum bote
and atte he gif ȝou of his corne.
or hungre haue ȝou alle for-lorne
¶ to Ioseph went þai criande þan
haue rewþe of us þou blessed man.

FAIRFAX

þan died þe bestes vp all bidene
For *þat* hunger þat was sua kene,
þat bi þe formast 3ere was gan,
vnethes was þar best left an.
þe wrecched pore miht find na fode,
þai were so fele *þat* beggand þai 3ode,
þe flockis war sekand in þe land,
Be hundris and be thousand,
þat soght þaim rotis als þe suyn,—
Soru it was to se *þat* pin.
þe childer and þe men of elde
For hunger lay dede in þe feilde;
Before þe king þai come wid cri,
And said, "lauerd, þu haue mercy
Of þi folk for hunger er dede,
was neuer mar nede of brede.
þou men ouerall haue saun feldes, [fr 34, col. 1]
Of corn es noght on *þat* vp-3eildes;
þe qualm has bestis all ouer-gan;
Bot if sum bote of þe be tan,
þi folk sule dey vp all bidene
wid qualm, þis hunger es sua kene."

ÞE king sau þis, and wep ful sore,
And sau men bodis bolnand wore,
For wit 3e wele, *þat* in *þat* tide,
Had he in hes herte na pride.
"Lordi[n]ges," he said, "wele wot 3e
Mi steuard ioseph al fedis me,
For derworthili es he þar-tille,
He es all lord, and þat es skill;
Bot gas and falles him to fote
And prais him he do 3ou bote;
And þat he giue 3ou of his corn
Ar 3e for hunger be for-lorn."
To ioseph went þai criand þan,
"Þu reu on vs, þu blisful man,

GÖTTINGEN

þe beestis de3ed vp al bi dene
For *þat* hongur was so kene
þat bi þe furst 3eer was goon
vnneþe was *þer* beest laft oon
þe wrecched pore fond no fode
þei were so fele beggyng þei 3ode
To gider þei flocked in *þat* lond
Bi hundrides & bi þousond
þei sou3te hem rotes as doné swyn
Sorwe hit was to se *þat* pyn
þe childre & þe men of elde
For hongur lay deed in þe felde
Bifore þe kyng þei coom wiþ cry
And seiden lord þou haue mercy
Of þi folke for hongur is deed
was neuer more nede of breed
þei men ouer al sewe feldes
Of corn nou3t hit vp 3eldes
þe qualme haþ beestis ouergon
But if sum bote be þe on
þe folke shul de3e al bi dene
wiþ qualme þis hongur is so kene
¶ þe kyng say þis & wepte sore
how mennes bodies bolned wore
wite we wel in þat tide
had he in his herte no pride
Lordinges he seide wel wite 3e
Ioseph my stiwarde fedeþ me
Forder worþely is he *þer* tille
he is a lord þat is skille
But goþ & falleþ him to fote
And preye him to do 3ou bote
þat he 3yue 3ou of his corn
Or 3e for hongur be forlorn
To Ioseph went þei criyng þon
Rewe on vs þou blisful mon

TRINITY

And len vs sumquat o þi sede,
Was neuer ar sua mikel nede,
Len vs sumquat wit þi scep."
" I sal yow lene," þan said ioseph.
Ioseph þat was ful o pite [lf 27, bk, col. 1]
Did thresche son in þat contre;
Quen þe sede was dight and boun
He salde ilkman his porcion,
Sua þat þai moght scilwisli,
þai and þair fernet, liue þar-bi.
In sum bok find i þar a wile
þat ioseph fand þat was sutile;
þe caf he cast o corn sumquile
In þe flum þat hait þe nile;
For-qui þat flum þat rennes þar
Til ioseph hus it has þe fare.
¶ þis hunger, þat i her of tell,
In landes als a-bute it fell,
Men mist it nour quare in land,
And seuen yeir it was lastand.
þan iacob and his suns warn
For defaut wel ner for-farn;
Soruful war þai, was na selcuth,
þat had noght to put in þair mouth;
þof þai had siluer and gold red
þai moght noght find to bi þam bred;
His childer oft for hunger grete,
O bote he ne wist how þam to bete;
Oft he liftud vp his hend
To godd, þat he helpe þam wald send,
And ar grant þam son menskli to dei,
Ar þat misese lang for to drei.
Bot our lauerd godd o might
Hers mans praiyer þat es right;
For þof he proue his freind wit pine,
þar-for wil he noght him tine.

COTTON

and lene vs sumquat of þi sede
was neuer are sa mykil nede.
lene vs sumquat of þi skep.
I salle 3ou lene þen saide Ioseph̄.
Ioseph was euer ful of pite.
lete þresshe þe corne in iche cuntre
quen þe sede was di3t *and* boun.
he salde ilkan his porciou*n*.
so atte þai mu3t skilfully
wiþ þaire meyne liue þar-by.
¶ In þis boke al-so we rede
how Ioseph toke *and* dide in dede.
þe chaf of corne as I. 3ou say
in a wate*r* he kest a-way.
in-to a flume atte ran þare.
to Iacob hous þe winde hit bare.
þis hunge*r* þat I. 3ou of telle
In alle landes aboute hit felle
men miste hit naure in na lande
vij. 3ere was hit lastande.
þat Iacob *and* his sones warne
for hungre almast for-farne.
sorouful ware þai was na selcoupe
for þai had no3t to putt in moupe
þo þai had siluer *and* golde rede.
þai mi3t naure finde to by ham brede
¶ his childer for brede ful sare con grete
he cowde na bote þaire bale to bete
oft he lifted vp his hende. [leaf 28, back]
and prayed to god sum corne him sende
and gif ham grace menskly to deye
or þai lange þis payne sulde drye.
¶ bot our lorde god of mi3t
heres monnes prayer atte ys ri3t.
alle If he proue his frende wiþ pine
3et þinkes he no3t him to tyne

FAIRFAX

And lene vs sumquat of þi sede,
was neuer ar sua mekil nede,
Lene vs sunquat wid þi skep."
"I sal 3ou lene," said ioseph.
Ioseph was ful of pite,
Did threches sone in þat contre,
Quen þe sede was dight and bone,
He sald ilk an his porciun,
Sua þat þai miht skilfully
þai and þair meyne liue þar-bi.
In bokis find we of a wile
þat ioseph did þat was sotile,
þe chaf of corn he kest vmquile,
Into þe flum þat men call Nile,
For-qui þ[a]t watir þat rennis þare,
To iacob hus it has þe fare.
þis hunger þat i here of tell [col. 2]
In landis all aboute it fell,
Men mist it noquer in no land,
And seuen 3ere it was lastand.
þan iacob and his sonis ware
wid hunger in point to for-fare,
Soruful þai were, was na selcuth,
þai had noght to put in þair mouth.
þou þai had siluer and gold rede,
þai miht noght find to by na bred,
þir childer oft for hunger grett,
And iacob ne wist hu þair hunger to [bett.
Oft he lifted vp his hend
To godd þat he him help suld send,
And grant him sone menskli to dey,
Ar þat hunger lang to drey.
Bot vr lauerd godd all-miht
Heris man prayer, and þat es riht,
For þou he proue his freind wid pine,
þar-for wil he him noght tine;

GÖTTINGEN

And lene vs sum what of þi sede
was neuer eer so mychel nede
Sum wat lene vs bi þi skep
I shal 3ou lene seide Iosep
¶ Ioseph was ful of pite
lete presshe soone in þat cuntre
whenne þe seed was al boun
he solde vchone his porcioun
So þat þei myȝte skilfuly
þei & her meyne lyue þerby
In bokes fynde we of a wile
þat Ioseph dud þat was sotile
þe chaf of corn he cast oþer while
Into a watir men callen nyle
For þat watir þat ran þare
To Iacobus hous hit had þe fare
þis hongur þat I here of telle [lf 80, bk]
In londes al aboute hit felle
Men miste hit no where in no lond
Seuen 3eer hit was lastond
þenne Iacob & his sones ware
wiþ hongur in poynt to forfare
Sorweful þei were no selcouþ
Nou3t hade þei to put in her mouþ
Siluer þei had & golde rede
But þei myȝte fynde to bie no brede
For hongur sore þese childer dud grete
Iacob wist not how hit to bete
Ofte he helde vp his hende
To god him for to helpe sende
And þat he myȝte menskly deȝe
Ar he þat hongur longe shulde dreȝe
But oure lord god of myȝt
hereþ monnes preyere in riȝt
For þouȝe he preue his frend with pyne
þerfore wol he not him tyne

TRINITY

Iacob wen he was mast in sijt
God lighted him, wit-outen lijt.
Bitid þan in a litel quile
Iacob yode walcand be þe nile ;
He sagh a-pon þe watur reme
Caf flettand dunward [with] þe strem ;
O þat sight wex he ful blith
And til his suns he tald it suith :—
" Childir," he said, " yee list and lete,
I sagh caf on þe watur flete ;
Queþen[1] it com i can not rede,
Bot dunward flette it wel god spede ;
If it be commen fra fer land
Lok quilk of us sal tak on hand
For vs alle do þis trauail,
þar of es god we ta consail,
Again þe flum to folu þe sloth,
Corn þan sal we find for soththh."
Ruben said þan his resun :—
" Lo, me ! i am all redi bun
Our aller nedes vnder ta,
Giue me mi graith and lat me ga."
His breþer said, " bot ga we alle,
In godds nam, and sua we sall."
" Siluer inogh wit yow yee tak,
And i yow prai, for drightin sak,
Quen yee funden haue your fang
þat yee duell not þan to lang ;
Bot gas warli thoru vncuth land,
Godd hald ouer yow his holy hand.
þere breþer went out o chanaan,
For þar was iacob wonnand þan ;
þair yongest broþer left þai at ham,
Beniamin þan was his nam.
i heied þam [fast] on þair wai,
þat vntil egypte son com þai ;

[1] MS. has Quenþen

COTTON

bot quen þe bal ys alder hext
þen sum time ys bote next.

BE-tidde a time in litel quile
Iacob went walcande bi þe Ile
he saghe a-pon þe wateres reme.
chaf fletande come wiþ þe streme.
of þat siȝt wex he fulle bliþe.
and tille his sones talde hit squyþe
¶ Childer he saide ȝe liste *and* lete.
I. saghe chafe on þe water flete.
queþen hit come I. con noȝt rede
bot doun þe water hit come gode spede
if hit be commyn fra ferre lande
loke quilke of us sal take on hande
to do þis trauaile for vs alle.
or ellis for hungre we mone falle
agayne þe flume to folow þe sloþ
and corne ȝe sal þen finde for-soþ.
¶ Ruben saide þen his reson.
lo I. am alle-redy boun.
our aller nedis vnder ta.
gif me my graiþe *and* lete me ga.
his breþer saide bot go we alle.
In goddes name *and* so we salle.
siluer I.-noghe ȝe wiþ ȝou take
and I. ȝou pray for goddis sake.
quen ȝe fondyn haue ȝour fange
loke ȝe dwelle noȝt to lange
gas warly þorou-out vncouþ lande
god halde ouer ȝou his haly hande
¶ þes breþer went out of chanaan.
for þer was Iacob dwellinge þan.
þaire ȝongest broþer laft atte hame
Beniamyn was his name
þai hyed ham fast a-pon þaire way
and vn-to egipt sone come þai.

FAIRFAX

Iacob que*n* he was mast in siht,
God him *con*fortid widuten liht.
Be-tid þan, in a littel quile,
Iacob 3ode walkand bi þe Nile,
He sau apon þe watris reime
Chaf cu*m* fletand wid þe streme.
Of *þat* sight wex he ful blith,
And til his sonis he tald it suith,
"Childer," he said, "3e list and lete,
I sau chaf on þe wat*er* flete;
Que*þen* it comis i can noght rede,
Bot doun it fletis ful god spede.
If it be com*en* fra fer land,
Loke quilk of 3u sal take on hand,
For vs all take þis trauaile,
þar-of es gode we ta *con*saile.
Agayn þe flum to folu þe chaf, [leaf 34, bk, col. 1]
Corn þare sul we find to haf."
Ruben þan said his resun,
"Lo," he said, "I am al-redi boun,
vr aller nedis to vnder-ta,
Gif me tresur and lat me ga."
His breder said, "may we ga all
In goddes name, and sua we sall."
"Tresur enohut wid 3u 3e take,
And i 3ou pray for goddes sake,
Que*n* 3e funde*n* haue 3our fang
þat 3e duell noght þar to lang.
Bot gas warli in vncuth land,
God hald ou*er* 3ou his hali hand."
Þire brede*r* went vte of canaan,
For þare was Iacob wonand þan;
þar 3ongest broder þai left at hame,
Beniamyn þan was his name,
þai heyed þaim apon þair way,
þan sone to egipt com þai.

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne iacob was moost in fray
God hi*m* coum*f*ortide þat al do may
Soone aftir in a litil while
Iacob 3ode bi þe watir of nyle
he say vpon þe watir glem
Chaf com fletyng wiþ þe streem
Of þat si3te wex he ful bli3e
And to his sones tolde hit swiþe
Childre he seide 3e luste & lete
I saw chaf on þe watir flete
Whepon hit comeþ con I not rede
But doun hit feteþ ful good spede
If hit be comen fro fer lond
Loke whiche of 3ou wol take on hond
For vs alle to *trau*aile
herof is good we take coun*s*aile
A3eyn þe flum to fynde þe chaue
Corn *þere* shul we fynde to haue
¶ Ruben seide to his resoun
Lo I am al redy boun
Oure aller nedes to take in place
3yue me tresour & lete me pace
his bro*þer* seide go we alle
In goddes name & so we shalle
Tresour ynou3e wiþ 3ou 3e take
And I 3ou preye for godde sake
Whe*n* 3e fou*n*den han *þat* þing
þat 3e make not longe dwellyng
But goop wisely in vncouþe londe
God holde ouer 3ou his holy honde
þese bre*þer* went fro canaan
For *þere* was Iacob wonyng þan
her 3ongest bro*þer* þei lefte at home
Be*n*iamin was his nome
þei hi3ed hem vpon her wey
Soone to egipte comen þey

TRINITY

Bot quen þai sagh þat corn plente,
Bliþer men moght neuer be;
For bred to sell þai fand and boght,
And to ioseph þai siþen soght,
And men þam taght quilk was ioseph.
And dun þai kneld at his fette,
Cuth þai wit him na kything tak,
And vncuthli to þam he spak.
" Childer," he said, "wepen are yee?"
" Sir, wee are o farr cuntre,
Of a land hait chanaan,
þar-in es mani nedi man."
þan said ioseph, ful vncuthli,
"Bot er yee comen þe land to spi?"
"Nai," þai said, "lauerd, godd for-bede!
Bot elles we come for mikel nede,
For þis hunger it es vtenem,
We ar all a man barn-teme;
For þar es hunger in our kingrike,
þat was þar neuer forwit slike;
þe folk þan deies al be-dene,
Sli hunger was neuer i wene,
And þar-for haue hidder soght
And parti siluer wit vs broght,
Al redi penijs for to tell [leaf 28, col. 1]
If we moght find her oght to sell;
For we prai þi lauerd-hed
þat þou wald us help in nede,
O þi mikel plente here
To sel us, be it neuer sa dere;
Thar þe lauerd haf na mistring
þat we suld com for oþer thing."
"I sal yow sell, bot tells me
Quat-kin man yur fader[1] be." [1 MS. faber]
" Iacob, sir, es our fadir nam—
An ald man es ur fader nam,[2]

COTTON [2 wrongly repeated by scribe]

bot quen þai saghe *þer* corne plente
Murer men miȝt neuer be
for brede to selle þai fande *and* boȝt
and to Ioseph siþen þai soȝt.
and men ham taȝt quyche was he
doun þai sette ham alle on kne
cowde þai wiþ him na kiþinge take
and vncouþely to ham he spake
¶ childer he saide queyþen ar ȝe.
sir an saide of ferre cuntree.
of þe lande of chanaan.
þer-in ys mony nedeful man.
þen saide Ioseph ful vncouþly
bot ar ȝe *com*myn þis lande to spy
nay þai saide lorde god for-bede
bot ellis *com*myn for mykil nede.
for þis hunger hit ys out-neme
we ar alle an *mo*nnes barneteme
þer ys hunger. in our kingerike.
was *þer* neuer nane hit like.
þe folk ar dede vp bedene.
suche hunger was neuer sene.
and þar-fore haue we hidder soȝt
a *par*ty of siluer wiþ vs broȝt.
redy payment for to telle
if we finde any corne atte selle.
we prai þe of gode lorde-hede
atte þou help us atte þis nede.
of þi mikel plente here
to selle us be hit neuer sa dere
þer thar be lorde na mistrowynge.
atte we come for o*þer* þinge.
¶ I salle ȝou selle bot telles me.
quatkin *mo*nnys sones ȝe be.
Iacob ys our fader name.
an alde mon we left at hame

FAIRFAX

Bot quen þai sau corn plente,
Glader men miht neuer be,
Bred to sell þai fond and bohut,
And to Ioseph siþen þai soght.
And men þaim taght quilk was Ioseph,
And doune þai knelid at his step.
Coud þai of him na knaulag take,
And vnkudly to þaim he spac.
"Childer," he said, "queþen er ȝe?"
"Sir," þai said, "of a contre
þar in es mani a nedi man,
Of a land men calis canaan."
þan said Ioseph ful vncuthly,
"Bot er ȝe comen þis land to spy?"
"Nai," þai said, "lord godd forbede,
Bot we er comen for mekil nede,
For þis hunger it es vte-neme; [col. 2]
We er all a manes barnteme,
þar es hunger in vr king-riche,
was þar neuer bi-for non suiche.
þe folk dies vp all bidene,
Suilk a hunger was þar neuer nan sene.
And þar-for haue we hider sohut,
And a parti mone wid vs broght,
Redi penis we haue to tell
If we may find here aught to sell.
For-þi we pray þi lauerd-hede,
þat þu wil help vs in þis nede,
Of þi mekil plente here
To selle vs, be it neuer so dere.
Thar þe lauerd, haue na mistrouing
þat we suld cum for ani oþer thing."
"I sall ȝou selle, bot telles nu me,
Quat kines a man ȝur fader es he?"
"Sir, iacob es vr fader name,
An ald man we left at hame.

GÖTTINGEN

Whenne þei say of corn plente
Gladder men miȝt none be
Breed to sille þei fond & bouȝt
And to Ioseph soone þei souȝt.
Men hem tauȝte whiche was he
Doun þei kneled on her kne
Couþe þei of him no knowleche take
And vncouþely to hem he spake
Childre he seide wheþen are ȝe
Sir þei seide of a cuntre
þerynne is mony a nedy man
þe londe men calleþ canaan
þenne seide Ioseph ful vncouþly
what are ȝe comen þis lond to spy
Nay þei seide lord vs forbede
But we are comen for greet nede
For bittur hongur þat is bifalle
Oon monnes childer are we alle
þer is hongur in oure kingriche
Was þer neuer noon hit liche
þe folke deȝeþ vp al by dene
Suche hongur was neuer eer sene
þerfore haue we hidur souȝt
A party of money wiþ vs brouȝt
Redy pens haue we to telle [leaf 81]
If we may fynde corn to selle
þerfore we pray þi lordhede
þat þou vs helpe in þis nede
Of þi muchel plente here
To selle vs be hit neuer so dere
haue ȝe lord no mys trowyng
þat we shulde com for oþere þing
¶ I shal ȝou selle hit telleþ me
What maner mon ȝoure fadir is he
Sir iacob is oure fadir nome
An olde mon we lefte at home

TRINITY

Elleuen breþer es we liuand,
An at ham, ten in þis land."
"And quat es he þat es þe lest?"
"Sir, beniamin hatte þe yongest."
Wen he biheild þam on a rau,
Wel ilkan he cuth þam knau;
Thoght a-pon his fadir care,
And, þar-for, sighed he ful sare.
þair siluer he tok and gaue þam corn
And to þair ine did it be born;
And did waitte at a priue tide,
And did a siluer cupe at hide,
In a sek, þe corn be-side,
And bad þam to þe mete a-bide.
Qu[e]n þai had eten, and war al bun
For to wend son vte o ton,
Ioseph þam said þan a sarmun,
And þus þam sceud his resun :—
"God men," he said, "now sal yee far,
Bot of our king i warn yow are;
I am not king al ouer þis land,
Bot ilkman sal wel vnderstand
þe king of it, hatt pharaon,
þat al his will can gar be don;
He es dred ouer al and es rike,
And i stiward of his king-rike;
Of him i wijt yow sai truli,
O theft he wil haue no merci;
For qua þat es wit stolen thing
Funden he wil þat he hing;
I sai it noght for-qui þat yee
Ne ern lickli lel men to be;
Godd yow giue well for to fund
And bring yow ham, bath hali and sund,
Hale and fere, your fadir to se, [col. 2]
Drightin yow do þat it sua be."

xj. breþer we ar liuande.
an. atte hame x. ys in lande
and quat ys he þat ys þe lest
lorde beniamyn hat þe ȝongest.
quen he be-helde am alle on raw
wele ilkane he cowde ham knaw
he þoȝt a-pon his fader care
and þar-fore sighed he fulle sare
he toke þaire siluer *and* gaf ham corne
and lete lede hit to þaire in be-forne
and wayded atte a priuay tide
a siluer coupe he made hide.
In a sek þe corne be-side
and bad ham to þe mete a-bide
¶ quen þai had eten *and* ware boun
for to wende out of þe toun.
Ioseph ham saide sarmoun. [Chap. 20]
and þus ham shewed his resoun.
gode men saide he ȝe sal fare
bot of our kinge I. warne ȝou are.
I am noȝt kinge ouer al þis lande.
bot ilk mon sal wele vnderstande
þe kinge of hit hatte pharaon.
þat alle his wil con make be don
he dred ouer-alle *and* his rike.
and I. his stiwarde wiþ-out squyke
of him I. telle ȝou truly
of theft he wille haue na mercy.
qua-so ys takin wiþ stollyn þinge
wiþ-outen raunsoun he wil him hinge
I say hit noȝt for-þi attyn ȝe
ar likly lelmen for-to be.
god ȝou giue wele for to founde
and bringe ȝou hame baþ hale *and* sounde
hale *and* fere ȝour fader to se.
lorde lene grace atte hit so be.

COTTON FAIRFAX

Elleuen brepe*r* we er lyveand,
Ane at hame and ten in þis land."
"And quat es he, þa*t* es þe lest?"
"Sir, beniamin hight he, 3ongest."
Quen he biheld þai*m* all oraue, 4851
wele ilk an he coud þaim knaue,
He thoght apon his fadir care,
And þar-for syhid he ful sare. 4854
Þair siluer he tok and gaf þaim corn,
And to þair in did it be born;
He gart waite at a pri*u*e tide,
And did his siluer coupe to hide 4858
In a sec þe corn biside,
and bad þaim to þe mete a-bide.
Quen þai had etin and war boune
For to wend ham vte of toun, 4862
Ioseph bi-gan þan his sarmon, [leaf 35, col. 1]
And þus þaim he scheud his resun.
"Gode men," he said, "3e sal fare,
Bot of vr king I warne 3ou are,
I am noght king ou*er* þis land, 4867
Bot ilk man sal wele vnd*er*stand,
þe king of þis land hat Pharao,
þat alle his will can gar be do; 4870
Ou*er*-alle es dredd, and he es riche,
þat was þar neu*er* bifor non suiche:
Of him i tell 3ou witterly
Of thef wil he haue na merci, 4874
For-qua so es tan wid stoln thing,
He wil þa*t* do him to hing.
I say noght þis bot þa*t* 3e
Ar like treu men for to be. 4878
Godd giue 3ou wele for to founde,
And bring 3ou ham hal and sounde,
Hal and fere 3ur fad*er*, to se, 4881
God gra*n*t 3ou þa*t* it so may be."

GÖTTINGEN

Elleuen brepere are we lyuonde
Oon at home & ten in þis londe
what he seide is he þe leest
Sir beniamin het þe 3ongest
whenne he bihelde hem on rowe
Wel vchone he coude hem knowe
his fadir care þou3te he on þore
And þerfore he siked ful sore
For siluer he toke & 3af hem corn
And to her ynne dud hit be born
he lete waite at a pri*u*e tide
And dud his siluer coupe to hide
In a secke biside her corn
And bad hem bide to mete þa*t* morn
Whenne þei had eten & were boun
For to wende hoom out of toun
Ioseph bigon to sermoun go
And þus shewed hem his resoun þo
Gode men he seide 3e shal fare
But of oure kyng I warn 3ou 3are
I am not kyng ouer þis londe
vche man shal vndirstonde
Oure kyng hette pharao
And al his wille con make be do
Ouer al I drad and also riche
was neuer eer mon him liche
Of him I telle 3ou witterly
Of þeof wol he haue no mercy
Who so is taken wiþ stolen þinge
he wol him do soone to hinge
I say not þis but þat 3e
Seme trewe men to be
God graunte 3ou wel to founde
And bringe 3ou hoom hoole & soun
3oure fadir to se hool and fere
God 3ou graunte lorde dere

TRINITY

"Sir, godd þe for-yeild," þan said þai,
"Of al þi god, and haue god day:"
¶ Quen þat þai fulli forth war gan
Ioseph sargantz[1] cald onan— [1 MS. sangantz]
"Childer," he said, "we serue þe king,
And we miss sumquat of his thing;
Ef he it wijt he mon be wrath,
Bot godd forbede, þat ware me lath;
Yon er theues we lelmen wend,
And theif es he þam hider send;
Dos folus þam to ripe þair war,
Ar þai ouer far be on þeir fare;
If in þar sekces be oght funden
Lõk þãi alle be tain and bonden."
[. . . . . .
no gap in the Cotton & Laud MSS.]
þe sargantz þat ware brem als bare
Ran and ouertok þam þare.
"Theues," said þai, "yee most abide,
Wene yee þe king tresur at hyde?
He þat has yow don socur
Stoln haue yee of his tresur;
Ful ilhale did yee þat dede,
For suilk þar-of sal be your mede."
¶ "Sertes," said þai, "leue lauerdinges,
Haue we noght þan o þe kinges,
We ar bath treu men and lele,
For ware we neuer wont at stele;
Ne haue we wit us trussed noght,
Bot thing þat we ha lele boght,
And of our lele bi-geten thing,
For drightin dos vs na letting."
þair seckes son þai laid on hand,
þat ilk cupe þai soght þai fand.
"Ha ha, traitors, now wel is sene
Queþer þat yee be fule or clene."

COTTON

¶ Sir god for-ʒilde ʒou *and* haue godai
þai saide na mare bot went *þer* wai
quen atte þai þus forþ ware gane
Ioseph a seriaunt calde a-nane.
childer he saide we *ser*ue þe kinge
and we mis sumquat of our þinge.
if he hit wiste he walde be wraþ
god for-bede þat ware me laþ.
ʒonder ar theues we lelmen wende
a thefe ys he ham hidder sende
do folow ham *and* ripe þaire ware
and lete ham neuer forþer fare
in þaire sekkis *and* oʒt be fundyn.
loke þai alle be tane *and* bundyn.
do now wele as I. ʒou say
bot do ham na arme in na way.
¶ þer *ser*iauntes at ware brem as bare
and ran *and* ouer-toke ham þare.
theuis saide þaĩ ʒe salle a-bide
wene ʒe þe kinges tresour hide
he þat ʒou has done socoure.
stollyn ʒe haue of his tresour.
ful il haile dide ʒe þat dede.
for so *þer*-of sal be ʒour mede.
*cer*tis saide þai leue lordinges
haue we na-þing tane of þe kinges
we ar baþ trew men *and* lele.
ware we neu*er* wont a stele
ne haue we wiþ us trussed noʒt.
bot þinge þat we haue lelly boʒt.
and of our lele be-gityn þinge.
for goddes loue do vs na lettinge
þaire seckes sone þai laide on hande
þat coupe þai soʒt *and* sone hit fande
a traytours now ys hit sene.
que*þer* atte ʒe be foule or clene.

FAIRFAX

"Sir, godd 3ou for-3elde," said þay,
"Of all 3our gode, and has god day."
Quen þai forth fully war gan,
Ioseph sergauntis called on-an,
"Childer," þai[1] said, "we serue þe king,
And we misse sumquat of his thing,
If he it wit he wil be wroght, [1 *read* he]
And god for-bede, *þat* war vs loth.
3on er theues we lelemen wende,
And he a thif þaim hider sende.
Foluis þaim and ransakis þair ware,
Ar þat þai pass or fra vs fare,
If in þair sekkes ahut be funden
Loke þai all be tan and bunden."
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
Þe sargantes þat war brim as bar,
þai ran and ouer-tok þaim þar.
"Theues!" þai said, "3e sal a-byde,
wend 3e þe kinges tresur to hide? [col. 2]
He þat 3ou has done socoure,
Stolin 3e haue of his tresur.
In an ille time did 3e dis dede,
For suilk þar-of sal be 3our mede."
"Certis," þai said, "leue lordinges,
Haue we noght tan of þe kinges;
we er bath treu men and lele,
war we neuer wont to stele,
we ne haue wid vs trussed noght,
Bot thing þat we lely haue boght,
And vr aun lele bigetyn thing,
For goddes loue dos vs na letting."
Apon þair sekes laid þai hand,
þat coupe þai soght and sone þai it fand.
"A! traitours, nou es it sene,
Queþer þat 3e be foule or clene."

GÖTTINGEN

God 3ou forzelde seide þai
To alle 3oure gode & haueþ good day
¶ whenne þei alle forþ were goon
Ioseph seruauntis called anoon
Childre he seide we serue þe kyng
We misse sumwhat of his þing
If he wite he wol be wrooþ
God hit forbede þat were vs looþ
3ondir be þeues we trowe wende
And he a þeof hem hider sende
Folweþ hem & ransakeþ her ware
Or þei forþer fro vs fare
If in her seckes be ou3te founde
Loke þei alle be take & bounde
[. . . . . .
. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]
þe seriauntis penne breme as boor
Ran & ouer toke hem þor
þeues þei seide 3e shul abide
Wende 3e þe kyngis tresour to hide
he þat 3ou haþ done socour
Stolen 3e haue of his tresour
In euel tyme dud 3e þis dede
For suche þerof wol be 3oure mede
¶ Certis þei seide leue lordyngis
haue we not stolen þe kyngis þingis
we are trewe men & lele
Were we neuer wont to stele
we haue wiþ vs trussed nou3t
But þing þat we truly bou3t
And so is oure t[r]ewe geten þing
For goddes loue do vs no lettyng
vpon her sackes leide þei hond
þe coupe þei sou3t & soone fond
Traitours þei seide now is sene [ff 31, bk]
Whether 3e be foule or clene

TRINITY

þai war þaa breþer bondon hard,
And sipen broght be-for stiward,
And prisound til þe thrid morn,
þat maa folk moght be bi-forn;
To-quils sent ioseph þe yepe
Men þair harnais for to kepe.
¶ þe thrid morn comandid he
A gardining o þe land suld be;
Forth war broght þaa breþer ten[1]
þaa sorful now, þaa sare men; [1 MS. tene]
þai fel don þan at ioseph fete [If 28, bk, col. 1]
And merci soght, wit reuli grette;
þe folk asked quat þai suld be,
"Theues," coth ioseph, "of a cuntre
þat heþen es far, sa þai me tald,
þat es sene on þair dedis bald,
For quils i sald þam o mi sede
þai stall mi cupe a-wai to lede;
And sergantz send i son on hand
þat in þair gare mi god þai fand;
I receiud þam and warnd ham noght
Of alle thing þai me be-soght,
Mete and drinc i gaue þam bath,
And redd þam to were þam fra wath;
And siþen i praid godd all weldand
Lede þam sauueli to þair land;
And þar-on stall þai þus mi thing,
If yee giue dome, þan sal þai hing."
þan spak ruben, þe eldest broiþer,
Stilli menand til þas oþer,—
"Now es vs comen our ald sakes
In to wandret new, and wrakes,
þat i yow said, þis oþer yeire,
Bot þan mi rede wald yee not here,
O ioseph our breþor lel
Wit wrang yee sald him for catell;

COTTON

þen ware þa breþer bundin harde
and broȝt be-for þe hye stiwarde
and prisoned til þe þrid morne
atte mare folk mote be. be-forne
Ioseph lete a mon þis quile
kepe þaire hernes wiþ-out gyle
¶ þe þrid morne comandet he
a gedderinge of folk for to be.
forþ ware broȝt. *per* breþer ten.
þa sorouful now þa sary men.
þai fel doun atte Ioseph fete
and mercy soȝt wiþ reuli grete.
þe folk asked quat þai sulde be
theues quod Ioseph of a cuntre
atte heyþen ys ferre so þai me talde
þat ys sene on þaire dedis balde
þe quilest I. salde ham of my sede
þai stale my coupe a-way to lede
a seriaunt sende I. sone on hande
and in þaire sekkis my coupe þai fande
I resceyued ham *and* warned ham noȝt
of alle þe þinge þai me be-soȝt.
mete *and* drinke I. gaue ham baþ
and bad ham kepe ham fra þe wraþ
and siþen I. prayed god al weldande
lede ham sauely to þaire lande.
and her a-pon þai stale my þinge.
if ȝe giue dome! þan sal þai hinge
¶ þen spac ruben þe eldest broþer.
stilly menande til þase oþer.
now ys commyn our alde sakis.
wille liȝt on vs wiþ harde wrakis.
þat I. ȝou saide þis oþer ȝere.
bot þen my rede walde ȝe noȝt here
of Ioseph our broþer lele.
wiþ wrange ȝe salde him for catel.

FAIRFAX


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